OLIVER CROMWELL'S

LETTERS AND SPEECHES:

WITH ELUCIDATIONS.

BY

THOMAS CARLYLE.

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IN FIVE VOLUMES.

VOL. V.

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OLIVER CROMWELL'S

LETTERS AND SPEECHES.

PART TENTH.

SECOND PROTECTORATE PARLIAMENT.

1657-1658.

(*Continued.*)

SPEECHES XI.—XIV.

On Monday April 13th, at Whitehall, at nine in the morning,[1] according to agreement on Saturday last, the Committee of Ninety-nine attend his Highness, and his Highness there speaks: —addressing Whitlocke as reporter of the said Committee.

SPEECH XI.

My Lord,

I think I have a very hard task on my hand. Though it be but to give an account of *myself*, yet I see I am beset on all hands here. I say, but to give an account of "myself:" yet that is a business very compre-

[1] at 'eight,' say the *Journals*, vii. 522.

hensive of others;—'comprehending' us all in some sense, and, as the Parliament have been pleased to shape it, comprehending all the interests of these Three Nations!

I confess I have two things in view. The *first* is, To return some answer to what was so well and ably said the other day on behalf of the Parliament's putting that Title in the Instrument of Settlement. [*This is the First thing; what the Second is, does not yet for a long while appear.*] I hope it will not be expected I should answer everything that was then said: because I suppose the main things that were spoken were arguments from ancient Constitutions and Settlements by the Laws; in which I am sure I could never be well skilled,—and therefore must the more ask pardon for what I have already transgressed 'in speaking of such matters,' or shall now transgress, through my ignorance of them, in my 'present' answer to you.

Your arguments, which I say were chiefly upon the Law, seem to carry with them a great deal of necessary conclusiveness, to inforce that one thing of Kingship. And if your arguments come upon me to inforce upon me the ground of Necessity,—why, then, I have no room to answer: for what must be must be! And therefore I did reckon it much of my business to consider whether there *were* such a necessity, or would arise such a necessity, from those arguments.—It was said: "Kingship is not a Title, but an "Office, so interwoven with the fundamental Laws of this "Nation, that they cannot, or cannot well, be executed and "exercised without 'it,'—partly, if I may say so, upon a "supposed ignorance which the Law hath of any other "Title. It knows no other; neither doth any know an-"other. And, by reciprocation,—this said Title, or Name, "or Office, you were farther pleased to say, is understood; "in the dimensions of it, in the power and prerogatives of

" it; which are by the Law made certain; and the Law " can tell when it [*Kingship*] keeps within compass, and " when it exceeds its limits. And the Law knowing this, " the People can know it also. And the People do love " what they know. And it will neither be *pro salute populi*, " nor for our safety, to obtrude upon the People what they " do not nor cannot understand."

It was said also, " That the People have always, by their " representatives in Parliament, been unwilling to vary " Names,—seeing they love settlement and known names, " as was said before." And there were two good instances given of that: the one, in King James's time, about his desire to alter somewhat of the Title: and the other in the Long Parliament, where they being otherwise rationally moved to adopt the word "Representative" instead of "Parliament," refused it for the same reason. [*Lenthall tries to blush.*]—It was said also, " That the holding to this word " doth strengthen the 'new' Settlement; for hereby there " is not anything *de novo* done, but merely things are re- " volved into their old current." It was said, " That it is " the security of the Chief Magistrate, and that it secures " all who act under him."—Truly these are the principal of those grounds that were offered the other day, so far as I do recollect.

I cannot take upon me to refel those grounds; they are so strong and rational. But if I am to be able to make *any* answer to them, I must not grant that they are necessarily conclusive; I must take them only as arguments which perhaps have in them much conveniency, much probability towards conclusiveness. For if a remedy or expedient may be found, they are not *of necessity*, they are not inevitable grounds: and if not necessary or concluding grounds, why then they will hang upon the reason of expediency or conveniency. And if so, I shall have a little

liberty 'to speak;' otherwise I am concluded before I speak. —Therefore it will behove me to say what I can, Why these are not *necessary* reasons; why they are not—why *it*[2] is not (I *should* say) so interwoven in the Laws but that the Laws may still be executed as justly, and as much to the satisfaction of the people, and answering all objections equally well, without such a Title as with it. And then, when I have done that, I shall only take the liberty to say a word or two for my own grounds.[3] And when I have said what I can say as to that 'latter point,'—I hope you will *think* a great deal more than I say. [*Not convenient to* SPEAK *everything in so ticklish a predicament; with Deputations of a Hundred Officers, and so many "scrupulous fellows, considerable in their own conceit," glaring into the business, with eyes much sharper than they are deep!*]

Truly though Kingship be not a 'mere' Title, but the Name of an Office which runs through the 'whole of the' Law; yet is it not so *ratione nominis*, by reason of the name, but by reason of what the name signifies. It is a Name of Office plainly implying a Supreme Authority: is it more; or can it be stretched to more? I say, it is a Name of Office, plainly implying the Supreme Authority: and if so, why then I should suppose,—I am not peremptory in anything that is matter of deduction or inference of my own,—but I should suppose that whatsoever name hath been or shall be the Name under which the Supreme Authority acts— [*Sentence abruptly stops; the conclusion being visible without speech!*] Why, I say, if it had been those Four or Five Letters, or whatever else it had been—! That signification goes to the *thing*, certainly it does; and not to the name.

[2] The Kingship: his Highness finds that the grammar will require to be attended to.

[3] 'Grounds' originating with myself independently of yours. Is this the 'second' thing, which his Highness had in view, but did not specify after the 'first,' when he started? The issue proves it to be so.

[*Certainly!*] Why, then, there can no more be said but this: As such a Title hath been fixed, so it may be unfixed. And certainly in the right of the Authority, I mean the Legislative Power,—in the right of the Legislative Power, I think the Authority that could christen it with such a name could have called it by another name. Therefore the name is only derived from that 'Authority.' And certainly they, 'the primary Legislative Authority,' had the disposal of it, and might have detracted 'from it,' changed 'it:'—and I hope it will be no offence to say to you, as the case now stands, "So may you." And if it be so that you may, why then I say, there is nothing of *necessity* in your argument; and all turns on consideration of the expedience of it. [*Is the Kingship expedient?*]

Truly I had rather, if I were to choose, if it were the original question,—which I hope is altogether *out* of the question [*His Highness means, afar off, in a polite manner,* "YOU *don't pretend that I still need to be made Protector by you or by any creature*"*!*],—I had rather have any Name from this Parliament than any other Name without it: so much do I value the authority of the Parliament. And I believe all men are of my mind in that; I believe the Nation is very much of my mind,—though it be an uncertain way of arguing, *what* mind *they* are of.[4] I think we may say it without offence; for I would give none! [*No offence to you, Honourable Gentlemen; who are here, by function, to interpret and signify the Mind of the Nation. It is very difficult to do!*]—Though the Parliament be the truest way to know what the mind of the Nation is, yet if the Parliament will be pleased to give me a liberty to reason for myself; and if that be one of your arguments—["*That:*" *what, your Highness? That the mind of the Nation, well in-*

[4] Naturally a delicate subject: some assert the Nation has never recognised his Highness,—his Highness himself being of a very different opinion indeed!

terpreted by this Parliament, is really for a King? That our Laws cannot go on without a King?—His Highness means the former mainly, but means the latter too; means several things together, as his manner sometimes is, in abstruse cases!] —I hope I may urge against it, that the reason of my own mind is not quite to that effect. But I do say undoubtingly (let us think about other things, 'about the mind of the Nation and suchlike,' what we will), What the Parliament settles is what will run, 'and have currency,' through the Law; and will lead the thread of Government through this Land equally well as what hath been. For I consider that what hath been was upon the same account, 'by the same authority.' Save that there hath been some long continuance of the thing [*This thing of Kingship*], it is but upon the same account! It had its original somewhere! And it was with consent of the whole,—there is the original of it. And consent of the whole will 'still,' I say, be the needle that will lead the thread through all [*The same tailor-metaphor a second time*];—and I think no man will pretend right against it, or wrong!

And if so, then, under favour to me, I think these arguments from the Law are all *not* as of *necessity*, but are to be understood as of *conveniency*. It is in your power to dispose and settle; and beforehand we can have confidence that what you do settle will be as authentic as the things that were of old,—especially as this individual thing, the Name or Title,—according to the Parliament's appointment. 'Is not this so? It is question not of necessity; we have power to settle it as conveniency directs.' Why then, there will (with leave) be way made for me to offer a reason or two to the other considerations you adduced: otherwise, I say my mouth is stopped! [*His Highness is plunging in deep brakes and imbroglios; hopes, however, that he now sees daylight athwart them.*]

There are very many inforcements to carry on this thing. [*Thing of the Kingship.*] But I suppose it will 'have to' stand on its expediency—Truly I should have urged one consideration more which I forgot [*Looks over his shoulder in the jungle, and bethinks him!*],—namely, the argument not of reason only, but of *experience.* It is a short one, but it is a true one (under favour), and is known to you all in the fact of it (under favour) [*A damnable iteration; but too characteristic to be omitted*]: That the Supreme Authority going by *another* Name and under another Title than that of King hath been, why it hath been already twice complied-with! [*Long Parliament, called "Keepers of the Liberties of England," found compliance; and now the "Protectorate" finds.*] 'Twice:' under the *Custodes Libertatis Angliæ*, and also since I exercised the place, it hath been complied-with. And truly I may say that almost universal obedience hath been given by all ranks and sorts of men to both. Now this, 'on the part of both these Authorities,' was a beginning with the highest degree of Magistracy at the first alteration; and 'at a time' when that 'Kingship' was the Name 'established:' and the new Name, though it was the name of an invisible thing, the very Name, I say, was obeyed, did pass current, was received and did carry-on the 'Public' Justice of the Nation. I remember very well, my Lords the Judges were somewhat startled: yet upon consideration,—if I mistake not,—I believe so,—they, there being among them (without reflection) as able and as learned as have sat there,—though they did, I confess, at first, demur a little,—*they* did receive satisfaction, and did act, as I said before. [*Untwist this extraordinary* WITHE *of a sentence; you will find it not inextricable, and very characteristic of Oliver!*] And as for my own part [*My own Protectorate*], I profess I think I may say: Since the beginning of *that* change,—though I should be loath to speak anything vainly,—but

since the beginning of that change to this day, I do not think there hath been a freer procedure of the Laws, not even in those years called, and not unworthily, the "Halcyon Days of Peace,"—from the Twentieth of Elizabeth to King James's and King Charles's time. I do not think but the Laws have proceeded with as much freedom and justice, and with less of private solicitation, since I came to the Government, as they did in those years so named,—'Halcyon.' I do not think, under favour,—[*His Highness gets more emphatic*]—that the Laws had a freer exercise, more uninterrupted by any hand of Power, in those years than now; or that the Judge has been less solicited by letters or private interpositions either of my own or other men's, in *double* so many years in all those times 'named' "of Peace"! [*Sentence involving an incurable Irish-bull; the head of it eating the tail of it, like a Serpent-of-Eternity; but the meaning shining very clear through its contortions nevertheless!*] And if more of my Lords the Judges were here than now are, they could tell us perhaps somewhat farther.[5]— —And therefore I say, under favour: These two Experiences do manifestly show that it is not a *Title*, though never so interwoven with our Laws, that makes the Law to have its free passage, and to do its office without interruption (as we venture to think it is now doing): 'not a Title, no;' and if a Parliament shall determine that another Name run through the Laws, I believe it will run with as free a passage as this 'of King ever did.' Which is all I have to say upon that head.

And if this be so, then truly other things may fall under a more indifferent consideration:[6] and so I shall arrive 'at the Second thing I had in view,' at some issue of answering for *myself* in this great matter. And all this while, nothing that I say doth any way determine as to my final resolu-

[5] Reform of Chancery; improvements made in Law.

[6] 'Other things,' your other arguments, may lose a great deal of their formidable air of cogency, as if Necessity herself were backing them.

tion, or 'intimate any' thought against the Parliament's wisdom in this matter; but 'endeavoureth' really and honestly and plainly towards such an answer as may be fit for me to give. The Parliament desires to have this Title. It hath stuck with me, and doth yet stick. As truly, and I hinted the other day,[7] it seemed as if your arguments to me did partly give positive grounds for what was to be done, and partly comparative grounds; stating the matter as you were then pleased to do,—for which I gave no cause that I know of, that is, for comparing the effects of Kingship with those of such a Name as I at present bear, with 'those of' the Protectorship 'to wit.' I say, I hope it will not be understood that I contend for the Name; or for any name, or any thing 'of a merely extraneous nature;' but truly and plainly 'for the substance of the business,'—if I speak as in the Lord's presence; ay, in all right things, as a person under the disposal of the Providence of God,—neither "naming" one thing nor other; but only endeavouring to give fit answer as to this proposed Name or Title.[8] For I hope I do not desire to give a rule to anybody—'much less to the Parliament.' I professed I had not been able,—and I truly profess I have not yet been able,—to give a rule to myself 'in regard to your Proposal.' I would be understood in this. [*Yes, your Highness.* "*That it is not doubt of the Par-*
"*liament's wisdom; that it is not vain preference or postponence*
"*of one 'name' to another; but doubt as to the substantial ex-*
"*pediency of the thing proposed, uncertainty as to God's will*
"*and monition in regard to it,—that has made and still makes*
"*me speak in this uncomfortable, haggling, struggling and*
"*wriggling manner. It is no easy thing forcing one's way*
"*through a jungle of such depth! An affair of Courtship*

[7] Saturday last, day before Yesterday.

[8] The original (*Somers*, vi. 368) unintelligible, illegible except with the powerfulest *lenses*, yields at last,—with some slight changes of the points and so forth,—this sense as struggling at the bottom of it.

" *moreover, which grows and has to grow by the very handling* " *of it! I would not be misunderstood in this.*"]

I am a man standing in the Place I am in [*Clearly, your Highness*]; which Place I undertook not so much out of hope of doing any good, as out of a desire to prevent mischief and evil [*Note this*],—which I did see was imminent on the Nation. I say, we were running headlong into confusion and disorder, and would necessarily 'have' run into blood; and I was passive to those that desired me to undertake the Place which I now have. [*With tones, with a look of sorrow, solemnity and nobleness; the brave Oliver!*] A Place, I say, not so much of doing good,—which a man lawfully *may*, if he deal deliberately with God and his own conscience,—a man *may* (I say) lawfully, if he deal deliberately with God and his own conscience; a man may lawfully, as the case may be (though it is a very tickle case), desire a Place to do good in! [*Window once more into his Highness!* " *Tickle*" *is the old form of* TICKLISH: " *a tickle case indeed*," *his Highness candidly allows; yet a case which does occur,—shame and woe to him, the poor cowardly Pedant, tied up in cobwebs and tape-thrums, that neglects it when it does!*] I profess I had not that apprehension, when I undertook the Place, that I could so much do good; but I did think I might prevent imminent evil.—And therefore I am not contending for one "name" compared with another; — and therefore have nothing to answer to any arguments that were used for preferring 'the name' Kingship to Protectorship. For I should almost think any "name" were better than my Name; and I should altogether think any person fitter than I am for such business [*Your Highness?—But St. Paul too professed himself* " *the chief of sinners*,"—*and has not been altogether thought to* " *cant*" *in doing so!*];—and I compliment not, God knows it! But this I should say, That I do think, you, in the settling of the peace and liberties of this Nation,

which cries as loud upon you as ever Nation did for somewhat that may beget a consistence, 'ought to attend to that;' otherwise the Nation will fall in pieces! And in that, so far as I can, I am ready to serve not as a King, but as a Constable 'if you like'! For truly I have, as before God, often thought that I could not tell what my business was, nor what I was in the place I stood in, save comparing myself to a good Constable set to keep the peace of the Parish. [*Hear his Highness!*] And truly this hath been my content and satisfaction in the troubles I have undergone, That you yet have peace.

Why now, truly,—if I may advise,—I wish to God you may but be so happy as to keep the peace still![9] If you cannot attain to such perfection as to accomplish this 'that we are now upon,' I wish to God we may still have peace, —that I do! But the "fruits of righteousness" are shown in "meekness;" a better thing than we are aware of!— — I say therefore, I do judge for myself there is no such necessity of this Name of King; for the other Names may do as well. I judge for myself. I must say a little (I think I have somewhat of conscience to answer as to the matter), why I cannot undertake this Name. [*We are now fairly entered upon the Second head of method.*] And truly I must needs go a little out of the way, to come to my reasons. And you will be able to judge of them when I have told you them. And I shall deal seriously, as before God.

If you do not all of you, I am sure some of you do, and it behoves me to say that I do, "know my calling from the first to this day." I was a person who, from my first employment, was suddenly preferred and lifted up from lesser trusts to greater; from my first being a Captain of a Troop of Horse; and did labour as well as I could to discharge

[9] If I may advise, I should say the purport and soul of our whole inquiry at present ought to be that of keeping the peace.

my trust; and God blessed me 'therein' as it pleased Him. And I did truly and plainly,—and in a way of foolish simplicity, as it was judged by very great and wise men, and good men too,—desire to make my instruments help me in that work. And I will deal plainly with you: I had a very worthy Friend then; and he was a very noble person, and I know his memory is very grateful to all,—Mr. John Hampden. [*Hear, hear;—a notable piece of History!*] At my first going out into this engagement,[10] I saw our men were beaten at every hand. I did indeed; and desired him that he would make some additions to my Lord Essex's Army, of some new regiments; and I told him I would be serviceable to him in bringing such men in as I thought had a spirit that would do something in the work. This is very true that I tell you; God knows I lie not.[11] "Your troops," said I, "are most of them old decayed serving-men, and tapsters, "and such kind of fellows; and," said I, "their troops are "gentlemen's sons, younger sons and persons of quality: "do you think that the spirits of such base and mean fel- "lows will ever be able to encounter gentlemen, that have "honour and courage and resolution in them?" Truly I did represent to him in this manner conscientiously; and truly I did tell him: "You must get men of a spirit: and "take it not ill what I say,—I know you will not,—of "a spirit that is likely to go on as far as gentlemen will "go:—or else you will be beaten still." I told him so; I did truly. He was a wise and worthy person; and he did think that I talked a good notion, but an impracticable one. [*Very natural in Mr. Hampden, if I recollect him well, your Highness! With his close thin lips, and very vigilant eyes; with his clear official understanding; lively sensibilities to "un-*

[10] enterprise.

[11] A notable clause of a sentence, this latter too; physiognomic enough;—and perhaps very liable to be misunderstood by a modern reader. The old phrase, still current in remote quarters, "It's no lie," which signifies an emphatic and even courteous assent and affirmation, must be borne in mind.

spotted character," "*safe courses*," *&c. &c. A very brave man; but formidably thick-quilted, and with pincer-lips, and eyes very vigilant.—Alas, there is no possibility for poor Columbus at any of the Public Offices, till once he become an Actuality, and say*, "*Here* IS *the America I was telling you of!*"] Truly I told him I could *do* somewhat in it. I did so,—'did this somewhat:' and truly I must needs say this to you, 'The result was,'—impute it to what you please,—I raised such men as had the fear of God before them, as made some conscience of what they did [*The Ironsides; yea!*]; and from that day forward, I must say to you, they were never beaten, and wherever they were engaged against the enemy, they beat continually. [*Yea!*] And truly this is matter of praise to God:—and it hath some instruction in it, To own men who are religious and godly. And so many of them as are peaceably and honestly and quietly disposed to live within 'rules of' Government, and will be subject to those Gospel rules of obeying Magistrates and living under Authority—[*Sentence catches fire abruptly, and explodes here*]—I reckon no Godliness without that circle! Without that spirit, let it pretend what it will, it is diabolical, it is devilish, it is from diabolical spirits, from the depth of Satan's wickedness[12]—[*Checks himself*]—Why truly I need not say more than to apply all this[13] 'to the business we have in hand.'

I will be bold to apply this to our present purpose, because it is my all! I could say as all the world says, and run headily upon anything; but I must tender this 'my present answer' to you as a thing that sways upon my conscience; or else I were a knave and a deceiver. 'Well;' I

[12] Not 'height of Jotham's wickedness,' as the lazy Reporter has it. Jotham was not 'wicked' at all (Judges, c. 9). Nay the lazy Reporter corrects himself elsewhere,—if he had not been asleep! Compare p. 369 line 16 of *Somers* with p. 385 line 2.

[13] 'this' of my old proposal to Mr. Hampden; and how good it is to 'own men who are religious and godly.'

tell you there are such men in this Nation; godly men of the same spirit, men that will not be beaten down by a worldly or carnal spirit while they keep their integrity. And I deal plainly and faithfully with you, 'when I say:' I cannot think that God would bless an undertaking of anything, 'Kingship or whatever else,' which would, justly and with cause, grieve *them*. True, they may be troubled *without* cause;—and I must be a slave if I should comply with any such humour as that. [*Leaves the matter open still!*] But I say there are honest men and faithful men, true to the great things of the Government, namely the Liberty of the People, giving them what is due to them, and protecting this Interest (and I think verily God will bless you for what you have done in that)—[*Sentence broken; try it another way*]—But if I know, as indeed I do, that very generally good men do not swallow this Title,—though really it is no part of their goodness to be unwilling to submit to what a Parliament shall settle over them, yet I must say, it is my duty and my conscience to beg of you that there may be no hard things put upon me; things, I mean, hard to *them*, which they cannot swallow. [*The Young Lady will and she will not!*] If the Nation may be as well provided-for without these things we have been speaking of [*Kingships, &c.*], as, according to my apprehension, it may,—'then' truly I think it will be no sin in you, it will be to you as it was to David in another case,[14] "no grief of heart in time coming," that you have a tenderness even possibly (if it be their weakness) to the weakness of those who have integrity and honesty and uprightness, and who are not carried away with the hurries I see some taken with—["*A Standard lifted up*," *the other day!—We have had to turn the key upon them, in Chepstow, in the Tower and elsewhere*],—that think their virtue lies in despising Authority, in opposing it! I think

[14] Nabal's and Abigail's case (1 Samuel, xxv. 31).

you will be the better able to root-out of this Nation that 'disobedient' spirit and principle,—and to do so is as desirable as anything in this world,—by complying, indulging, and being patient to the weakness and infirmities of men who have been faithful, and have bled all along in this Cause;—and who *are* faithful, and will oppose all oppositions (I am confident of it) to the things that are Fundamentals in your Government, in your Settlement for Civil and Gospel Liberties. [*Not ill said, your Highness; and really could not well be better thought!—The moral is: "As "my old Ironsides, men fearing God, proved the successful "soldiers; so in all things it is men fearing God that we must "get to enlist with us. Without these we are lost: with these, "if they will be soldiers with us (not noisy mutineers like "Wildman, Harrison and Company, but true soldiers, ra-"tional persons that will learn discipline),—we shall, as here-"tofore, hope to prevail against the whole world and the Devil "to boot, and 'never be beaten at all,' no more than the Iron-"sides were. See, therefore, that you do not disaffect* THEM. "*Mount no foolish cockade or Kingship which can convert* "THEM, *rational obedient men, true in all essential points, into* "*mutineers.*"]

I confess, for it behoves me to deal plainly with you—[*Young Lady now flings a little weight into the other scale,—and the sentence trips itself once or twice before it can get started*]—I must confess I would say—I hope I may not be misunderstood in this, for indeed I must be tender in what I say to such an audience:—I say I would have it understood, That in this argument I do not make a parallel between men of a different mind, 'mere dissentient individuals,' and a Parliament, 'as to,' Which shall have their desires. I know there is no comparison. Nor can it be urged upon me that my words have the least colour that way. For the Parliament seems to have given me liberty to say whatever

is on my mind to you; as that 'indeed' is a tender of my humble reasons and judgment and opinion to *them:* and now if I think these objectors to the Kingship[15] are such 'as I describe,' and 'that they' will be such; 'if I think' that they are faithful servants and will be so to the Supreme Authority, and the Legislative wheresoever it is,—if, I say, I should *not* tell you, knowing their minds to be so, then I should not be faithful. I am bound to tell it you, to the end you may report it to the Parliament. [*Parliament very jealous lest the Army be thought of greater weight than it. We try to carry the scales even.*]

I will now say something for *myself.* As for my own mind, I do profess it, I am not a man scrupulous about words, or names, or such things. I have not 'hitherto clear direction'[16]—but as I have the Word of God, and I hope shall ever have, for the rule of my conscience, for my information and direction; so, truly, if men have been led into dark paths [*As this matter of the Kingship is to me even now; very "dark" and undecidable!*] through the providence and dispensations of God,—why surely it is not to be objected to a man! For who can *love* to walk in the dark? But Providence doth often so dispose. And though a man may impute his own folly and blindness to Providence *sinfully,*—yet this must be at a man's own peril. The case may *be* that it is the Providence of God that doth lead men in darkness! I must needs say, I have had a great deal of experience of Providence; and though such experience is no rule without or against the Word, yet it is a very good expositor of the Word in many cases. [*Yes, my brave one!*]

Truly the Providence of God hath laid aside this Title of King providentially *de facto:* and that not by sudden humour or passion; but it hath been by issue of as great

[15] 'they' in orig.

[16] Coagulated Jargon (*Somers,* p. 370) is almost worth looking at here:—never was such a Reporter since the Tower of Babel fell.

deliberation as ever was in a Nation. It hath been by issue of Ten or Twelve Years Civil War, wherein much blood hath been shed. I will not dispute the justice of it when it was done; nor need I tell you what my opinion is in the case were it *de novo* to be done. [*Somewhat grim expression of face, your Highness!*] But if it be at all disputable; and a man comes and finds that God in His severity hath not only eradicated a whole Family, and thrust them out of the land, for reasons best known to Himself, but also hath made the issue and close of that to be the very eradication of a Name or Title—! Which *de facto* is 'the case.' It was not done by me, nor by them that tendered me the Government I now act in: it was done by the Long Parliament,—that was it.[17] And God hath seemed Providential, 'seemed to appear as a Providence,' not only in striking at the Family but at the Name. And, as I said before, it is blotted out: it is a thing cast out by an Act of Parliament; it hath been kept out to this day. And as Jude saith, in another case, speaking of abominable sins that should be in the Latter Times,[18]—he doth farther say, when he comes to exhort the Saints, he tells them,—they should "hate even the *garments* spotted with the flesh."[19]

I beseech you think not that I bring this as an argument to prove anything. God hath seemed so to deal with the Persons and the Family that He blasted the very Title. And you know when a man comes, *a parte post*, to reflect, and see this *done*, this Title laid in the dust,—I confess I can come to no other conclusion. ["*But that God seems to have blasted the very Title;*"—*this, however, is felt to need some qualifying.*] The like of this may make a strong impression upon such weak men as I am;—and perhaps upon weaker

17 Oliverian reduplication of the phrase: accent on *was*.

18 Very familiar with this passage of Jude; see Speech II. vol. iv. p. 24.

19 Grammar a little imperfect. Really one begins to find Oliver would, as it were, have needed a *new* Grammar. Had all men been *Olivers*, what a different set of *rules* would Lindley Murray and the Governesses now have gone upon!

men (if there be any such) it will make a stronger. I will not seek to set up that which Providence hath destroyed, and laid in the dust; I would not build Jericho again! And this is somewhat to me, and to my judgment and my conscience. This, in truth, it is this that hath an awe upon my spirit. [*Hear!*] And I must confess, as the times are,—they are very fickle, very uncertain, nay God knows you had need have a great deal of faith to strengthen you in your work, you had need look at Settlement!—I would rather I were in my grave than hinder you in anything that may be for Settlement of the Nation. For the Nation needs it, never needed it more! And therefore, out of the love and honour I bear you, I am forever bound, whatever becomes of me, to do 'what is best for that;'—'and' I am forever bound to acknowledge you have dealt most honourably and worthily with me, and lovingly, and have had respect for one who deserves nothing.

Indeed, out of the love and faithfulness I bear you, and out of the sense I have of the difficulty of your work, I would not have you lose *any* help [*Help of the Name "King;" help of the scrupulous Anti-King people:—it is a dark case!*] that may serve you, that may stand in stead to you. I would willingly be a sacrifice [*King, Protector, Constable, or what you like*], that there might be, so long as God shall please to let this Parliament sit, a harmony, and better and good understanding between all of you. And,—whatever any man may think,—it equally concerns one of us as another to go on to Settlement: and where I meet with any that is of another mind, indeed I could almost curse him in my heart. And therefore, to deal heartily and freely, I would have you lose nothing [*Not even the Scrupulous*] that may stand you in stead in this way. I would advise, if there be 'found' any of a froward, unmannerly or womanish spirit,—I would not that you should lose them! I would

not that you should lose any servant or friend who might help in this Work; that any such should be offended by a thing that signifies no more to me than I have told you it does. That is to say: I do not think the thing necessary; I do not. I would not that you should lose a friend for it. If I could help you to many 'friends,' and multiply myself into many, that would be to serve you in regard to Settlement! And therefore I would not that any, especially any of these who indeed perhaps are men that do think themselves engaged to continue with you, and to serve you, should be anywise disobliged from you.

'I have now no more to say.' The truth is, I did indicate this as my conclusion to you at the first, when I told you what method I would speak to you in.[20] I may say that I cannot, with conveniency to myself, nor good to this service which I wish so well to, speak out all my arguments as to the safety of your Proposal, as to its tendency to the effectual carrying-on of this Work. [*There are many angry suspicious persons listening to me, and every word is liable to different misunderstandings in every different narrow head!*] I say, I do not think it fit to use all the thoughts I have in my mind as to that point of safety. But I shall pray to God Almighty that He would direct you to do what is according to His will. And this is that poor account I am able to give of myself in this thing.*

And so enough for Monday, which is now far spent: 'till tomorrow at three o'clock[21] let us adjourn; and diligently consider in the interim.

His Highness is evidently very far yet from having made-up his mind as to this thing; the undeveloped Yes still balancing itself against the undeveloped No, in a huge dark intricate

[20] "This was my *second* head of method: all this about myself and my own feelings in regard to the Kingship,—after I had proved to you in my first head that it was not *necessary*, that it was only *expedient* or *not expedient*. I am now therefore got to the end of my second head, to my conclusion."

* *Somers Tracts*, vi. 365-371.

[21] *Burton*, ii. 2.

manner, with him. Unable to 'declare' himself; there being in fact nothing to declare hitherto, nothing but what he does here declare,—namely, darkness visible. An abstruse time his Highness has had of it, since the end of February, six or seven weeks now; all England sounding round him, waiting for his Answer. And he is yet a good way off the Answer. For it is a considerable question this of the Kingship: important to the Nation and the Cause he presides over; to himself not unimportant,—and yet to himself of very minor importance, my erudite friend! A Soul of a Man in right earnest about its own awful Life and Work in this world; much superior to 'feathers in the hat,' of one sort or the other, my erudite friend! —Of all which he gives here a candid and honest account; and indeed his attitude towards this matter is throughout, what towards other matters it has been, very manful and natural.

However, on the morrow, which is Tuesday, at three o'clock, the Committee cannot see his Highness; attending at Whitehall, as stipulated, they find his Highness indisposed in health; —are to come again tomorrow, Wednesday, at the same hour. Wednesday they come again; 'wait for above an hour in the Council-Chamber;'—Highness still indisposed, "has got a cold:" Come again tomorrow, Thursday! 'Which,' says the writer of the thing called *Burton's Diary*, who was there, 'did strongly build-up the faith of the Contrariants,'—He will not dare to accept, think the Contrariants. The Honourable House in the mean while has little to do but denounce that Shoreditch Fifth-Monarchy Pamphlet, the *Standard set up*, which seems to be a most incendiary piece;—and painfully adjourn and re-adjourn, till its Committee do get answer. A most slow business; and the hopes of the Contrariants are rising.

Thursday 16th April 1657, Committee attending for the third time, the Interview does take effect; Six of the Grandees, Glynn, Lenthall, Colonel Jones, Sir Richard Onslow, Fiennes, Broghil, Whitlocke, take up in their order the various objections of his Highness's former Speech, of Monday last, and learnedly rebut the same, in a learned and to us insupportably wearisome manner; fit only to be entirely omitted. Whitlocke urges on his Highness, That, in refusing this Kingship, he will do what never any that were actual Kings of England did, reject the advice of his Parliament.[22] Another says, It is his

[22] *Somers*, p. 386.

duty; let him by no means shrink from his duty!—Their discoursings, if any creature is curious on the subject, can be read at great length in the distressing pages of *Somers*,[23] and shall be matter of imagination here. His Highness said, These were weighty arguments; give him till tomorrow to think of them.[24] 'Tomorrow at three: *spero!*' says the writer of the thing called *Burton's Diary*, who is not one of the Contrariants.

SPEECH XII.

ALAS, tomorrow at three his Highness proves again indisposed; which doth a little damp our hopes, I fancy! Let us appoint Monday morning: Monday ten o'clock, 'at the old place,' Chamber of the Council-of-State in Whitehall. Accordingly, on Monday 20th April 1657, at the set place and hour, the Committee of Ninety-nine is once more in attendance, and his Highness speaks,—answering our arguments of Thursday last, and indicating still much darkness.

'MY LORDS,'

I have, as well as I could, considered the arguments used by you, the other day, to enforce your conclusion as to that Name and Title, which has been the subject of various Debates and Conferences between us. I shall not now spend your time nor my own much, in recapitulating those arguments, or giving answers to them. Indeed I think they were 'mainly' but the same we formerly had, only with some additional inforcements by new instances: and truly, at this rate of debate, I might spend your time, which I know is very precious; and unless I were 'to end in being' a satisfied person, the time would spin out, and be very unprofitably spent,—so it would. I will say a word or two to that only which I think was new.

'You were pleased to say some things as to the power

[23] *Somers*, vi. 371-387. [24] *Burton*, ii. 5.

'of Parliament, as to the force of a Parliamentary sanction 'in this matter.'[25] What comes from the Parliament in the exercise of their Legislative power, as this Proposal does,—I understand this to be an exercise of the *Legislative* power, and the Laws formerly were always passed in this way 'of Proposal or Conference,' and the way of Bills is of a newer date,—I understand that, I say; but——[*In short, the Sentence falls prostrate, and we must start again.*] You said, "that "what was done by the Parliament now, and simply made "to hang upon this Legislative power, 'as any Title but "that of King will do,' might seem partly as if it were a "thing *ex dono*, not *de jure;* a thing that had not the same "weight, nor the same strength, as if it bore a reference "to 'the general Body of' the Law that is already in being." I confess there is some argument in that,—that is there! But if the degree of strength will be as good without Parliamentary sanction, 'then'—[*Sentence pauses, never gets started again.*]——Though *it* too, 'this Title of Kingship,' comes as a gift from you! I mean as a thing which you either provide for the people or else it will never come to them; so in a sense it comes from *you*, it is what *they* cannot otherwise arrive at; therefore in a sense it is *ex dono;* for whoever helps a man to what he cannot otherwise attain, doth an act that is very near a gift; and you helping *them* to this Title, it were a kind of gift to them, since otherwise they could not get it 'though theirs'—[*This Sentence also finds that it will come to nothing, and so calls halt.*]—But if you do it simply by your Legislative power—[*Halt again.—In what bottomless imbroglios of Constitutional philosophy and crabbed Law-logic, with the Fifth-Monarchy and splenetic Contrariants looking on, is his poor Highness plunging! A ray of natural sagacity now rises on him with guidance.*]—The question, "What makes such a thing as this more firm?" is not

[25] Glynn, Lenthall, Broghil, Whitlocke (*Somers*, pp. 371-2, 384-6).

the manner of the settling of it, or the manner of your 'or another's' doing of it; there remains always the grand question after that; the grand question lies, In the *acceptance* of it by those who are concerned to yield obedience to it and accept it! [*Certainly, your Highness; that is worth all the Law-logic in the world!*] And therefore if a thing [*Like this Protectorate, according to your argument,—not altogether to mine*] hath but, for its root, your Legislative sanction——If I may put a "But" to it, 'to that most valid sanction!' I will not do so: for I say, It is as good a foundation as that other, 'which you ascribe to the Kingship, howsoever "grounded in the body of Law."' And if that thing, 'that Protectorate,' be as well accepted, and the other be less well—? Why, then truly *it*, I shall think, is the better;—and then all that I say is founded upon Law too!—

Your arguments founded upon the Law do all make for the Kingship. Because, say you, it doth agree with the Law; the Law knows,—the People know it, and are likelier to receive satisfaction that way. Those were arguments that have ["*had*" *is truer, but less polite*] been used already; and truly I know nothing that I have to add to them. And therefore, I say, those arguments also may stand as we found them and left them already;—except, truly, this 'one point.' It hath been said to me [*Saluting my Lord Whitlocke slightly with the eye, whose heavy face endeavours to smile in response*] that I am a person who meditate to do what never any that were actually Kings of England did: "Refuse the Advice of Parliament." I confess, that runs deep enough, 'that runs' to all; that may be accounted a very great fault in me; and may rise up in judgment against me another time,—if my case be not different from any man's that ever was in the Chief Command and Government of these Nations before. But truly I think, all they that have been in this Office before, and owned in right of Law, were

inheritors coming to it by birthright,—or if owned by the authority of Parliament, they yet had some previous pretence of title or claim to it. And so, under favour, I think I deserve less blame than any of them would have done, if I cannot so well comply with this Title, and 'with' the desire of Parliament in regard to it, as these others might do. For they when they were *in*, would have taken it for an injury *not* to be in. Truly such an argument, to *them*, might be very strong, Why they should not refuse what the Parliament offered! But 'as for me,' I have dealt plainly with you: and I have not complimented with you 'in saying' I have not desired, I have no title to, the Government of these Nations. 'No title,' but what was taken up in a case of necessity, and as a temporary means to meet the actual emergency; without which we must needs—[*Have gone you know whither!*]—I say we had been all 'topsyturvying now' at the rate of the Printed Book 'you have just got hold of' [*Shoreditch* STANDARD SET UP, *and Painted Lion there*], and at the rate of those men that have been seized going into arms,—if that expedient had not been taken! That was visible to me as the day, unless I undertook it. And so, it being put upon me, I being then General, as I was General by Act of Parliament,—it being 'put' upon me to take the power into my hand after the Assembly of Men that was called together had been dissolved— —[" *I took it, as you all know:*" *but his Highness blazing off here, as his wont is when that subject rises, the Sentence explodes*]—!—

Really the thing would have issued itself in this Book: —for the Book, I am told, knows an Author [*Harrison, they say, is Author*]; he was a Leading Person in that Assembly! And now when I say (I speak in the plainness and simplicity of my heart, as before Almighty God), I did out of necessity undertake that 'Business,' which I think no man but myself would have undertaken,—it hath pleased God

that I have been instrumental in keeping the Peace of the Nation to this day. And have kept it under a Title [*Protector*] which, some say, signifies but a keeping of it to another's use,—to a better use; 'a Title' which may improve it to a better use! And this I may say: I have not desired the continuance of my power or place either under one Title or another,—that have I not! I say it: If the wisdom of the Parliament could find where to place things so as they might save this Nation and the Interests of it,—the Interest of the People of God in the first place; of those Godly honest men,—for such a character I reckon them by, who live in the fear of God, and desire to hold forth the excellency 'of Christ' and a Christian course in their life and conversation—[*Sentence may be said to burst asunder here for the present, but will gather itself together again perhaps!*] I reckon *that* proceeds from Faith, and 'from' looking to our duties towards Christians, and our humanity to men as men; and to such Liberties and Interests as the People of this Nation are of:—and 'I' do look upon that as a standing truth of the Gospel; and whoso lives up to that is a Godly Man in my apprehension! [*Looks somewhat animated.*]——And therefore I say, If the wisdom of this Parliament,—I speak not this vainly or as a fool, but as to God,—if the wisdom of this Parliament should have found a way to settle the Interests of this Nation, upon the foundations of justice and truth and liberty, to the people of God, and concernments of men as Englishmen [*Voice risen into a kind of recitative*],—I would have lain at their feet, or at anybody else's feet, that things might have run in such a current! [*Your Highness can't get out; no place for you now but here or in the grave!—His Highness fetches a deep breath.*]—I say I have no pretensions to things for myself; to ask this or that, or to avoid this or that. I know the censures of the world may quickly pass upon me, 'and are already passing:'

but I thank God I know where to lay the weight that is laid upon me,—I mean the weight of reproach and contempt and scorn that hath been cast upon me! [*Ends, I think, in a kind of snort,—and the look partly as of an injured dove, partly as of a couchant lion.*]—

I have not offered you any Name in competition with Kingship. I know the evil spirits of men may easily obtrude upon a man, That he would have a Name which the Laws know not, and which is boundless, and is one under which he may exercise more arbitrariness: but I know there is nothing in that argument; and if it were in your thoughts to offer any Name of that kind, I think, whatsoever it was, you would bound it and limit it sufficiently. I wish it were come to that, That no favour should be showed to me; but that the good of these Nations should be consulted;—as 'indeed' I am confident it will be by you in whatsoever you do.—But I may say a word to another thing which doth a little pinch upon me: That it is my duty 'to accept this Title.' I think it can be no man's duty but between God and himself, if he be conscious of his own infirmities, disabilities and weakness; 'conscious' that he perhaps is not able to encounter with it,—although he may have a little faith too, for a little exercise. I say I do not know what way it can be imputed to me for a fault, or laid upon me as a duty. Except I meant to gripe at the Government of the Nations without a legal consent,—as I say I have done in time past upon principles of Necessity, 'but have no call now to do again.' And I promise I shall think whatever is done towards Settlement, without authority of Parliament, will neither be very honest, nor to me very comprehensible at this stage of the business. I think we have fought for the Liberties of the Nation and for other Interests!—[*Checks himself.*]—

You will pardon me that I speak these things in such a

'desultory' way as this. I may be borne withal, because I have not truly well stood the exercise that hath been upon me these three or four days,—I have not, I say. [*Besides, your Highness is suffering from the dregs of a cold, and I doubt still somewhat feverish!*]—I have told you my thoughts, and have laid them before you. You have been pleased to give me your grounds, and I have given you mine. And truly I do purposely refuse to mention those arguments that were used when ye were last here; but rather tell you what since (as I say) lies upon my heart,—'speaking to you' out of the abundance of difficulty and trouble that lies upon me. [*His Highness, sick of body, feverish, unequal to such a jungle of a subject and its adjuncts, is really weltering and staggering like a wearied man, in the thickets and puddles.*] And therefore you having urged me, I mean offered reasons to me, and urged them in such way as did occur to you; and I having told you, the last time we met, that the satisfaction from them did not reach to me so as wholly to convince me of my duty,—I have thought rather to answer today by telling you my grief, and the trouble I am under. [*Poor Sovereign Man!*]—

And truly my intentions and purposes, they are honest to the Nation,—and shall be, by the Grace of God. And I have it *not* in view, upon collateral pretences, 'either by asking this Kingship or by refusing it'—to act towards things that may be destructive to the liberties of this Nation! ["*I am worn and weary; let me be as clay in the hands of the potter!*"]— —Any man may give me leave *to die;* every one may give me leave to be as a dead man,—when God takes away the spirit and life and activity that are necessary for the carrying-on of such a work! [*Poor Highness, still somewhat feverish, suffering from the dregs of a cold!*]

And therefore I do leave the former Debates as they

were, and as we had them; and will let you know that I have looked a little upon the Paper [*Petition and Advice*], the Instrument, I would say, in the other parts of it, 'unconnected with this of the Kingship.' And considering that there are very many particulars in this Instrument [*Holding it in his hand*], some of a general reference and others specific, and all of weight (let this business of the Title be decided as it may) to the concernment of the Nations,—I think I may desire that those 'particulars' may be really such as will serve their object,—let the "Title" we *fix* upon be one or the other. They might be such as the People have no cause—[*Sentence checking itself*]—But I am confident your care and faithfulness need neither a spur nor an admonition to that!—I say, reading in your Order, the Order of the Parliament to this Committee, I find mention there of "divers particulars," concerning which, if I do make any scruple of them, I am to have the freedom with this Committee to cast[26] my doubts.

The truth of it is, I have a Paper here in my hands[27] that doth contain divers things with relation to the Instrument; which, I hope, have a Public aspect in them; therefore I cannot presume but they will be very welcome to you. Therefore I shall desire that you will read them. [*Hands Whitlocke the Paper.*] I should desire, if it please you, the liberty,—which I submit to your judgment whether you think I have or no,—that I might tender these few things; and some others which I have in preparation. And truly I shall reduce them to as much brevity as I can:—they are too large here, 'these in the Paper are diffuse.'[28] And if it please you, Tomorrow in the afternoon at three o'clock I may meet you again. And I hope we shall come to know

[26] canvass, shake out.

[27] A Paper of Objections by his Highness; repeatedly alluded to in the Journals; 'unhappily altogether lost now,' say the *Parliamentary History* and the Editor of *Burton*,—not very unhappily, say my readers and I.

[28] He gave them the complete Paper *on the morrow* (*Burton*, ii. 7).

one another's minds; and shall agree to that that may be for the glory of God, and for the good of these Nations.*

So much for Monday the 20th;—noontide and the hour of dinner being now nigh. Herewith *exeunt* till tomorrow at three.

We returned 'much unsatisfied with the Lord Protector's Speech,' says the Writer of *Burton;* it is 'as dark and promiscuous as before;' nobody can know whether he will have the Kingship or not. Sometimes the 'Contrariants' are up in hope, and sometimes again we,[29]—and the bets, if betting were permitted under Gospel Ordinances, would fluctuate not a little.

Courage, my Lord Protector! Blake even now, though as yet you know it not, is giving the Spaniards a terrible scorching for you, in the Port of Santa Cruz!—Worth noting: In those very minutes while the Lord Protector is speaking as above, there goes on far off, on the Atlantic brine, under shadow of the Peak of Teneriffe, one of the fieriest actions ever fought by land or water; this action of the Sea-king Blake, at the Port of Santa Cruz. The case was this. Blake cruising on the coast of Spain, watching as usual for Plate Fleets, heard for certain that there was a Fleet actually coming, actually come as far as the Canary Isles, and now lying in the Bay of Santa Cruz in Teneriffe there. Blake makes instant sail thither; arrives there still in time this Monday morning early; finds the Fleet fast moored in Santa Cruz Bay; rich silver-ships, strong war-ships, Sixteen as we count them; stronger almost than himself,—and moored here under defences unassailable apparently by any mortal. Santa Cruz Bay is shaped as a horse-shoe: at the entrance are Castles, in the inner circuit are other Castles, Eight of them in all, bristling with great guns; war-ships moored at the entrance, war-frigates moored all round the beach, and men and gunners at command: one great magazine of sleeping thunder and destruction: to appearance, if you wish for sure suicide to run into, this must be it. Blake, taking measure of the business, runs into it, defying its loud thunder; much out-thunders it,—mere whirlwinds of fire and iron hail, the old Peak never heard the like;—silences the Castles, sinks

* *Somers*, vi. 387-389.

[29] See *Burton*, ii. 7 et seqq.

or burns every sail in the Harbour; annihilates the Spanish Fleet; and then, the wind veering round in his favour, sails out again, leaving Santa Cruz Bay much astonished at him.[30] It is the last action of the brave Blake; who, worn out with toil and sickness and a cruise of three years, makes homewards shortly after; dies within sight of Plymouth.[31]

On the whole, the Spanish Antichrist finds his Highness a rough enemy. In these same April days, Six-thousand men are getting mustered here, 'furnished with new red coats' and other equipments, to join French Turenne in the Low Countries, and fight the Spaniard by land too. For our French Treaty has become a French League Offensive and Defensive,[32] to last for one year; and Reynolds is to be Land-General, and Montague to help him as Sea-General: of whom by and by there may be tidings.—But meanwhile this matter of the Kingship must be settled. All men wish it settled; and the present Editor as much as any! They have to meet tomorrow again, Tuesday 21st, at three o'clock: they for their uncertain airy talking, while so much hard fighting and solid work has to be managed withal.

SPEECH XIII.

His Highness this Tuesday, we find, has deserted the question of the Kingship; occupies himself with the other points of the New Instrument, what he calls the 'essentials' of it; leaving that comparatively empty unessential one to hang undecided, for the present. The Writer of *Burton's Diary*, Nathaniel Bacon or another, is much disappointed. The question of the Kingship not advanced a whit by this long Discourse, one of the most tedious we have yet listened to from his Highness. 'Nothing but a dark speech,' says he,[33] 'more promiscuous than before!'—A sensible Speech too, in some respects, Mr. Bacon. His Highness once more elucidates as he best can his past conduct, and the course of Providence in bringing us all hither to the very respectable pass we now stand in;—explains next what are the *essential* elements of keeping

[30] *Heath's Chronicle*, pp. 720-1.
[31] 7th August 1657, in his Fifty-ninth year (*Biog. Brit.* in voce).
[32] Signed 23d March 1656-7 (*Godwin*, iv. 540).
[33] *Burton*, ii. 7.

us safe here, and carrying us farther, as checking of Public Immorality, attention wiser and wiser to the Preaching Clergy, and for one indispensable thing, additional Provision of Cash; —and terminates by intimating with soft diffuseness, That when he has heard their answer as to these essential things (not that he makes them "conditions," that were terribly ill-judged!), he will then be prepared, in regard to unessential things, to King's Cloaks, Titles, and suchlike frippery and feathers in the cap, which are not without use say the Lawyers, but which irritate weak brethren,—to give such answer as may reasonably be expected from him, as God may set him free to do.—Let us listen, us and Whitlocke who also has to report, the best we can.

My Lords,

I think you may well remember what the issue was of the last Conference I had with you 'yesterday,' and what the stick[34] then was. I confess I took liberty 'at that time,' from the Order of Parliament; whereby they gave me power to speak with you about those things that were in the body of that Instrument and Desire which you have been pleased to speak with me 'upon;' that I might confer with you about those particulars, and might receive satisfaction from you as to them. Whether there will a good issue be to all these affairs or no, is only in the hands of God. That is a great secret;—and secrets belong to God. To us belong things revealed;—and such things are the subject-matter of this Instrument of yours: and 'the course is,' so far as they may have relation to me, That you and I shall consider what may be for the public good 'therein,' that so they may receive such an impression[35] as can humanly be given them.

I would be well understood in that I say, The former Debates and Conferences have been upon the Title; and that rests as it did. But seeing, as I said before, your Order

[34] stop. [35] impulse and decision.

of Commitment, 'your Order to Committee,' doth as well reach to the particulars contained in the Instrument 'generally' as to that of the Title,—I did offer to you that I should desire to speak with you about *them* also. That so we may come to an understanding one with another, not What the things in their parts are, but What is in the whole conduceable to that end we ought all to aim at,—which is a general Settlement upon good foundations.

Truly, as I have often said to the Parliament itself when they did me the honour to meet me in the Banqueting-House, so I may now say to you who are a Committee, a very considerable representation of the Parliament: I am hugely taken with the word *Settlement;* with the thing, and with the notion of it. 'And indeed' I think he is not worthy to live in England who is not! No; I will do my part, so far as I am able, to expel that man out of the Nation who desireth not that in the general we come to a Settlement. Because indeed it is the great misery and unhappiness of a Nation to be without such: it is like a house (and so much worse than a "house") divided against itself; it "cannot stand" without Settlement!—And therefore I hope, so far, we are all at a good point; and the spirit of the Nation, I hope, in the generality of it, is so far at a good point: we are all contending for *a* Settlement. That is sure. But the question is, *De modo*, and Of those things 'and conditions' that will make it a good Settlement if possible. It's no fault to aim at perfection in Settlement! And truly I have said, and I say it again: That I think this 'present proposed Form of Settlement' doth tend to the making of the Nation enjoy the things we have 'all along' declared for; and I would come upon that issue with all men, or with any man. The things we have declared for, which have been the ground of our quarrelling and fighting all along,—the securing of these is what will accomplish the general work.

Settlement is the general work. That which will give to the Nation to enjoy their civil and religious liberties; that which will conserve the liberties of every man, and not rob any man of what is justly his! I think these two things make up Settlement. I am sure they acquit us before God and man; having endeavoured, as we have done, through some streamings of blood, to attain that end.

I may tell you my 'own' experience in this business, and offend no good man who loves the Public before what is personal. Truly I shall, a little, shortly recapitulate to you what my observations and endeavours and interest have been to this end. And I hope no man that hath been interested in transactions all along[36] will blame me. And he shall have no cause to blame me: because I will take myself into the number of the Culpable Persons (if there be any such),—though perhaps apt enough, from the self-love I have, to be willing to be 'reckoned' innocent where I am so! And yet as willing withal to take my reproach, if anybody will lay it upon me, where I am culpable! And truly I have, through the Providence of God, endeavoured to discharge a poor duty; having had, as I conceive, a clear call to the stations I have acted in through all these affairs;—and I believe very many are sufficiently satisfied in that. I shall not go about saying anything to clear it to you [*No, your Highness; let it stand on its own feet*];—but must exercise myself in a little short Chronology. To come to that 'issue' [*Not the "Chronology," but what the Chronology will help to teach us!*] I say, is really all our business at present; and the business of this Nation: To come upon clear grounds; To consider the Providence of God, how He hath led us hitherunto.

After it pleased God to put an end to the War of this

[36] Not polite to add, "as I have been."

Nation; a final end; which was done at Worcester, in the determination and decision that was there by the hand of God,—for other War, we have had none that deserves the name of War, since that time, which is now six years gone September 'last;'—I came up to the Parliament that then was. And truly I found the Parliament, as I thought, very 'well' disposed to put a good issue to all those Transactions which had been in the Nation; and I rejoiced at it. And though I had not been well skilled in Parliamentary affairs, having been near ten years in the Field; yet, in my poor measure, my desires did tend to the same issue; believing verily that all the blood which had been shed, and all the distemper which God had suffered to be among us, which in some sense God had raised among us,—'believing, I say,' that surely Fighting was not the *end*, but the *means*, which had an end, and was in order to somewhat! Truly the end, then, was, I thought, Settlement; that is, that men might come to some consistencies. And to that end I did endeavour to add my mite,—which was no more than the interest any one member there might have,—after I was returned again to that capacity. And I did,—I shall tell you no fable, but things 'of' which divers persons here can tell whether they be true or no [*Threatening to blaze up again?*], —I did endeavour it. I would make the best interpretation of all that: but yet it is a truth, and nothing of a discovery on my part, but a fact which everybody knows to be true, That the Parliament, having done these memorable things— [*Sentence explodes; and even launches off into a panegyric of the Long Parliament,—preparatory to* EXECUTION]—They had done things of honour, and things of necessity; things which, if at this day you have any judgment that there lieth a possibility upon you to do any good, and to bring this Nation to any foot of Settlement, I may say you are all along, in a good manner, beholden to that Parliament 'for.'

But yet truly as men who contend for the Public Interest are not like to have the applause of all men, nor justification from all hands, so it was with them. And truly, when they had made preparations which might have led to the issuing in some good for the Settlement of these Nations, in point of liberty, in point of freedom from tyranny and oppression and from hazard of our religion,—To throw it all away upon men who designed by innovations to introduce Popery, and by complying with some notions introduce Arbitrariness upon a Civil account—[" *Royalist Malignants, in* 1647, " 1648, *and Crypto-Royalists; with their 'notions' that of all* " *things indispensable, a Stuart King was indispensablest?* " *That would never have done! The Long Parliament did* " *need a Pride's Purge; could not*"—*But the Sentence here, in its hasty impatience, as is usual, bursts*] — Why, they had more enemies than friends, 'that Long Parliament had;' they had so all along! And this made them careful [*In* 1648, *trying to bargain with Charles, they were "full of care;" and even afterwards they could not decide all at once on granting a new Free Parliament and General Election; no!*],— upon principles of Nature, which do sometimes suggest the best. And upon the most undeniable grounds, they did think that it was not fit for them presently to go and throw themselves, and all this Cause, into hands that perhaps had no heart nor principle 'in common' with them to accomplish the end *they* had aimed at. [*In short, they, very properly, decided on sitting still for a while.*]

I grant, perhaps through infirmity they did desire to have continued themselves; to have perpetuated themselves upon that Act.[37] An Act which was justly enough obtained, and necessarily enough obtained, when they did get it from the King. But though, truly, it was good in the first ob-

[37] Act, 10th May 1641, That we are not to be dissolved without our own consent. Necessary in all ways; the City would not lend money otherwise,—not even money could be had otherwise (*antea*, vol. i. p. 102).

taining of it; yet it was, by most men who had ventured their lives in this Cause, judged not fit to be perpetuated, but rather a thing that was to have an end when it had finished its course! Which was certainly the true way of doing,—in subserviency to the bringing-in of what might be a good and honest Settlement to the Nation.—I must say to you that I found them very willing to perpetuate themselves! And truly this is not a thing of reflection upon *all*, for perhaps some were not so;—I can say it of some. The sober men whom I had converse with, were not for continuing; but the major part, I think, did overrule in-that they would have continued. This is true that I say to you: I was entreated to comply with the plan, and advised to it; and it was to have been accomplished by this medium, 'They were' to have sent into the country to have got their number reinforced, and the Parliament filled up by new elections. And it had this excuse, That it would not be against the Liberty of the People, nor against a *succession* of men coming into rule and government; because as men died out of the House, so they should be supplied again. [*Like Sir John Cockle's silk hose; which always, after infinite darnings, could remain the same hose, though not a thread of the original silk was now left in them: a perennial pair of stockings. Such was the plan of the Rump.*] And this was the best answer they could give to all objections, 'this.' "That the proper way to govern is to have *successive* men "in such great bodies as Parliaments; to have men learning "to know how to obey as well as how to govern."[38] And truly the expedient they then offered was what I tell you.

The truth of it is, this did not satisfy a company of poor men [*Certain insignificant individuals,—mentioned elsewhere by the same name!*], who thought they had ventured their

[38] The 'Rota *Club*' (see Wood, iv. 1119, 1120, § Harrington) had not started in 1653; but this doctrine, it would seem, was already afloat;—not much patronised by his Highness at any time.

lives, and had some interest to inquire after these things! And the rather, because really they had been invited out, 'first of all, into this War,' upon principles of honesty, conscience and religion; "for Spiritual Liberties;" as many as would come. 'Yes;' when the Cause was a little doubtful, there had issued forth a Declaration 'of that purport,' which was very inviting; and men did come in 'and enlist' upon that invitation;—and did thereby think themselves not to be mercenary men, but men who had wives and children in the Nation, and 'who' therefore might a little look after satisfaction in what would be the Issue of the Business! [*They told us always, We were Soldiers, sworn as our first duty to obey; but we answered* (*and it was intrinsically a fact*), *We were the most peculiar Soldiers that had ever handled steel in England; whereby our first, and also our second and third, duties had become modified a good deal!*]

And when this thing was thus pressed, and perhaps over-pressed 'by us,' That a period might be put, and some ascertainment made, and a time fixed,—why then truly the extreme ran another way. '*Parliament would not go at all*,' that had been the one extreme; *Parliament shall go straight-way*, that was now the other.' This is very true that I tell you; although it shame me. 'Extremes give rise to their opposite extremes; and are honourable to nobody!' I do not say it shames all that were of the House, for I know all were not of that mind; but truly when this was urged, they on their side did fall into another extreme. And what was that? Why, truly, then it was: Seeing this Parliament could not be perpetual, yet *a* Parliament might always be sitting. And to that end there was a Bill framed, That Parliaments might always be sitting; that as soon as one Parliament went out of place, another might leap in.[39]

[39] This arrangement, of a Parliament constantly sitting, his Highness and the company of poor men did by no means consider a good 'Issue of the Business.' It leads almost infallibly to 'arbitrariness,' argues his Highness (Speech III., vol. iv

When we saw this, truly we thought it did but make a change in pretence; and did not remedy the thing!—However, it was pursued with such heat 'in the House,' I dare say there was more progress in it in a month than had ever been with the like business in four; 'so eager were they' to hasten it to an issue, to get such a Parliament brought in:—to bring the state of the Nation into this, *A continual sitting of Parliament.*

We did think, who were plain men, and I do think it still, That that had been, according to the old foolish proverb, "out of the frying-pan into the fire!" For, looking at the Government you would then have had, it was 'still' a "Commonwealth's" Government. [*Not entirely the Ideal of a Government, your Highness thinks?*] Why, we should have had fine work then! We should have had a Council of State, and a Parliament of Four-hundred men, executing arbitrary government [*As the Long Parliament did*] without intermission, except some change of a part of them; one Parliament stepping into the seat of another, just left warm for them; the same day that the one left, the other was to leap in!—Truly I did think, and I do think, however much some are enamoured with that kind of Government—[*Style getting hasty, hot; the Sentence breaks*]——Why it was no more but this, That Committees of Parliament should take 'all' upon them, and be instead of the Courts at Westminster! Perhaps some will think there had been no hurt in that arbitrariness of Committees? Where a man can neither come to prove nor to defend,—nor to know his judges; because there are one set of men who judge him today, and another set of

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p. 50), leads to &c. &c.—in fact, as in these days of ours is everywhere becoming too apparent, leads to 'Nothing,' to Self-cancelment (like that of the Kilkenny Cats) and peaceable *Zero*. Which in very few epochs of the world's history is the desirable thing! His Highness's logic-arguments, here and in his other Speech, are none of the best; but instincts and inarticulate insights much deeper than logic taught him well that 'a Parliament always sitting' was not the Balm of Gilead we had all been fighting for.

men tomorrow! Thus was to have been the Law of England; and thus was to have been the way of judging this Nation. And truly I thought that it was an ill way of "judging." For I may say to you, with truth in regard to that, After it pleased God, your poor Army, those poor contemptible men, came up hither,—it did prove so. An outcry here in this place, 'then an outcry there in that,' to get some cause determined and judged. [*The way of Parliaments, your Highness, with their caballings and committeeings, and futile jargonings, and Babel outbabbled!*] And Committees erected to fetch men from the extremest parts of the Nation to London, to attend Committees 'set' to determine all things. And without any manner of satisfaction. Whether a man travel with never such right or never such wrong, he must come,—and he must go back again, as wise as he came. This truly was the case [*Fancy an old Ironside who had stood Dunbar and Worcester, and Marston and Naseby, dancing attendance here!*], and our condition. And truly I must needs say, Take all that was in the practices there—[*Better not, your Highness!*],—I am sorry to tell the story of it!—Though there was indeed some necessity for such a thing. A necessity for some Committees to look to Indemnity, 'and such-like;' but no necessity for Committees instead of Courts of Justice! However, so it was; and this was the case of the People of England at that time; the Parliament assuming to itself the authority of the *Three* Estates that were before. It had so assumed that authority: and if any man had come and said, "What rules do you judge by?"—"Why, we have "none! We are supreme, 'we,' in Legislature and in Judi-"cature!"—

Such was the state of the case. And I thought, and we thought, and I think so still, That this was a pitiful remedy, 'this that they proposed.' [*This of a Perpetual Parliament*, NEW-DARNED, *like Sir John's Perpetual Pair of Stockings:*—

a bad article in itself, whether new or new-darned, if you make it the exclusive one!] And it will always be so when and whensoever a Perpetual Legislative is exercised; where the Legislative and Executive Powers are always the same.—Truly I think the Legislature might almost as well be in the Four Courts of Westminster Hall! If they could make Laws and Judges too, you would have excellent Laws; and the Lawyers would be able to give excellent counsel! And so it was then. This was our condition, without scruple or doubt; and I shall say no more to it. But the offer was made by us with a true and honest spirit; the desire, the entreaty that we might have a Settlement. And there is our "Settlement;" that is what they propose for a Settlement!—

It was desired then, it was offered and desired, that the Parliament would be pleased, either of their own body or of any else, to choose a certain number of men [*The Puritan Notables; ah yes!*] to settle the Nation: "This," said we, "is unsettlement, this is confusion!" For, give me leave, if any body now have the face to say,—and I would die upon this—[*Sentence catching fire*]—if any man in England have the impudence [*Ah!*] or face to say, That the reluctance of the Parliament to dissolve themselves was their fear of hasty throwing of the Liberties of the People of God, and of the Nation, into the hands of a bare Representative of the People,—which was then the business *we* opposed: if any man have the face to say this *now*, who did *then* judge it, 'that last measure of theirs,' and I will say more, ought then to have judged it, to be a confounding of the whole Cause we had fought for,—which it was,—I would look upon that man's face! I would be glad to see such a man![40] I do not say there is any such here: but if any

[40] A dangerous spectator, your Highness, with that thundery countenance of yours!—His Highness's anger is exceedingly clear; but the cause of it, in this intricate sentence, much more in the distracted coagulum of jargon which the original

such should come to me, see if I would not look upon him, and tell him he is an hypocrite! I dare say it, and I dare die for it, 'he is an hypocrite;'—knowing the spirit that hath been in some men to me. They come and tell me, They do not like my being Protector. Why do you not?—"Why, because you will exercise arbitrary government."—Why, what is it you want me to do?—"Pray, turn those "Gentlemen 'of the Long Parliament' all in again; then we "will like you exceedingly well!"—[*Inarticulate interjection; snort or "Humph!"*]—I was a child in swaddling clouts![41] I cannot go beyond the Instrument of Government. I cannot do anything but in coördination with the Council. They fear, 'these objectors,' "arbitrary government" by *me* in that way; but if arbitrary government were restored to be general 'by reinstatement of the Long Parliament,' then they are not afraid of it! Such things as these are, such hypocrisies as these are, should they enter into the heart of any man that hath truth or honesty in him?— —

Truly that was our case:—and finding our case to be thus, we did press the Parliament, as I told you, That they would be pleased to select some Worthy Persons who had loved this Cause, and the liberties of England, and the interest of England: and we told them we would acquiesce, and lie at *their* 'the Worthy Persons's' feet; but that to be thrown into Parliaments which should sit perpetually, though but for three years 'each,' we had experience of that! An experience which may remain to this day, to give satisfaction to honest and sober men!—Why, truly this might have

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here offers, is by no means so clear. On intense inspection, he discovers himself to be (as above) reproaching certain parties who now affect to regret the Long Parliament, which while it existed they had been sufficiently loud in condemning. You say: "They were afraid to fling the whole Cause into the lottery of a general Parliament:"—*They?* while *we* opposed that; and while that was the very thing they at last were recklessly doing! I should like to see the face of a man brazen enough for a story like this!

[41] So tied-up with restrictions in that first Instrument; had not the smallest power to do 'arbitrary government.'

satisfied, this proposal of ours; but it did not. And therefore we did think that it was the greatest of dangers, 'thus' to be overwhelmed, and brought under a slavery by our own consent, and "Iniquity to become a Law."[42] And there was our ground we acted upon at that time. And truly they had perfected their Bill for perpetuating of Parliaments to the last Clause [*Hear!*]; and were resolved to pass it as a Bill in Paper, 'not even engrossed on Parchment as the wont was,' rather than comply with any expedient. [*We then entered upon them; bade them with emphasis, Go about their business! That's no lie!*]—If your own experience add anything to you in this, 'if you ever individually had to do with a Long-Parliament Committee, and know its ways,'—in this point, "Whether or no, in cases civil and criminal, if a Par- "liament assume an absolute power, without any control, "to determine the interests of men in property and liberty; "whether or no *this* be desirable in a Nation?"—if you have any sense ["*General openness of perception;*" *not exactly our modern word; but a questionable expression, as his Highness immediately sees:* "*any sense*"],—as I believe you have,—you have more than I,——'then' I think you will take it for a mercy that *that* did not befall England at that time! And that is all I will say of it.

Truly I will now come and tell you a story of my own weakness and folly. [*The Little Parliament.*] And yet it was done in my simplicity, I dare avow it was: and though some of my companions—["*May dislike my mentioning the story?*" —*The Sentence, in its haste, has no time to* END.]—And truly

[42] 'The Throne of Iniquity, which frameth mischief by a *Law*' (Psalm xciv. 20). A fearful state of matters: shadowed forth by old Prophets as the fearfulest of all; but entirely got rid of in these modern days,—if Dryasdust and the general course of *new* Prophecy may be credited, to whom Law *is* Equity, and the mere want of 'Law,' with its three readings, and tanned pieces of sheepskin written-over in bad English, is Iniquity.—O Dryasdust, thy works in this world are wonderful. Thy notions of this world, thy ideas, what thou namest ideas, perhaps defy all ages, even ages when Witchcraft was believed in,—or when human creatures worshipped Leeks, and considered that the Founder of this Universe was one Apis, a sacred Prize-Ox! I begin to be weary of thee.

this is a story that should not be recorded, that should not be told, except when good use may be made of it. I say, It was thought then that men of our own judgment, who had fought in the Wars, and were all of a piece upon that account;—'it was thought,' "Why surely these men will hit " it, and these men will do it to the purpose, whatever can " be desired!" And truly we did think, and I did think so, —the more blame to me. And such a Company of Men were chosen [*The Little Parliament;—Convention of the Puritan Notables*]; and did proceed to action. And truly this was the naked truth, That the issue was not answerable to the simplicity and honesty of the design. [*Poor Puritan Notables!*]

What the issue of that Meeting would have been 'seemed questionable,' and was feared: upon which the sober men of that Meeting did withdraw; and came and returned my power as far as they could,—they did actually the greater part of them,—into my hands; professing and believing that the issue of that Meeting would have been The subversion of your Laws and of all the Liberties of this Nation, the destruction of the Ministers of this Nation; in a word, the confusion of all things. 'Confusion of all things!' To set up, instead of Order, the Judicial Law of Moses, in abrogation of all our administrations; to have had administered the Judicial Law of Moses *pro hic et nunc*, according to the wisdom of any man that would have interpreted the Text this way or that—!—And if you do not believe that these Persons, 'thereupon sent home,' were sent home by the major part 'of themselves,' who were judicious and sober and learned (the minority being the worser part upon this account), and with my consent *a parte post*,—you will believe nothing! [*Somewhat tart.*] For the persons that led in that Meeting were Mr. Feak and his Assemblage in Blackfriars. [*We know "Feak," and other foul chimneys on fire,*

from of old!—As for "Mr. Squib," he sits now with Venner and the Fifth-Monarchy, safe locked in the Tower.] 'Mr. Feak,' Major-General Harrison, and the rest that associated with him at one Mr. Squib's house. There were all the resolutions taken that were acted in that House 'of Parliament' day by day. And this was so *de facto;* I know it to be true. And that such must naturally be the product of it, I do but appeal to that Book I told you of the other day ["*Standard set up*"], That all Magistracy and Ministry is Antichristian, wherefore all these things ought to be abolished. Which we are certain must have been the issue of that Meeting. [*A failure, that poor Convention of the Puritan Notables!*]

So that you have been delivered, if I think aright, from two evils. The *one*, a secular evil, which would have swallowed up all religious and civil interest, and brought us under the horridest arbitrariness that ever was exercised in the world: To have had Five or Six hundred "Friends,"[43] with *their* friends, 'the Feaks &c.,' intrusted with the judgment of all causes, and to judge of them without rule; thinking that "the Power which swallowed up all other Lawful Powers in the Nation" hath all the power *they* ever had, both Legislative and Judiciary! In short, a thing which would have swallowed both the Civil and Religious Interest. And the *other* evil—[*His Highness has already inextricably caudled the two together, and here merely gives them another stir*]—merely under a Spiritual Interest, would have swallowed up all again in another extreme,—'no stated Ministry being allowed.' All our Civil and Religious Interest; and had made our Ministry, and all the things we were beholding to God for, 'of no account'! Truly we think we ought to value *this* Interest above all the interests in the world:

[43] The name of Quakers already budding in 1653,—now, in 1657, budded and blown.

but if this latter had not as surely been destroyed as the former, I understand nothing.—

And having told you these two things, 'two Failures in getting Settlement'—truly it makes me in love with this Paper; and with all the things in it; and with the additions I have now to tender you thereto; and with *Settlement* above all things in the world!—Except 'only' that, where I left you last time [" *The Kingship!*" *Committee of Ninety-nine look alert*];—for that, I think, we have debated. [*Look dumpish again.*] I have heard your mind, and you have heard mine 'as to that;' I have told you my heart and judgment; and the Lord bring forth His own issue. [*His Highness produces the Engrossed Vellum.*]

I think we are now to consider, not what we are in regard to our Footing and that of the Government which called this Parliament. [*No: our First foolish Parliament spent all their time on that; not you, my wiser Friends.*] Our Footing and Government is, till there be an end put to it, —that that hath existence! [*What other definition of it can be given, or need?*] And so I shall say nothing to *it*. If it accomplisheth the end of our Fighting, and all those blessed ends and aims that we should aim at; if it do,—I would we might keep it, and remain where we are. If it do not, I would we might have a better!—Which[44] truly I do come out of myself to tell you, That as to the substance and body of your Instrument, I do look upon it as having things in it,—if I may speak freely and plainly; I may, and we all may!—I say, the things that are provided for in this 'Act of' Government [*Handling the Vellum*] do secure the Liberties of the People of God so as they never before had them! And he must be a pitiful man who thinks the People of God ever had the like Liberty either *de facto* or *de jure*;—

[44] Ungrammatical, but unalterable. Means 'On which hint.'

de jure from God, I think they have had it from the beginning of the world to this day, and have it still,—but asserted by a *jus humanum* I say, they never had it so as they have it now. I think you have provided for the Liberty of the People of God, and 'for the Liberty' of the Nation. And I say he sings sweetly that sings a song of reconciliation betwixt those two Interests! And it is a pitiful fancy, like wisdom and ignorance, to think they are *in*consistent. Certainly they may consist! And, I speak my conscience of this 'Act of' Government, I think you have made them to consist.

And therefore, I must say, in that, and in other things, you have provided well,—that you have. And because I see the Rule of the Parliament, 'your written Order here,' gives you leave to speak with me about the particulars (I judge the Parliament doth think that any Member it has is not to be neglected in offering of anything that may be of additional good),—therefore, I having a little surveyed the Instrument, I have a Paper here to offer you upon that account. [*Handles a Paper of his own.*] And truly I must needs say and think that, in such a case as this, where so new a work and so strange a work as this is before you, it will not be thought ill [*Not at all, your Highness,—only get on!*] if I do with a little earnestness press you for some explanations in some things. 'A few explanations' that may help to complete the business, and leave me—(for it is only handled with *me* 'and for *my* behoof' at this time, not with you and the Parliament whom you represent):—I say, I would be glad that you might leave me, and all opposers, without excuse; as well as glad that you should settle this Nation to the uttermost advantage for it;—in all the things I have to offer you. They are not very weighty; they may tend to the completion of the business; and therefore I shall take the freedom to read them to you.

[First, however, this Editor, with your Highness's leave, will read to the Moderns a certain excerpt or abstract from the Engrossed Vellum itself, which he has obtained sight of,[45] that they also may understand what your Highness will animadvert upon. Let the Moderns pay what attention they can.

'*Article Fourth* of the Petition and Advice is taken up with 'describing who are to be Electors to Parliament, and Eligibles, '—or rather who not; for it is understood that, except the 'classes of persons here specified, all who had such a privilege 'by the old Laws are still entitled to vote and to be voted for.

'The Classes excluded from electing or being elected are 'the following:

'1. All who have been concerned in the rebellion of Ireland; 'or who, with or without concern in said Rebellion, are or shall 'become Papists.—All who have advised, abetted or assisted 'in any War against the Parliament since the First of January '1641-2,—unless they have since given signal proofs of repent- 'ance, by bearing arms *for* the Parliament,—or in some other '"signal" manner, difficult to define. The defining of which 'has occasioned great debates in Parliament.[46] This excludes 'all the English and other Malignants.—All who have ever 'been engaged in any Plot against the Person of his Highness; 'or, apart from that, have been engaged in any Insurrection in 'England or Wales "since 16th December 1653," beginning 'of the Protectorate.

'2. In Scotland all who have been in arms against the Par- 'liament of England or the Parliament of Scotland before the 'First of April 1648. This excludes the Montrose Party and 'Royalists Proper of Scotland,—except such as have given '"signal" &c. But then follows this clause in favour of the 'Hamilton Engagers, and the Dunbar and Worcester people, 'which attracts his Highness's animadversion in the present 'Discourse: "Nor any" (shall elect or be elected) "who '*since* the First of April 1648 have been in arms, or otherwise 'aided, abetted" &c. (which excludes all the Preston, and all 'the Dunbar and Worcester people; with, however, a most '*important* exception)—"except such as since the First day of 'March 1651-2 have *lived peaceably*,"—as they might *all* very 'well do, having been all smashed to powder six months before,

[45] Whitlocke, p. 648 et seqq.; *Parliamentary History*, xxi. 129 et sepp.
[46] *Burton's Diary*.

'at Worcester Fight, and their "Chief Malignant," whom they 'had set up as King, being now sent on his travels, somewhat 'in the style of a King of the Gipsies!' His Highness cannot but animadvert on this with some tartness.

With these exceptions, and one 'proviso for Ireland' to be speedily noticed, all Freeholders of Counties, according to the old definition, shall vote; and all Burgesses and Citizens of Towns,—nay, I think, there is in this latter department a tendency towards the *Potwalloper* System; but modified of course by the established custom of each several locality in that respect.

And now let us hear his Highness in regard to Paragraph Second of Article Fourth:]

In the Fourth Article and Second Paragraph, you have something that respects the calling of Members to Parliament 'for Scotland.' You would not have those excluded that were under Duke Hamilton, and made that Invasion.[47] Because it hath been said to you, perhaps, that if you should exclude all 'such,' you would have no Members from that Nation? I hope there be persons of that Nation who will be ready to give a better testimony of their country than admit that argument! And I hope it is no argument: but if it be one, then truly, to meet with the least certainty as to qualifications, you should indeed exclude men of your own country upon better 'defined' crimes; you should hold them off upon stricter characters 'than those given'! It is thought, the qualification there which saith, of their "good testimony," That they are to be men who have given good testimony by their quiet living—Why, truly, for divers years, they have not been willing to do other; they have not had an easy possibility to do otherwise, than to live quietly! [*Not since the taming they got at Worcester, your Highness!*] Though perhaps 'at bottom' many of them have been the same men:—and yet 'certainly too' I know many of them are good men, worthy men.—And therefore whether it be

[47] Which met its due at Preston.

not fit, in that place, to explain somewhat farther, and put some other character[48] upon what may really be regarded as "a good testimony" of their *being* otherwise minded, of their *being* now of another judgment? I confess I have not anything here to supply this defect with: but certainly if the description so stand as it now is in your Article,—those men, though they be never so indisposed, enemies and remain so, yet if they have "lived peaceably," where they could neither will nor choose 'to live otherwise,' they are to be admitted. I only tell you so, being without any amendment for it; and when done, I shall leave it all with yourselves. This is for the Second Paragraph.

[For the Second Paragraph his Highness is "without any amendment" of his own; offers us nothing to "supply the defect:" indeed it is difficult to supply well, as that Nation stands and has stood. Besides they send but Fifty Members in all, poor creatures; it is no such vital matter! Paragraph Second remains *un*altered.—And now let the Moderns attend for an instant to Paragraph Third:

'*Article Fourth*, Paragraph Third: A proviso as to Ireland, ' "that no English or Scotch Protestant in Ireland who before ' the First of March 1649-50" (just about the time his now ' Highness, then Lord General, was quitting Ireland, having ' entirely demolished all chance of opposition there) "have ' borne arms *for* the Parliament or your Highness, or otherwise ' given signal testimony" &c. "shall be excluded."' This also to his Highness seems worthy of animadversion.]

In the Third Paragraph of the same Article, whereas it is said, "That all persons in Ireland be made capable to "elect or to be elected who, before the First of March 1649, "have borne arms for the Parliament, or otherwise given "testimony of their good affections to the Parliament and "continued faithful *to the Parliament*:"—and yet perhaps many of them are since revolted 'against us'!—Whether it

[48] description.

be not necessary that this be more clearly expressed? For it seems to capacitate all those who revolted from the Parliament;[49] if they have borne arms for the State before the First of March 1649, it seems to restore them. But if *since* then they have revolted, as I doubt many of our English-Irish have done, why then the question is, Whether those men who lately[50] have been angry and have flown to arms; Whether you will think their having borne arms formerly on the Parliament's side shall be an exemption to them? This is but tendered to you, for some worthy person here to give an answer unto?

[Very rational and irrefragable. It is accordingly altered: 'Signal testimony of their good affection to the *Commonwealth* 'or your Highness, and continued' &c.—And now let us look at Paragraph Fifth; concerning the last item of which his Highness has a word to say:

'*Article Fourth*, Paragraph Fifth. All who are atheistical, 'blasphemous, "married to Popish wives," who train or shall 'train any child to be Popish, or consent that a son or daugh-'ter of theirs shall marry a Papist;—who are scoffers of reli-'gion, or can be proved to have scoffed any one for being 'religious; who deny the Scriptures to be God's Word; who 'deny Sacraments, Ministry or Magistracy to be ordinances of 'God (Harrison's set); who are Sabbath-breakers, swearers, 'haunters of taverns or alehouses;—in short demonstrably un-'christian men. All who are Public Preachers too.' Concerning this latter clause his Highness has a remark to make.

'Following in the rear of which, in the same Fifth Para-'graph, is a new Item which still more deserves consideration. 'For securing the "Freedom of Parliament" as well as its 'Purity, there are to be Forty-one Commissioners appointed '"by Act of Parliament with your Highness's consent," who 'are to examine and certify whether the Persons returned by 'these rules are, after all, qualified to sit.'—So that it is not to be by the Council of State henceforth, and by "Nathaniel Tayler, Clerk of the Commonwealth in Chancery," with his

[49] The Ormond Royalists almost all;—Malignant enough many of them.
[50] in late years.

Certificate in the Lobby, that Honourable Gentlemen are to be turned back at the door of the House, and sent to redact *Protests*, as in the case of this present Parliament! Forty-one Commissioners are now to do it. His Highness on this also will have a word to say.]

In the Fifth Paragraph of the same Article, you have incapacitated Public Preachers from sitting in Parliament. And truly I think your intention is 'of' such 'only' as have Pastoral Function; such as are actually real Ministers. For I must say to you, in behalf of our Army,—in the next place to their fighting, *they* have been very good "Preachers:" and I should be sorry they should be excluded from serving the Commonwealth because they have been accustomed to "preach" to their troops, companies and regiments:—which I think has been one of the blessings upon them to the carrying-on of the great Work. I think you do not mean so 'that they should be excluded:' but I tender it to you that, if you think fit, there may be a consideration had of it. There may be some of us, it may be, who have been a little guilty of that, who would be loath to be excluded from sitting in Parliament 'on account of it'! ["*I myself have "been known, on occasion, to exhort my troops with Bible texts "and considerations; to 'preach,' if you like to call it so! "What has my whole Life been but a 'Sermon' of some em- "phasis; preached with tongue and sword, with head and "heart and right hand, and soul and body and breeches-pocket, "—not without results, one would venture to hope!*"—*This Clause, the Committee, expressly or tacitly, will modify as desired.*]

In the same Paragraph, there is care taken for the nominating of Commissioners to *try* the Members who are chosen to sit in Parliament. And truly those Commissioners are uncertain Persons; and it is hard to say what may happen. I hope they will be always good men;—but if they should

be bad, then perhaps they will keep out good men! Besides we think,—truly, if you will give us leave to help as to the "freedom of Parliament," this 'of the Commissioners' will be something that may go rather harshly down than otherwise! Very many reasons might be given; but I do only tender it to you. I think, if there were *no* Commissioners, it might be never a whit the worse:—if you make qualifications 'for Membership,' and any man presume to sit without those qualifications, you may deal with him. A man without qualifications, sitting there, is as if he were not chosen; and if he sit without being *chosen*, without having qualification,—I am sure the old custom was to send him to the Tower [*That will settle him!*], to imprison such a one! If any sit there that have not right to sit,—if any stranger come in upon a pretended title of *election*, perhaps it is a different case,—but if any sit there upon a pretence of *qualification* in him, you may send *him* to prison without more ado. Whether you think fit to do so or no, is parliamentary business:—I do but hint it to you. I believe, If any man had sat in former Parliaments without, 'for instance,' taking the oaths &c. that were prescribed, it would have been fault enough in him. I believe something of that kind, 'instead of your Forty-one Commissioners,' might be equivalent to any other way, if not better.

[The Honourable House does not want any more concern with Nathaniel Tayler and his *Certificates*. This Paragraph remains unaltered. Forty-one Commissioners, Fifteen a quorum; future Parliaments to name a future set when they like: the Examinations as to Members are to be by oath of informer in writing, with copies left &c., and rigorous enough formalities. —Let us now glance at Article Fifth:

'*Article Fifth* relates to the "Other House;" a new House 'of Lords we are getting up. Not more than Seventy of them, 'not fewer than Forty: they are to be nominated by your 'Highness and approved by this House: all classes excluded

'by the preceding Article from our body are of course excluded from theirs.' His Highness has a remark to make on this also.]

In that Article, which I think is the Fifth Article [*Yes*], which concerns the Nomination of the Other House,—in the beginning of that Article it stands, That the House is to be nominated as you there design it,[51] and the approbation is to be from This House,—I would say, from the Parliament. It stands so. But then now, if any shall be subsequently named, after the Other House *is sat*, upon any accidental removal or death, — you do not say 'How.' Though it seems to refer to the same 'rule' as the first 'original' selection doth; yet it doth not so clearly intimate this, That the nomination shall be, where it was, with the Chief Officer,[52] and the approbation of the "Other House." If I do express clearly what you—Pardon me: but I think that is the aim of it; and it is not clearly expressed there;—as I think you will be able to judge whether it be or no.

[Article Fifth ruled as his Highness wishes. And now take Article Seventh:

'*Article Seventh* promises, but does not say how, that there 'shall be a yearly Revenue of 1,300,000*l.*; one million for 'Navy and Army, 300,000*l.* for the support of the Government. 'No part of it by a Land-tax. Other temporary supplies to be 'granted by the Commons in Parliament,—and neither this 'Revenue nor any other charge whatever to be laid upon the 'subject except according to the Parliament's direction and 'sanction.' Such yearly Revenue the Parliament promises in this Petition and Advice, but does not specify in what way it shall be raised: which omission also his Highness fails not to comment on.]

In the Seventh Article, which concerns the Revenue, that is, the Revenue which you have appointed for the Government; wherein you have distributed Three-hundred-thousand pounds of it to the Maintenance of the Civil Au-

[51] 'as you there design it;' polite for 'by me.' [52] Cannot say 'me.'

thority, and One-million to the maintenance of your Forces by Sea and Land:—you have indeed in your Instrument said so, 'that there shall be such a Revenue,' and we cannot doubt of it: but yet you have not made it certain; nor yet those "temporary supplies" which are intended for the peace and safety of the Nations. It is desired, That you will take this into your thoughts, and make the general and temporary allowances of Revenue *certain* both as to the sum and to the times those "supplies" are to be continued. [*Let us know what ground we stand on.*] And truly I hope I do not curry favour with you: but another thing is desired, and I may very reasonably desire it, That these moneys, whatever they are;—that they may not, if God shall bring me to any interest in this business,[53] as lieth at His disposal;—that these moneys, 'I say,' may *not* be issued out by the authority of the Chief Magistrate, but by the advice of his Council. You have made in your Instrument a coördination 'of Council and Chief Magistrate' in general terms: 'but I could wish' that this might be a specified thing, That the moneys were not to be distributed 'except by authority of both.' It will be a safety to whosoever is your Supreme Magistrate, as well as a security to the Public, That the moneys be issued out by advice of the Council, and that the Treasurers who receive these moneys be accountable every Parliament, within a certain time limited by yourselves;—'that' every new Parliament, the Treasurer be accountable to the Parliament for the disposing of the Treasury.

['*Article Ninth:* Judges, Principal Officers of State, Commanders-in-chief by Sea or Land, all chief Officers civil and military, "are to be approved-of by both Houses of Parliament." ']

There is mention made of the Judges in your Ninth Article. It is mentioned that the Officers of State and the

[53] If I live, and continue to govern.

Judges are to be chosen with the approbation of Parliament. But now if there be no Parliament sitting, should there be never so great a loss of Judges, it cannot be supplied. And whether you do not intend that, in the intervals of Parliament, it should be by the choice — [*Omit "of the Chief Magistrate," or politely mumble it into indistinctness*],—with the consent of the Council; to be *afterwards* approved by Parliament?

[Certainly, your Highness; reason so requires it. Be it tacitly so ruled.—And now for Article Twelfth:

'*Article Twelfth* (Let us still call it Article *Twelfth*, though 'in the ultimate Redaction it has come to be marked *Thir-* '*teenth*):—Classes of persons incapable of holding any office. 'Same, I think, as those excluded from elections,—only there 'is no penalty annexed. His Highness makes some remarks 'upon this, under the Title of "Article Twelfth;"—a new article 'introduced for securing Purchasers of Church Lands, which 'is now Article Twelfth,[54] has probably pushed this into the 'Thirteenth place.']

The Twelfth Article relates to several qualifications that persons must be qualified with, who are put into places of Public Office and Trust. [*Treats all of* DISqualifications, *your Highness; which, however, comes to the same thing.*] Now if men shall step into Public Places and Trust who are not so qualified, 'I do not see but hereby still' they may execute them. "Office of Trust" is a very large word; it goeth almost to a Constable, if not altogether;—it goeth far. Now if any shall come in who are not so qualified, they certainly do commit a breach upon your rule:—and whether you will not think in this case that if any shall take upon him an Office of Trust, there shall not some *Penalty* be put upon him, where he is excepted by the general rule? Whether you will not think it fit in that respect to deter men from accepting Offices and Places of Trust, contrary to that Article?

[54] Whitlocke, p. 659.

[Nothing done in this. The "Penalty," vague in outline, but all the more terrible on that account, can be sued-for by any complainant in Westminster Hall.

'*Article Thirteenth* suddenly provides that your Highness 'will be pleased to consent that "Nothing in this Petition and 'Advice, or the assent thereto, shall be construed to extend to '—the dissolving of this present Parliament!"'—"Oh, no!" answers his Highness in a kind of bantering way; "not in the least!"]

The next 'Article' is fetched, in some respects, I may say, by head and shoulders into your Instrument! Yet in some sense it hath an affinity 'with the rest, too;' I may say, I think it is within your general scope[55] upon this account; —'yes,' I am sure of it: There is mention made in the last parts of your Instrument [*Looking in the Paper; Article Eighteenth*] of your purpose to do many good things:—I am confident, *not* like the gentleman who made his last will, and set down a great number of names of men who were to receive benefit by him, and there was no sum at the latter end! ["*You cannot do these 'many good things' if I dissolve "you! That will be a Will, with many beneficiary legatees, "and no sum mentioned at the end!" His Highness wears a pleasant bantering look;—to which the countenances of the others, even Bulstrode's leaden countenance, respond by a kind of smile.*]

I am confident you are resolved to deal effectually in these things at the latter end; and I should wrong my own conscience if I thought otherwise. I hope you *will* think sincerely, as before God, "That the Laws be regulated."[56] I hope you will. We have been often talking of them:—and I remember well, at the old Parliament [*Whitlocke and Glynn look intelligence*], we were three months, and could not get over the word "Incumbrances" [*Hum-m-m!*]: and we thought there was little hope of "regulating the Law" where

[55] 'order' in orig. [56] One of their concluding promises (Article Eighteenth).

there was such difficulty as to that. But surely the Laws need to be regulated! And I must needs say, I think it were a sacrifice acceptable to God, upon many accounts. And I am persuaded it is one of the things that God looks for, and would have. [*Alas, your Highness!*]—I confess, if any man should ask me, "Why, how would you have it done?" I confess I do not know How. But I think verily, at the least, the Delays in Suits, and the Excessiveness in Fees, and the Costliness of Suits, and those various things which I do not know what names they bear—I heard talk of "Demurrers" and suchlike things, which I scarce know—[*Sentence is wrecked*]!—But I say certainly, The people are greatly suffering in this respect; they are so. And truly if this whole business of Settlement, whatever be the issue of it, if it come, which I am persuaded it doth, as a thing that would please God;—'then,' by a sacrifice 'to God' in it, or rather as an expression of our thankfulness to God, I am persuaded that *this* will be one thing that will be upon your hearts, to do something that is honourable and effectual in this. ["*Reforming of the Law!*" *Alas, your Highness!*]—

'Another thing' that—truly I say that it is not in your Instrument—[*Nothing said of it there, which partly embarrasses his Highness; who is now getting into a small Digression*]!—Somewhat that relates to the Reformation of Manners,—you will pardon me!—My Fellow Soldiers 'the Major-Generals,' who were raised-up upon that just occasion of the Insurrection, not only "to secure the Peace of the Nation," but to see that persons who were least likely to help-on "peace" or to continue it, but rather to break it—[" *These Major-Generals, I say, did look after the restraining* " *of such persons; suppressed their horse-racings, cock-fightings,* " *sinful roysterings; took some charge of* 'REFORMATION OF " MANNERS,' *they.*"—*but his Highness is off elsewhither, excited by this 'tickle subject,' and the Sentence has evaporated*]—

Dissolute loose persons that can go up and down from house to house,—and they are Gentlemen's sons who have nothing to live on, and cannot be supplied with means of living to the profit of the Commonwealth: these I think had a good course taken with them. [*Ordered to fly-away their game-cocks, unmuzzle their bear-baitings; fall to some regular livelihood, some fixed habitat, if they could,—and, on the whole, to duck low, keep remarkably quiet, and give no rational man any trouble with them which could be avoided!*] And I think what was done to them was honourably and honestly and profitably done. And, for my part, I must needs say, It[57] showed the dissoluteness which was then in the Nation;—as indeed it springs most from that Party of the Cavaliers! Should that Party run on, and no care be taken to reform the Nation; to prevent, perhaps, abuses which will not fall under *this* head alone—! [*Not under Reformation of* MANNERS *alone: what will the consequence be?*]

We send our children into France before they know God or Good Manners;[58] and they return with all the licentiousness of that Nation. Neither care taken to educate them before they go, nor to keep them in good order when they come home! Indeed, this makes the Nation not only commit those abominable things, most inhuman things, but hardens men to justify those things;—as the Apostle saith, "Not only to do wickedly themselves, but to take pleasure "in them that do so." And truly, if something be not done in this kind, 'in the way of reforming public morals,' without sparing that condition of men, without sparing men's sons, though they be Noblemen's sons—! [*Sentence breaks down*]—Let them be who they may that are deboist, it is for the glory of God that nothing of outward consideration should save them in their debauchery from a just punish-

[57] The course taken with them, the quantity of coercion they needed, and of complaint made thereupon, are all loosely included in this "It."

[58] Morals.

ment and reformation! And truly I must needs say it, I would much bless God to see something done in that matter heartily, not only as to those persons mentioned, but to all the Nation; that some course might be taken for Reformation; that there might be some stop put to such a current of wickedness and evil as this is! And truly, to do it heartily, and nobly and worthily! The Nobility of this Nation, they especially, and the Gentry, would have cause to bless you. And likewise that some care might be taken that those good Laws already made for punishing of vice might be put in execution.

This I must needs say of our Major-Generals who did that service: I think it was an excellent good thing;—I profess I do! [*Yes; though there were great outcries about it.*] And I hope you will not think it unworthy of you 'to consider,' that though we may have good Laws against the common Country disorders that are everywhere, yet Who is to execute them 'now, the Major-Generals being off'? Really a Justice of the Peace,—he shall by the most be wondered at as an owl, if he go but one step out of the ordinary course of his fellow Justices in the reformation of these things! [*Cannot do it; not he.*] And therefore I hope I may represent this to you as a thing worthy your consideration, that something may be found out to repress such evils. I am persuaded you would glorify God by this as much as by any one thing you could do. And therefore I hope you will pardon me.

[His Highness looks to the Paper again, after this Digression. *Article Fifteenth* in his Highness's copy of the Paper, as we understand, must have provided, 'That no part of the Public Revenue be alienated except by consent of Parliament:' but his Highness having thus remonstrated against it, the Article is suppressed, expunged; and we only gather by this passage that such a thing had ever been.]

I cannot tell, in this Article that I am now to speak unto, whether I speak to anything or nothing! There is a desire that 'no part of' "the Public Revenue be alienated except by consent of Parliament." I doubt "Public Revenue" is like "*Custodes Libertatis Angliæ;*" a notion only; and not to be *found* that I know of! [*It* IS *all alienated; Crown Lands &c. are all gone, long ago. A beautiful dream of our youth, as the "Keepers of the* LIBERTY *of England" were —a thing you could nowhere lay hands on, that I know of!*] But if there be any,—and if God bless us in our Settlement, there will be Public Revenue accruing,—the point is, Whether you will subject this to any alienation without consent of Parliament?

[We withdraw the question altogether, your Highness: when once the chickens are *hatched*, we will speak of selling them!—Let us now read Article Sixteenth:

'*Article Sixteenth*,' in his Highness's copy of the Paper, 'provides that no Act or Ordinance already extant, which is 'not contrary to this Petition and Advice, shall be in the least 'made void hereby.'—His Highness, as we shall see, considers this as too indefinite, too indistinct; a somewhat vague foundation for Church-Land Estates (for example), which men purchased with money, but hold only in virtue of Writs and Ordinances issued by the Long Parliament.—A new Article is accordingly added, in our Perfect-copy; specifying, at due breadth, with some hundreds of Law-vocables, that all is and shall be safe, according to the common sense of mankind, in that particular.]

Truly this thing that I have now farther to offer you,—it is the last in this Paper; it is the thing mentioned in the Sixteenth Article: That you would have those Acts and Ordinances which have been made since the late Troubles, and during the time of them, 'kept unabrogated;' that they should, if they be not contrary to this Advice,[59]—that they should remain in force, in such manner as if this Advice had

[59] *Petition* and Advice; but we politely suppress the former part of the name.

not been given. Why, what is doubted is, Whether or no this will be sufficient to keep things in a settled condition?[60] Because it is but an implication 'that you here make;' it is not determined. You do pass-by the thing, without such a foundation as will keep those people, who are now in possession of Estates upon this account, that their titles be not questioned or shaken,—if the matter be not explained. Truly I believe you intend very fully in regard to this 'of keeping men safe who have purchased on that footing.' If the words already 'used' do not suffice—That I submit to your own advisement.

But there is in this another very great consideration. There have been, since the present Government 'began,' several Acts and Ordinances, which have been made by the exercise of that Legislative Power that was exercised since we undertook this Government [*Very cumbrous phraseology, your Highness; for indeed the subject is somewhat cumbrous. Questionable, to some, whether one* CAN *make Acts and Ordinances by a mere Council and Protector!*]: And I think your Instrument speaks a little more *faintly* 'as' to these, and dubiously, than to the other! And truly, I will not make an apology for anything: but surely two persons, two sorts of them, 'very extensive sorts,' will be merely concerned upon this account: They who exercised that authority, and they who were objects of its exercise! This wholly dissettles them; wholly, if you be not clear in your expressions. It will dissettle us very much to think that the Parliament doth not approve well of what hath been done 'by us' upon a true ground of necessity, in so far as the same hath saved this Nation from running into total arbitrariness. 'Nay, if not,' why subject the Nation to a sort of men who perhaps would do so?[61] We think we have in that thing deserved

[60] It was long debated; see *Burton*.

[61] Why subject the Nation to *us*, who perhaps would drive it into arbitrariness, as your non-approval of us seems to insinuate?

well of the State. [*Do not "dissettle" his Highness! He has, "in that thing," of assuming the Government and passing what Ordinances &c. were indispensable, "deserved well." — Committee of Ninety-nine agree to what is reasonable.*]

If any man will ask me, "But ah, Sir, what have you done *since?*"—Why, ah,—as I will confess my fault where I am guilty, so I think, taking things as they 'then' were, I think we have done the Commonwealth service! We have therein made great settlements,—that have we. We have settled almost all the whole affairs in Ireland; the rights and interests of the Soldiers there, and of the Planters and Adventurers. And truly we have settled very much of the business of the Ministry [*"Triers" diligent here, "Expurgators" diligent everywhere; much good work completed*];—and I wish that be not an aggravation of our fault;[62] I wish it be not! But I must needs say, If I have anything to rejoice in before the Lord in this world, as having done any good or service, 'it is this.' I can say it from my heart; and I know I say the truth, let any man say what he will to the contrary,—he will give me leave to enjoy my own opinion in it, and my own conscience and heart; and 'to' dare bear my testimony to it: There hath not been such a service to England since the Christian Religion was perfect in England! I dare be bold to say it; however there may have, here and there, been passion and mistakes. And the Ministers themselves, take the generality of them—[*"are "unexceptionable, nay exemplary as Triers and as Expurga- "tors:" but his Highness, blazing up at touch of this tender topic, wants to utter three or four things at once, and his "elements of rhetoric" fly into the* ELEMENTAL *state! We perceive he has got much blame for his Two Church Commissions; and feels that he has deserved far the reverse.*]—They

[62] 'be not to secure the grave men' (Scott's *Somers*, p. 399) is unadulterated nonsense: for *grave men* read *gravamen*, and we have dubiously a sense as above; "an aggravation of our fault with such objectors."

will tell 'you,' it is beside their instructions, 'if they have 'fallen into "passion and mistakes," if they have meddled 'with civil matters, in their operations as Triers!' And we did adopt the thing upon that account; we did not trust upon doing what we did *virtute Instituti*, as if 'these Triers were' *jure divino*, but as a civil good. But—[*Checks himself*] —So we end in this: We 'knew not and' know not better how to keep the Ministry good, and to augment it in goodness, than by putting such men to be Triers. Men of known integrity and piety; orthodox men and faithful. We knew not how better to answer our duty to God and the Nation and the People of God, in that respect, than by doing what we did.

And, I dare say, if the grounds upon which we went will not justify us, the issue and event of it doth abundantly justify us; God having had exceeding glory by it,—in the generality of it, I am confident, forty-fold! For as heretofore the men that were admitted into the Ministry in times of Episcopacy—alas what pitiful Certificates served to make a man a Minister! [*Forty-fold better now.*] If any man could understand Latin and Greek, he was sure to be admitted;—as if he spake Welsh; which in those days went for Hebrew with a good many! [*Satirical.* "*They studied* "*Pan, Bacchus, and the Longs and Shorts, rather than their* "*Hebrew Bible and the Truths of the Living Jehovah!*"] Certainly the poorest thing in the world would serve a turn; and a man was admitted upon such an account [*As this of mere Latin and Greek, with a suspicion of Welsh-Hebrew*];—ay, and upon a less.—I am sure the admission granted to such places *since* has been under this character as the rule: That they must not admit a man unless they were able to discern something of the Grace of God in him. [*Really it is the grand primary essential, your Highness. Without which, Pan, Bacchus, Welsh-Hebrew, nay Hebrew itself, must go for*

nothing,—nay for less, if we consider well. In some points of view, it is horrible!] 'Grace of God;' which was to be so inquired for, as not foolishly nor senselessly, but so far as men could judge according to the rules of Charity. Such and such a man, of whose good life and conversation they could have a very good testimony from four or five of the neighbouring Ministers who knew him,—he could not yet be admitted unless he could give a very good testimony of the Grace of God in him. And to this I say, I must speak my conscience in it,[63]—though a great many are angry at it, nay if all are angry at it,—for how shall you please everybody?

Then say some, None must be admitted except, perhaps, he will be baptised 'again.' That is their opinion. [*Anabaptists.*] They will not admit a man into a Congregation to be Minister, except he commence by being so much *less*. The Presbyterians 'again,' they will not admit him unless he be "ordained." Generally *they* will not go to the Independents:—truly I think, if I be not partial, I think if there be a freedom of judgment, it is there. [*With the Independents: that is your Highness's opinion.*] Here are Three sorts of Godly Men whom you are to take care for; whom you have provided for in your Settlement. And how could you put the selection upon the Presbyterians without, by possibility, excluding all those Anabaptists, all those Independents! And so now you have put it into this way, That though a man be of any of those three judgments, if he have the root of the matter in him, he may be admitted. [*Very good, your Highness!*] This hath been our care and work; both by some Ordinances of ours, laying the foundations of it, and by many hundreds of Ministers being 'admitted' in upon it. And if this be a "time of Settlement," then I hope it is not a time of shaking;—and therefore I hope you will

[63] "I do approve it" is modestly left out.

be pleased to settle this business too: and that you will neither "shake" the Persons [*Us*] who have been poorly instrumental in calling you to this opportunity of settling this Nation, and of doing good to it; nor shake those honest men's interests who have been thus settled. And so I have done with the offers to you,—'with these my suggestions to you.'—

[His Highness looks now on the Paper again; looks at Article Seventh there, 'That the Revenue shall be 1,300,000*l.*;' and also at a Note by himself of the Current Expenses;—much wondering at the contrast of the two; not having Arithmetic enough to reconcile them!]

But here is somewhat that is indeed exceedingly past my understanding; for I have as little skill in Arithmetic as I have in Law! These are great sums; it is well if I can count them to you. [*Looking on his Note.*] The present charge of the Forces both by Sea and Land will be 2,426,989*l.* The whole present revenue in England, Scotland and Ireland, is about 1,900,000*l.*; I think this was reckoned the most, as the Revenue now stands. Why, now, towards this you settle, by your Instrument, 1,300,000*l.* for the Government; and out of that "to maintain the Force by Sea and Land," and "without Land-tax," I think: and this is short of the Revenue which now can be raised by the 'present Act of' Government 600,000*l.*! [*A grave discrepancy!*] Because, you see, the present Government has 1,900,000*l.*; and the whole sum which can be raised comes 'short' of the present charge by 542,689*l.*,—[*So his Highness says; but, by the above data, must be mistaken or misreported:* 526,989*l. is what "Arithmetic" gives.*] And although an end should be put to the Spanish War, yet there will be a necessity, for preserving the peace of the Three Nations, to keep up the present established Army in England, Scotland and Ireland; also a considerable Fleet for

some good time, until it shall please God to quiet and compose men's minds, and bring the Nation to some better consistency. So that, considering the Pay of the Army, which comes to upwards of 1,100,000*l. per annum*, and the "Support of the Government" 300,000*l.*, it will be necessary for some convenient time,—seeing you find things as you do, and it is not good to think a wound healed before it be,—that there be raised, over and above the 1,300,000*l.*, the sum of 600,000*l. per annum;* which makes up the sum of 1,900,000*l.* And likewise that the Parliament declare, How far they will carry on the Spanish War, and for what time; and what farther sum they will raise for carrying on the same, and for what time. [*Explicit, and undeniable!*] And if these things be not ascertained,—as one saith "Money is the Cause," and certainly whatever the Cause is, if Money be wanting, the business will fall to the ground,—all our labour will be lost. And therefore I hope you will have a care of our undertakings!—[*Most practical paragraph.*]

And having received expressions from you which we may believe, we need not offer these things to you; 'we need not doubt' but these things will be cared for. Those things have 'already in Parliament' been made overture of to you; and are before you:—and so has likewise the consideration of the Debts, which truly I think are apparent.

And so I have done with what I had to offer you,—I think I have, truly, for my part. ["*Nothing of the Kingship, your Highness?*" *Committee of Ninety-nine looks expectant*]—And when I shall understand where it lies on me to do farther; and when I shall understand your pleasure in these things a little farther;—we have answered the Order of Parliament in considering and debating of those things that were the subject-matter of debate and consideration;—and when you will be pleased to let me hear farther of your thoughts in these things, *then* I suppose I shall be in a con-

dition to discharge myself [*Throws no additional light on the Kingship at all!*], as God shall put in my mind. And I speak not this to evade; but I speak in the fear and reverence of God. And I shall plainly and clearly, I say,—when you shall have been pleased among yourselves to take consideration of these things, that I may hear what your thoughts are of them,—I do not say that as a *condition* to anything—but I shall then be free and honest and plain to discharge myself of what, in the whole and upon the whole, may reasonably be expected from me, and 'what' God shall set me free to answer you in.*

Exeunt the Ninety-nine, much disappointed; the Moderns too look very weary. Courage, my friends, I now see land!—

This Speech forms by far the ugliest job of *buckwashing* (as Voltaire calls it) that his Highness has yet given us. As printed in the last edition of *Somers*, it is perhaps the most unadulterated piece of coagulated nonsense that was ever put into types by human kind. Yet, in order to educe some sense out of it as above, singularly few alterations, except in the punctuation, have been required; no change that we could detect has been made in the style of dialect, which is physiognomic and ought to be preserved; in the meaning, as before, all change was rigorously forbidden. In only one or two places, duly indicated, did his Highness's sense, on earnest repeated reading, continue dubious. And now the horrid buckbasket is reduced in some measure to clean linen or huckaback: thanks be to Heaven!—

For the next ten days there is nothing heard from his Highness; much as must have been *thought* by him in that space. The Parliament is occupied incessantly considering how it may as far as possible fulfil the suggestions offered in this Speech of his Highness; assiduously perfecting and new-polishing the Petition and Advice according to the same. Getting Bills ready for 'Reformation of Manners,'—with an eye on the 'idle fellows about Piccadilly,' who go bowling and gambling, with much tippling too, about 'Piccadilly House' and its green spaces.[64]

* *Somers Tracts*, vi. 389-400.

[64] Dryasdust knows a little piece of Archæology: How 'piccadillies' (*quasi* Spanish *pecadillos*, or *little-sins*, a kind of notched linen-tippet) used to be sold in a certain shop there; whence &c. &c.

Scheming out how the Revenue can be raised :—'Land-tax,' alas, in spite of former protest on that subject ; 'tax on new buildings' (Lincoln's Inn Fields for one place), which gives the public some trouble afterwards. Doing somewhat also in regard to 'Triers for the Ministry ;' to 'Penalties' for taking Office when disqualified by Law ; and very much debating and scrupling as to what Acts and Ordinances (of his Highness and Council) are to be confirmed.

Finally, however, on Friday 1st of May, the Petition and Advice is again all ready ; and the Committee of Ninety-nine wait upon his Highness with it,[65]—who answers briefly, 'speaking very low,' That the things are weighty, and will require meditation ; that he cannot just at present say On what day he will meet them to give his final answer, but will so soon as possible appoint a day.

So that the Kingship remains yet a great mystery ! 'By the generality' it is understood that he will accept it. But to the generality, and to us, the interior consultations and slow-formed resolutions of his Highness remain and must remain entirely obscure. We can well believe with Ludlow, sulkily breathing the air in Essex, who is incorrect as to various details, That in general a portion of the Army were found averse to the Title ; a more considerable portion than the Title was worth. Whereupon, 'for the present,' as Bulstrode indicates, 'his Highness did decide to'—in fact speak as follows :

SPEECH XIV.

Banqueting-House, Whitehall, Friday forenoon 8th May 1657, the Parliament in a body once more attends his Highness ; receives at length a final Answer as to this immense matter of the Kingship. Which the reader shall now hear, and so have done with it.

The Whitlocke Committee of Ninety-nine had, by appointment, waited on his Highness yesterday, Thursday May 7th ; gave him 'a Paper,'—some farther last-touches added to their ultimate painfully-revised edition of the Petition and Advice, wherein all his Highness's suggestions are now, as much as

[65] Burton, ii. 101.

possible, fulfilled ;—and were in hopes to get some intimation of his Highness's final Answer then. Highness, "sorry to have "kept them so long," requested they would come back next morning. Next morning, Friday morning : "We have been "there ; his Highness will see you all in the Banqueting-House "even now."[66] Let us shoulder our Mace, then, and go.—'Petition of certain Officers,' that Petition which Ludlow[67] in a vague erroneous manner represents to have been the turning-point of the business, is just 'at the door :' we receive it, leave it on the table, and go. And now hear his Highness.

MR. SPEAKER,

I come hither to answer That that was in your last Paper to your Committee you sent to me 'yesterday;' which was in relation to the Desires that were offered me by the House in That they called their Petition.

I confess, that Business hath put the House, the Parliament, to a great deal of trouble, and spent much time.[68] I am very sorry for that. It hath cost me some 'too,' and some thoughts: and because I have been the unhappy occasion of the expense of so much time, I shall spend little of it now.

I have, the best I can, revolved the whole Business in my thoughts : and I have said so much already in testimony to the whole, I think I shall not need to repeat what I have said. I think it is an 'Act of' Government which, in the aims of it, seeks the Settling of the Nation on a good foot, in relation to Civil Rights and Liberties, which are the Rights of the Nation. And I hope I shall never be found one of them that go about to rob the Nation of those Rights;—but 'always' to serve it what I can to the attaining of them. It has also been exceedingly well provided there for the safety and security of honest men in that great

[66] Report by Whitlocke and Committee: in *Commons Journals* (8th May 1657), viii. 531.
[67] ii. 588, &c., the vague passage always cited on this occasion.
[68] 23d Feb.—8th May: ten weeks and more.

natural and religious liberty, which is Liberty of Conscience. —These are the great Fundamentals; and I must bear my testimony to them; as I have done, and shall do still, so long as God lets me live in this world: That the intentions and the things are very honourable and honest, and the product worthy of a Parliament.

I have only had the unhappiness, both in my Conferences with your Committees, and in the best thoughts I could take to myself, not to be convinced of the necessity of that thing which hath been so often insisted on by you,—to wit, the Title of King,—as in itself so necessary as it seems to be apprehended by you. And yet I do, with all honour and respect, testify that, *cæteris paribus*, no private judgment is to be in the balance with the judgment of Parliament. But in things that respect particular persons,—every man who is to give an account to God of his actions, he must in some measure be able to prove his own work, and to have an approbation in his own conscience of that which he is to do or to forbear. And whilst you are granting others Liberties, surely you will not deny *me* this; it being not only a Liberty but a Duty, and such a Duty as I cannot without sinning forbear,—to examine my own heart and thoughts and judgment, in every work which I am to set my hand to, or to appear in or for.

I must confess therefore, though I do acknowledge all the other 'points,' I must be a little confident in this, That what with the circumstances which accompany human actions,—whether they be circumstances of time or persons [*Straitlaced Republican Soldiers that have just been presenting you their Petition*], whether circumstances that relate to the whole, or private and particular circumstances such as compass any person who is to render an account of his own actions,—I have truly thought, and I do still think, that, at the best, if I should do anything on this account to answer

your expectation, at the best I should do it doubtingly. And certainly whatsoever is so is not of faith. And whatsoever is not so, whatsoever is not of faith, is sin to him that doth it,—whether it be with relation to the substance of the action about which that consideration is conversant, or whether to circumstances about it [*Thinskinned Republicans, or the like "circumstances"*], which make all indifferent actions good or evil. I say "Circumstances" [*Yes!*]; and truly I mean "good or evil" to him that doth it. [*Not to you Honourable Gentlemen, who have merely advised it in general.*]

I, lying under this consideration, think it my duty—Only I could have wished I had done it sooner, for the sake of the House, who have laid such infinite obligations on me [*With a kind glance over those honourable faces; all silent as if dead, many of them with their mouths open*]; I wish I had done it sooner for your sake, and for saving time and trouble; and for the Committee's sake, to whom I must acknowledge I have been unreasonably troublesome! But truly this is my Answer, That (although I think the Act of Government doth consist of very excellent parts, in all but that one thing, of the Title as to me) I should not be an honest man, if I did not tell you that I cannot accept of the Government, nor undertake the trouble and charge of it—as to which I have a little more experimented than everybody what troubles and difficulties do befall men under such trusts and in such undertakings—[*Sentence irrecoverable*]—I say I am persuaded to return this Answer to you, That I cannot undertake this Government with the Title of King. And that is mine Answer to this great and weighty Business.*

* *Commons Journals*, vii. 533; as reported by Speaker Widdrington, on Tuesday the 12th. Reported too in *Somers* (pp. 400-1), but in the form of coagulated nonsense there. The *Commons Journals* give it as here, with no variation worth noticing, in the shape of sense.

And so *exeunt* Widdrington and Parliament: "Buzz, buzz! Distinct at last!"—and the huge buzzing of the public mind falls silent, that of the Kingship being now ended;—and this Editor and his readers are delivered from a very considerable weariness of the flesh.

'The Protector,' says Bulstrode, 'was satisfied in his private 'judgment that it was fit for him to accept this Title of King, 'and matters were prepared in order thereunto. But afterwards, 'by solicitation of the Commonwealth's-men,' by solicitation, representation and even denunciation from 'the Commonwealth's-'men' and 'many Officers of the Army,' he decided 'to attend 'some better season and opportunity in the business, and re-'fused at this time.'[69] With which summary account let us rest satisfied. The secret details of the matter are dark, and are not momentous. The Lawyer-party, as we saw, were all in favour of the measure. Of the Soldier-party, Ex-Major-Generals Whalley, Goffe, Berry are in a dim way understood to have been for it; Desborow and Fleetwood strong against it; to whom Lambert, much intriguing in the interim, had at last openly joined himself.[70] Which line of conduct, so soon as it became manifest, procured him from his Highness a handsome dismissal. Dismissal from all employment; but with a retiring pension of 2,000*l.*: which mode of treatment passed into a kind of Proverb, that season; and men of wooden wit were wont to say to one another, "I will *lambertise* you."[71] The 'great Lord 'Lambert,' hitherto a very important man, now 'cultivated 'flowers at Wimbledon;' attempted higher things, on his own footing, in a year or two, with the worst conceivable success; and in fact had at this point, to all reasonable intents, finished his public work in this world.

The rest of the Petition and Advice, so long discussed and conferenced upon, is of course accepted;[72] a much improved Frame of Government; with a Second House of Parliament; with a Chief Magistrate who is to 'nominate his successor,' and be King in all points except the name. News of Blake's victory at Santa Cruz reach us in these same days,[73] whereupon is

[69] Whitlocke, p. 646. [70] Godwin, iv. 352, 367. [71] *Heath's Chronicle.*

[72] *Commons Journals*, vii. 358 (25th May 1657); Whitlocke, p. 648.—See, in Appendix, No. 30, another Speech of Oliver's on the occasion; forgotten hitherto. (*Note of* 1857.)

[73] 28th May (*Commons Journals*, vii. 54; *Burton*, ii. 142).

Public Thanksgiving, and voting of a Jewel to General Blake: and so, in a general tide of triumphant accordance, and outward and inward prosperity, this Second Protectorate Parliament advances to the end of its First Session.

SPEECH XV., LETTERS CCXVIII.—CCXXIV.

THE Session of Parliament is prosperously reaching its close; and during the recess there will be business enough to do. Selection of our new House of Lords; carrying-on of the French League Offensive against Spain; and other weighty interests. Of which the following small documents, one short official Speech, and seven short, mostly official Letters, are all that remain to us.

SPEECH XV.

PARLIAMENT has passed some Bills; among the rest, some needful Money-Bills, Assessment of 340,000*l.* a-month on England, 6,000*l.* on Scotland, 9,000*l.* on Ireland;[1] to all which his Highness, with some word of thanks for the money, will now signify his assent. Unexceptionable word of thanks, accidentally preserved to us,[2] which, with the circumstances attendant thereon, we have to make conscience of reporting.

Tuesday morning 9th June 1657, Message comes to the Honourable House, That his Highness, in the Painted Chamber, requires their presence. They gather-up their Bills; certain Money-Bills 'for an assessment towards the Spanish War;' and 'divers other Bills, some of public, some of more private concernment,' among which latter we notice one for settling Lands in the County of Dublin on Widow Bastwick and her four children, Dr. Bastwick's widow, poor Susannah, who has long been a solicitress in this matter: these Bills the Clerk of the Commons gathers up, the Sergeant shoulders his Mace; and so, Clerk and Sergeant leading off, and Speaker Widdrington and all his Honourable Members following, the whole House

[1] *Parliamentary History*, xxi. 151; *Commons Journals*, vii. 554-7.
[2] *Commons Journals*, vii. 551-2.

in this due order, with its Bills and apparatus, proceeds to the Painted Chamber. There, on his platform, in chair of state sits his Highness, attended by his Council and others. Speaker Widdrington at a table on the common level of the floor 'finds a chair set for him, and a form for his clerk.' Speaker Widdrington, hardly venturing to sit, makes a 'short and pithy Speech' on the general proceedings of Parliament; presents his Bills, with probably some short and pithy words, such as suggest themselves, prefatory to each: "A few slight Bills; "they are but as the grapes that precede the full vintage, may "it please your Highness." His Highness in due form signifies assent; and then says:

MR. SPEAKER,

I perceive that, among these many Acts of Parliament, there hath been a very great care had by the Parliament to provide for the just and necessary support of the Commonwealth by those Bills for the levying of Money, now brought to me, which I have given my consent unto. Understanding it hath been the practice of those who have been Chief Governors to acknowledge with thanks to the Commons their care and regard of the Public, I do very heartily and thankfully acknowledge their kindness herein.*

The Parliament has still some needful polishing-up of its Petition and Advice, other perfecting of details to accomplish: after which it is understood there will be a new and much more solemn Inauguration of his Highness; and then the First Session will, as in a general peal of joy-bells, harmoniously close.

LETTER CCXVIII.

OFFICIAL Letter of Thanks to Blake, for his Victory at Santa Cruz on the 20th April last. The 'small Jewel' sent herewith is one of 500*l.* value, gratefully voted him by the Par-

* *Commons Journals*, vii. 552: Reported by Widdrington in the afternoon.

liament; among whom, as over England generally, there is great rejoicing on account of him. Where Blake received this Letter and Jewel we know not; but guess it may have been in the Bay of Cadiz. Along with it, 'Instructions' went out to him to leave a Squadron of Fourteen Ships there, and come home with the rest of the Fleet. He died, as we said above, within sight of Plymouth, on the 7th of August following.

'*To General Blake, at Sea.*'

SIR, Whitehall, 10th June 1657.

I have received yours of 'the 20th of April last;'[3] and thereby the account of the good success it hath pleased God to give you at the Canaries, in your attempt upon the King of Spain's Ships in the Bay of Santa Cruz.

The mercy therein, to us and this Commonwealth, is very signal; both in the loss the Enemy hath received, and also in the preservation of our 'own' ships and men;[4]—which indeed was very wonderful; and according to the goodness and lovingkindness of the Lord, wherewith His People hath been followed in all these late revolutions; and doth call on our part, That we should fear before Him, and still hope in His mercy.

We cannot but take notice also how eminently it hath pleased God to make use of you in this service; assisting you with wisdom in the conduct, and courage in the execution 'thereof;'—and have sent you a small Jewel, as a testimony of our own and the Parliament's good acceptance of your carriage in this Action. We are also informed that the Officers of the Fleet, and the Seamen, carried themselves with much honesty and courage; and we are considering of a way to show our acceptance thereof. In the mean time, we desire you to return our hearty thanks and acknowledgments to them.

[3] B'ank in MS.: see antea, p. 29.
[4] '50 slain outright, 150 wounded, of ours' (Burton, ii. 142).

Thus, beseeching the Lord to continue His presence with you, I remain, your very affectionate friend,

'OLIVER P.'*

Land-General Reynolds has gone to the French Netherlands, with Six-thousand men, to join Turenne in fighting the Spaniards there; and Sea-General Montague is about hoisting his flag to coöperate with him from the other element. By sea and land are many things passing;—and here in London is the loudest thing of all: not yet to be entirely omitted by us, though now it has fallen very silent in comparison. Inauguration of the Lord Protector; second and more solemn Installation of him, now that he is fully recognised by Parliament itself. He cannot yet, as it proves, be crowned King; but he shall be installed in his Protectorship with all solemnity befitting such an occasion.

Friday 26th June 1657. The Parliament and all the world are busy with this grand affair; the labours of the Session being now complete, the last finish being now given to our new Instrument of Government, to our elaborate Petition and Advice, we will add this topstone to the work, and so, amid the shoutings of mankind, disperse for the recess. Friday at two o'clock, 'in a place prepared,' duly prepared with all manner of 'platforms,' 'cloths of state,' and 'seats raised one above the other,' 'at the upper end of Westminster Hall.' Palaceyard, and London generally, is all a-tiptoe, out of doors. Within doors, Speaker Widdrington and the Master of the Ceremonies have done their best: the Judges, the Aldermen, the Parliament, the Council, the foreign Ambassadors, and domestic Dignitaries without end; chairs of state, cloths of state, trumpet-peals, and acclamations of the people—Let the reader conceive it; or read in old Pamphlets the 'exact relation' of it with all the speeches and phenomena, worthier than such things usually are of being read.[5]

'His Highness standing under the Cloth of State,' says Bulstrode, whose fine feelings are evidently touched by it, 'the 'Speaker in the name of the Parliament presented to him: 'First, a *Robe* of purple velvet; which the Speaker, assisted

* Thurloe, vi. 342. 'Instructions to General Blake,' of the same date, ibid.

[5] An exact Relation of the Manner of the solemn Investiture, &c. (Reprinted in *Parliamentary History*, xxi. 152-160.)

'by Whitlocke and others, put upon his Highness. Then he,' the Speaker, 'delivered to him the *Bible* richly gilt and bossed,' an affecting symbolic Gift: 'After that, the Speaker girt the 'Sword about his Highness; and delivered into his hand the 'Sceptre of massy gold. And then, this done, he made a 'Speech to him on these several things presented;' eloquent mellifluous Speech, setting forth the high and true significance of these several Symbols, Speech still worth reading; to which his Highness answered in silence by dignified gesture only. 'Then Mr. Speaker gave him the Oath;' and so ended, really in a solemn manner. 'And Mr. Manton, by prayer, recom-'mended his Highness, the Parliament, the Council, the Forces 'by land and sea, and the whole Government and People of 'the Three Nations, to the blessing and protection of God.'—— And then 'the people gave several great shouts;' and 'the 'trumpets sounded; and the Protector sat in his chair of state, 'holding the Sceptre in his hand:' a remarkable sight to see. 'On his right sat the Ambassador of France,' on his left some other Ambassador; and all round, standing or sitting, were Dignitaries of the highest quality; 'and near the Earl of War-'wick stood the Lord Viscount Lisle, stood General Montague 'and Whitlocke, each of them having a drawn sword in his 'hand,'—a sublime sight to some of us![6]

And so this Solemnity transacts itself;—which at the moment was solemn enough; and is not yet, at this or any hollowest moment of Human History, intrinsically altogether other. A really dignified and veritable piece of Symbolism; perhaps the last we hitherto, in these quack-ridden histrionic ages, have been privileged to see on such an occasion.—The Parliament is prorogued till the 20th of January next; the new House of Lords, and much else, shall be got ready in the interim.

LETTER CCXIX.

Sea-General Montague, whom we saw standing with drawn sword beside the chair of state, is now about proceeding to coöperate with Land-General Reynolds, on the dispatch of real business.

[6] Whitlocke, p. 661.

For General Montague, on board the Naseby, in the Downs.

SIR, Whitehall, 11th August 1657.

You having desired by several Letters to know our mind concerning your weighing anchor and sailing with the Fleet out of the Downs, we have thought fit to let you know, That we do very well approve thereof, and that you do cruise up and down in the Channel, in such places as you shall judge most convenient, taking care of the safety, interest and honour of the Commonwealth. I remain, your very loving friend, 'OLIVER P.'*

Under the wax of the Commonwealth Seal, Montague has written, *His Highness's letter, Aug^st. 11, 1657, to comand mee to sayle.*

LETTER CCXX.

For my loving Friend John Dunch, Esquire.

SIR, 'Hampton Court,' 27th August 1657.

I desire to speak with you; and hearing a report from Hursley that you were going to your Father's in Berkshire, I send this express to you, desiring you to come to me at Hampton Court.

With my respects to your Father,[7]—I rest, your loving friend, OLIVER P.†

This is the John Dunch of Pusey; married, as we saw, to Mayor's younger Daughter, the Sister-in-law to Richard Cromwell: the Collector for us of those Seventeen Pusey Letters; of which we have here read the last. He is of the present

* *Cromwelliana*, p. 168: 'Original Letter, in the possession of Thomas Lister Parker, Esq.,'—is now (1846) in the British Museum (Additional Ayscough MSS. no. 12,098). Only the Signature is Oliver's,—tragically physiognomic:—in letters long, thin, singularly straig[illegible] in direction, but all notched and tremulous.

7 Father-in-law, Mayo † Harris, p. 515.

Parliament, was of the former; seems to be enjoying his recess, travelling about in the Autumn Sun of those old days,—and vanishes from History at this point, in the private apartments of Hampton Court.

LETTER CCXXI.

GENERAL MONTAGUE, after a fortnight's cruising, has touched at the Downs again, '28th August, wind at S.S.W.,' being in want of some instruction on a matter that has risen.[8] 'A Flushinger,' namely, 'has come into St. Maloes; said to have twenty-five ton of silver in her;' a Flushinger there, and 'six other Dutch Ships' hovering in the distance; which are thought to be carrying silver and stores for the Spaniards. Montague has sent Frigates to search them, to seize the very bullion if it be Spanish; but wishes fresh authority, in case of accident.

'*For General Montague, on board the Naseby, in the Downs.*'

SIR, Hampton Court, 30th August 1657.

The Secretary hath communicated to us your Letter of the 28th instant; by which you acquaint him with the directions you have given for the searching of a Flushinger and other Dutch Ships, which, as you are informed, have bullion and other goods aboard them belonging to the Spaniard, the declared Enemy of this State.

There is no question to be made but what you have directed therein is agreeable both to the Laws of Nations and 'to' the particular Treaties which are between this Commonwealth and the United Provinces. And therefore we desire you to continue the said direction, and to require the Captains to be careful in doing their duty therein. Your very loving friend, OLIVER P.*

[8] His Letter to Secretary Thurloe (*Thurloe*, vi. 489).
* Thurloe, vi. 489.

LETTER CCXXII.

By the new and closer Treaty signed with France in March last,[9] for assaulting the Spanish Power in the Netherlands, it was stipulated that the French King should contribute Twenty-thousand men, and the Lord Protector Six-thousand, with a sufficient Fleet; which combined forces were straightway to set about reducing the three Coast Towns, Gravelines, Mardike and Dunkirk; the former when reduced to belong to France, the two latter to England; if the former should chance to be the first reduced, it was then to be given up to England, and held as cautionary till the other two were got. Mardike and Dunkirk, these were what Oliver expected to gain by this adventure. One or both of which strong Haven-towns would naturally be very useful to him, connected with the Continent as he was,—continually menaced with Royalist Invasion from that quarter; and struggling, as the aim of his whole Foreign Policy was, to unite Protestant Europe with England in one great effectual league.[10] Such was the French Treaty of the 23d of March last.

Oliver's part of the bargain was promptly and faithfully fulfilled. Six-thousand well-appointed men, under Commissary-General Reynolds, were landed, 'in new red coats,"[11] 'near Boulogne, on the 13th and 14th days of May' last; and a Fleet under Montague, as we observe, sufficient to command those seas, and prevent all relief by ships in any Siege, is actually cruising there. Young Louis Fourteenth came down to the Coast to see the English Troops reviewed; expressed his joy and admiration over them;—and has set them, the Cardinal and he have set them, to assault the Spanish Power in the Netherlands by a plan of their own! To reduce not 'Gravelines, Mardike and Dunkirk,' on the Coast, as the Treaty has it, but Montmédi, Cambray, and I know not what in the Interior;—the Cardinal doubling and shuffling, and by all means putting off the attack of any place whatever on the Coast! With which arrangement Oliver Protector's dissatisfaction has at length

[9] 23d March 1656-7: Authorities in Godwin (iv. 540-3).

[10] *Foreign Affairs in the Protector's Time* (in *Somers Tracts*, vi. 329-39), by some ancient anonymous man of sense, is worth reading.

[11] Antea, vol. i. p. 137; vol. ii. p. 289.

reached a crisis; and he now writes, twice on the same day, to his Ambassador, To signify peremptorily that the same must terminate.

Of 'Sir William Lockhart, our Ambassador in France' in these years, there were much more to be said than we have room for here. A man of distinguished qualities, of manifold adventures and employments; whose Biography, if he could find any Biographer with real industry instead of sham industry, and above all things with human *eyes* instead of pedant *spectacles*, might still be worth writing in brief compass.[12] He is Scotch; of the 'Lockharts of Lee' in Lanarkshire; has been in many wars and businesses abroad and at home;—was in *Hamilton's Engagement*, for one thing; and accompanied Dugald Dalgetty or Sir James Turner in those disastrous days and nights at Preston,[13] though only as a common Colonel then, and not noticed by anybody. In the next Scotch War he received affronts from the Covenanted King; remained angrily at home, did not go to Worcester or elsewhither. The Covenanted King having vanished, and Lockhart's connexions being Presbyterian-Royalist, there was little outlook for him now in Scotland, or Britain; and he had resolved on trying France again. He came accordingly to London, seeking leave from the Authorities; had an interview with Oliver, now newly made Protector,—who read the worth of him, saw the uses of him, advised him to continue where he was.

He did continue; married 'Miss Robina Sewster,' a Huntingdonshire lady, the Protector's Niece, to whom, in her girlhood, we once promised 'a distinguished husband;'[14] has been our Ambassador in France near two years now;[15]—does diplomatic, warlike, and whatever work comes before him, in an effectual and manful manner, It is thought by judges, that, in Lockhart, the Lord Protector had the best Ambassador of that age. Nay, in spite of all considerations, his merits procured

[12] Noble (ii. 233-73) has reproduced, probably with new errors, certain MS. 'Family Memoirs' of this Lockhart, which are everywhere very vague, and in passages (that of Dunkirk, for example) quite *mythological*. Lockhart's own Letters are his best Memorial;—for the present drowned, with so much else, in the deep slumber-lakes of *Thurloe;* with or without chance of recovery.

[13] Antea, vol. ii. p. 23.

[14] Antea, vol. i. p. 236.—'Married, 22 Feb. 1654, William Lockhart, Esq. and Robina Sewster, spinster, both of this Parish.' (*Register of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, London.*)

[15] Since 30th December 1655 ('Family Memoirs' in *Noble*, ii. 244).

him afterwards a similar employment in Charles Second's time. We must here cease speaking of him; recommend him to some diligent succinct Biographer of insight, should such a one, by unexpected favour of the Destinies, turn up.

'*To Sir William Lockhart, our Ambassador in France.*'[16]

SIR, Whitehall, 31st August 1657.

I have seen your last Letter to Mr. Secretary, as also divers others: and although I have no doubt either of your diligence or ability to serve us in so great a Business, yet I am deeply sensible that the French are very much short with us in ingenuousness[17] and performance. And that which increaseth our sense 'of this' is, The resolution we 'for our part' had, rather to overdo than to be behindhand in anything of our Treaty. And although we never were so foolish 'as' to apprehend that the French and their interests were the same with ours in all things; yet as to the Spaniard, who hath been known in all ages to be the most implacable enemy that France hath,—we never could doubt, before we made our Treaty, that, going upon such grounds, we should have been failed 'towards' as we are!

To talk of "giving us Garrisons" which are *inland*, as Caution for future action; to talk of "what will be done next Campaign,"—are but parcels of words for children. If they will give us Garrisons, let them give us Calais, Dieppe and Boulogne;—which I think they will do *as* soon as be honest in their words in giving us any one Spanish Garrison upon the coast into our hands! I positively think, which I say to you, they are afraid we should have any footing on that side 'of the Water,' though Spanish.

I pray you tell the Cardinal from me, That I think, if

[16] Now with the Court at Peronne (Thurloe, vi. 482, 487); soon after at Paris (ib. 496).

[17] 'ingenuity,' as usual, in orig.

France desires to maintain its ground, much more to *get* ground upon the Spaniard, the performance of his Treaty with us will better do it than anything appears yet to me of any Design he hath!—Though we cannot so well pretend to soldiery as those that are with him; yet we think that, we being able by sea to strengthen and secure his Siege, and 'to' reinforce it as we please by sea, and the Enemy 'being' in capacity to do nothing to relieve it,—the best time to besiege that Place will be *now*. Especially if we consider that the French horse will be able so to ruin Flanders as that no succour can be brought to relieve the place; and that the French Army and our own will have constant relief, as far as England and France can give it, without any manner of impediment,—especially considering the Dutch are now engaged so much to Southward[18] as they are.

I desire you to let him know That Englishmen have had so good experience of Winter expeditions, they are confident, if the Spaniard shall keep the field, As he cannot impede this work, so neither will he be able to attack anything towards France with a possibility of retreat.[19] And what do all *delays* signify but 'even this:' The giving the Spaniard opportunity so much the more to reinforce himself; and the keeping our men another Summer to serve the French, without any colour of a reciprocal, or any, advantage to ourselves!—

And therefore if this will not be listened unto, I desire that things may be considered-of To give us satisfaction for the great expense we have been at with our Naval Forces and otherwise; which out of an honourable and honest aim

[18] Spain-ward: so much inclined to help the Spaniard, if Montague would let them; a thing worth Mazarin's consideration too, though it comes in irregularly here!

[19] You may cut-off his retreat, if he venture that wr

on our part hath been incurred, thereby to answer the Engagements we had made. And, 'in fine,' That consideration may be had how our Men may be put into a position to be returned to us;—whom we hope we shall employ to a better purpose than to have them continue where they are.

I desire we may know what France saith, and will do, upon this point. We shall be ready still, as the Lord shall assist us, to perform what can be reasonably expected on our part. And you may also let the Cardinal know farther, That our intentions, as they have been, will be to do all the good offices we can to promote the Interest common to us.[20]

Apprehending it is of moment that this Business should come to you with speed and surety, we have sent it by an Express. Your very loving friend, OLIVER P.*

LETTER CCXXIII.

SAME date, same parties; an afterthought, by the same Express.

'*To Sir William Lockhart, our Ambassador in France.*'

SIR, Whitehall, 31st August 1657.

We desire, having written to you as we have, that the Design be *Dunkirk* rather than Gravelines; and much *more* that it be:—but one of them rather than fail.

We shall not be wanting, To send over, at the French charge, Two of our old regiments, and Two-thousand foot more, if need be,—if Dunkirk be the design.[21] Believing that if the Army be well entrenched, and if La Ferté's Foot

[20] 'thereof' in orig. * Thurloe, vi. 490.

[21] Gravelines is to belong to *them*; Dunkirk to *us*: Dunkirk will be much preferable.

be added to it, we shall be able to give liberty to the greatest part of the French Cavalry to have an eye to the Spaniard,—leaving but convenient numbers to stand by the Foot.

And because this action will probably divert the Spaniard from assisting Charles Stuart in any attempt upon us, you may be assured that, if reality may with any reason be expected from the French, we shall do all reason on our part. But if indeed the French be so false to us as that they would not have us *have* any footing on that side the Water,—then I desire, as in our other Letter to you, That all things may be done in order to the giving us satisfaction 'for our expense incurred,' and to the drawing-off of our Men.

And truly, Sir, I desire you to take boldness and freedom to yourself in your dealing with the French on these accounts. Your loving friend, OLIVER P.*

This Letter naturally had its effect: indeed there goes a witty sneer in France, "The Cardinal is more afraid of Oliver than of the Devil;"—he ought indeed to fear the Devil much more, but Oliver is the palpabler Entity of the two! Mardike was besieged straightway; girt by sea and land, and the great guns opened 'on the 21st day of September' next: Mardike was taken before September ended; and due delivery to our General was had of Mardike. The place was in a weak state; but by sea and land all hands were now busy fortifying and securing it.

LETTER CCXXIV.

HERE has an old dim Letter lately turned up,—communicated, for new editions, by the distinguished General Montague's Descendant,—which evidently relates to this operation. Resuscitated from its dim Archives, it falls with ready fitness into

* Thurloe, vi. 489.

rank here; kindling the old dead Books into pleasant momentary light and wakefulness at this point, and sufficiently illuminating itself also thereby. A curious meeting, one of those curious meetings, of old Letterpress now forgotten with old Manuscript never known till now, such as occasionally cheer the learned mind!—Of 'Denokson,' clearly some Dutch Vauban, or war *timmerman* on the great scale; of him, or of 'Colonel Clerke,' whom I take to be a Sea-Colonel mainly, the reader needs no commentary;—and is to understand withal that their hasty work was got accomplished, and Mardike put in some kind of fencible condition.

For General Montague, on board the London, before Dunkirk. These.

SIR, Whitehall, 2d October 1657.

This Bearer, Christian Denokson, I have sent to you,—being a very good artist, especially in wooden works,—to view the Great Fort and the Wooden Fort, in order to the farther strengthening of them.

I hope he is very able to make the Wooden Fort as strong as it is capable to be made; which I judge very desirable to be done with all speed. I desire you will direct him in this view; and afterwards speak with him about it, that upon his return I may have a very particular account about what is fit to be done, and what Timber will be necessary to be provided. I have written also to Colonel Clerke, the Governor of the Fort, about it. I pray, when he has finished his view, that you will hasten him back. I rest, your very affectionate friend, OLIVER P.*

An attempt to retake Mardike, by scalado or surprisal from the Dunkirk side, was made, some three weeks hence, by Don John with a great Spanish Force, among which his Ex-Royal Highness the Duke of York, with Four English-Irish emigrant Regiments he has now got raised for him on Spanish pay, was

* Original in the possession of the Earl of Sandwich, at Hinchinbrook (February 1849). Only the Signature is Oliver's; hand, as before, 'very shaky.'

duly conspicuous; but it did not succeed; it amounted only to a night of unspeakable tumult; to much expenditure of shot on all sides, and of life on his Royal Highness's and Don John's side,—Montague pouring death-fire on them from his ships too, and 'four great flaming links at the corners of Mardike Tower' warning Montague not to aim *thitherward*;—and 'the dead were carried-off in carts before sunrise.'[22]

Let us add here, that Dunkirk, after gallant service shown by the Six-thousand, and brilliant fighting and victory on the sandhills, was also got, next summer;[23] Lockhart himself now commanding there, poor Reynolds having perished at sea. Dunkirk too remained an English Garrison, much prized by England; till, in very altered times, his now Restored Majesty saw good to sell it, and the loyalest men had to make their comparisons.—On the whole, we may say this Expedition to the Netherlands was a successful one; the Six-thousand, 'immortal Six-thousand' as some call them,[24] gained what they were sent for, and much glory over and above.

These Mardike-and-Dunkirk Letters are among the last Letters left to us of Oliver Cromwell's:—Oliver's great heroic Dayswork, and the small unheroic pious one of Oliver's Editor, is drawing to a close! But in the same hours, 31st August 1657, while Oliver wrote so to Lockhart,—let us still spare a corner for recording it,—John Lilburn, Freeborn John, or alas only the empty *Case* of John, was getting buried; still in a noisy manner! Noisy John, set free from many prisons, had been living about Eltham lately, in a state of Quakerism, or Quasi-Quakerism. Here is the clipping from the old Newspaper:

'*Monday 31st August* 1657. Mr. John Lilburn, com-
'monly known by the name of Lieutenant-Colonel Lilburn,
'dying on Saturday at Eltham, was this morning removed
'thence to London; and his corpse conveyed to the House
'called the *Mouth*,' old, still extant *Bull-and-Mouth* Inn, 'at
'Aldersgate,—which is the usual meeting-place of the people
'called Quakers, to whom, it seems, he had lately joined in
'opinion. At this place, in the afternoon, there assembled a

[22] 22d October (*Heath's Chronicle*, p. 727; Carte's *Ormond*, ii. 175).
[23] 13th June 1658, the fight; 15th June, the surrender; 24th, the delivery to Lockhart (Thurloe, vii. 155, 173, &c.). Clarendon, iii. 853-58.
[24] Sir William Temple, *Memoirs*, Part iii. 154 (cited by Godwin, iv. 547).

'medley of people; among whom the Quakers were most 'eminent for number: and within the house a controversy 'was, Whether the ceremony of a hearse-cloth' (pall) 'should 'be cast over his coffin? But the major part, being Quakers, 'would not assent; so the coffin was, about five o'clock in the 'evening, brought forth into the street. At its coming out, 'there stood a man on purpose to cast a velvet hearse-cloth 'over the coffin; and he endeavoured to do it: but the crowd 'of Quakers would not permit him; and having gotten the 'body upon their shoulders, they carried it away without far-'ther ceremony; and the whole company conducted it into 'Moorfields, and thence to the new Churchyard adjoining to 'Bedlam, where it lieth interred.'[25]

One noisy element, then, is out of this world:—another is fast going. Frantic-Anabaptist Sexby, over here once more on Insurrectionary business, scheming out a new Invasion of the Charles-Stuart Spaniards and English-Irish Regiments, and just lifting anchor for Flanders again, was seized 'in the 'Ship *Hope*, in a mean habit, disguised like a countryman, 'and his face much altered by an overgrown beard;'—before the Ship *Hope* could get under weigh, about a month ago.[26] Bushy-bearded Sexby, after due examination by his Highness, has been lodged in the Tower; where his mind falls into a very unsettled state. In October next he volunteers a confession; goes mad; and in the January following dies,[27] and to his own relief and ours disappears,—poor Sexby.

Sexby, like the Stormy Peterel, indicates that new Royalist-Anabaptist Tumult is a-brewing. 'They are as the waves of the Sea, they cannot rest; they must stir up mire and dirt,'—it is the lot appointed them! In fact, the grand Spanish Charles-Stuart Invasion is again on the anvil; and they will try it, this year, even without the Preface of Assassination. New troubles are hoped from this new Session of Parliament, which begins in January. The 'Excluded Members' are to be readmitted then; there is to be a 'Second House:' who knows what possibilities of trouble! A new Parliament is always the signal for new Royalist attempts; even as the Moon to waves of the sea: but we hope his Highness will be prepared for them!—

[25] Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 168).
[26] 24th July (Newspapers, in *Cromwelliana*, p. 167).
[27] Ibid. pp. 169-70.

Wednesday 11th November 1657. 'This day,' say the old Newspapers, 'the most Illustrious Lady, the Lady Frances 'Cromwell, youngest Daughter of his Highness the Lord Pro-'tector, was married to the most noble gentleman Mr. Robert 'Rich, Son of the Lord Rich, Grandchild of the Earl of War-'wick and of the Countess-Dowager of Devonshire; in the 'presence of their Highnesses, and of his Grandfather, and 'Father, and the said Countess, with many other persons of 'high honour and quality.' At Whitehall, this blessed Wednesday; all difficulties now overcome;—which we are glad to hear of, 'though our friends truly were very few!'—And on the Thursday of next week follows, at Hampton Court, the Lady Mary's own wedding.[28] Wedding 'to the most noble lord, the Lord Fauconberg,' lately returned from his Travels in foreign parts: a Bellasis, of the Yorkshire kindred so named,—which was once very high in Royalism, but is now making other connexions. For the rest, a brilliant, ingenuous and hopeful young man, 'in my opinion a person of extraordinary parts;'[29] of whom his Highness has made due investigation, and finds that it may answer.

And now for the new Session of Parliament, which assembles in January next: the Second Session of Parliament, and indeed the last of this and of them all!

SPEECHES XVI.—XVIII., LETTER CCXXV.

The First Session of this Parliament closed, last June, under such auspicious circumstances as we saw; leaving the People and the Lord Protector in the comfortable understanding that there was now a Settlement arrived at, a Government possible by Law; that irregular exercises of Authority, Major-Generals and suchlike, would not be needed henceforth for saving of the Commonwealth. Our Public Affairs, in the Netherlands and elsewhere, have prospered in the interim; nothing

[28] Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 169).

[29] Lockhart's report of him to Thurloe, after an interview at Paris, as ordered on Fauconberg's return homeward, 21st March 1657 (Thurloe, vi. 134, 125).

has misgone. Why should not this Second Session be as successful as the First was?—Alas, success, especially on such a basis as the humours and parliamentary talkings and self-developments of Four-hundred men, is very uncertain! And indeed this Second Session meets now under conditions somewhat altered.

For one thing, there is to be a new House of Lords: we know not how that may answer! For another thing, it is not now permissible to stop our Haselrigs, Scotts and Ashley Coopers at the threshold of the Parliament, and say, Ye shall not enter: if they choose to take the Oath prescribed by this new Instrument, they have power to enter, and only the Parliament itself can reject them. These, in this Second Session, are new elements; on which, as we have seen, the generation of Plotters are already speculating; on which naturally his Highness too has his anxieties. His Highness, we find, as heretofore, struggles to *do* his best and wisest, not yielding much to anxieties: but the result is, this Session proved entirely unsuccessful; perhaps the unsuccessfulest of all Sessions or Parliaments on record hitherto!—

The new House of Lords was certainly a rather questionable adventure. You do not improvise a Peerage:—no, his Highness is well aware of that! Nevertheless 'somewhat to stand between me and the House of Commons' has seemed a thing desirable, a thing to be decided on: and this new House of Lords, this will be a 'somewhat,'—the best that can be had in present circumstances. Very weak and small as yet, like a tree new-planted; but very certain to grow stronger, if it have real life in it, if there be in the nature of things a real necessity for it. Plant it, try it, this new Puritan Oliverian Peerage-of-Fact, such as it has been given us. The old Peerage-of-Descent, with its thousand years of strength,—what of the old Peerage has Puritan sincerity, and manhood and marrow in its bones, will, in the course of years, rally round an Oliver and his new Peerage-of-Fact,—as it is already, by many symptoms, showing a tendency to do. If the Heavens ordain that Oliver continue and succeed as hitherto, undoubtedly his new Peerage may succeed along with him, and gather to it whatever of the Old is worth gathering. In the mean while it has been enacted by the Parliament and him; his part is now, To put it in effect the best he can.

The List of Oliver's Lords can be read in many Books ;[1] but issuing as that matter did, it need not detain us here. Puritan Men of Eminence, such as the Time had yielded : Skippon, Desborow, Whalley, Pride, Hewson, these are what we may call the *Napoleon-Marshals* of the business : Whitlocke, Haselrig, Lenthall, Maynard, old Francis Rouse, Scotch Warriston, Lockhart ; Notabilities of Parliament, of Religious Politics, or Law. Montague, Howard are there ; the Earls of Manchester, Warwick, Mulgrave—some six Peers ; of whom only one, the Lord Eure from Yorkshire, would, for the present, take his seat. The rest of the six as yet stood aloof ; even Warwick, as near as he was to the Lord Protector, could not think[2] of sitting with such a Napoleon-Marshal as Major-General Hewson, who, men say, started as a Shoemaker in early life. Yes ; in that low figure did Hewson start ; and has had to fight every inch of his way up hitherward, doing manifold victorious battle with the Devil and the World as he went along,—proving himself a bit of right good stuff, thinks the Lord Protector ! You, Warwicks and others, according to what sense of manhood you may have, you can look into this Hewson, and see if you find any manhood or worth in him ;—I have found some ! The Protector's List, compiled under great difficulties,[3] seems, so far as we can now read it, very unexceptionable ; practical, substantial, with an eye for the New and for the Old ; doing between these two, with good insight, the best it can. There were some Sixty-three summoned in all ; of whom some Forty and upwards sat, mostly taken from the House of Commons :—the worst effect of which was, that his Highness thereby lost some forty favourable votes in that other House ; which, as matters went, proved highly detrimental there.

However, Wednesday 20th January 1657-8 has arrived. The Excluded Members are to have readmission,—so many of them as can take the Oath according to this New Instrument. His Highness hopes if they volunteer to swear this Oath, they will endeavour to keep it ; and seems to have no misgivings about them. He to govern and administer, and they to de-

[1] Complete, in *Parliamentary History*, xxi. 167-9 : incomplete, with angry contemporary glosses to each Name, which are sometimes curious, in *Harleian Miscellany*, vi. 460-71. An old Copy of the official *Summons* to these Lords is in Additional Ayscough MSS. no. 3246.

[2] Ludlow, ii. 596.

[3] Thurloe, vi. 648.

bate and legislate, in conformity with this Petition and Advice, not otherwise; this is, in word and in essence, the thing they and he have mutually with all solemnity bargained to do. It may be rationally hoped that in all misunderstandings, should such arise, some good basis of agreement will and must unfold itself between parties so related to each other. The common dangers, as his Highness knows and will in due time make known, are again imminent; Royalist Plottings once more rife, Spanish Charles-Stuart Invasion once more preparing itself.

But now the Parliament reassembling, on this Wednesday the 20th, there begins, in the 'Outer Court,' since called the Lobby, an immense 'administering of the Oath,' the whole Parliament taking it; Six Commissioners appearing 'early in the morning,' with due apparatus and solemnity, minutely described in the Journals and Old Books;[4] and then labouring till all are sworn. That is the first great step. Which done, the Commons House constitutes itself; appoints 'Mr. Smythe' Clerk, instead of Scobell, who has gone to the Lords, and with whom there is continual controversy thenceforth about 'surrendering of Records' and the like. In a little while (hour not named) comes Black Rod; reports that his Highness is in the Lords House, waiting for this House. Whereupon, Shoulder Mace, —yes, let us take the Mace,—and march. His Highness, somewhat indisposed in health, leaving the main burden of the exposition to Nathaniel Fiennes of the Great Seal, who is to follow him, speaks to this effect; as the authentic Commons Journals yield it for us.

SPEECH XVI.

MY LORDS, AND GENTLEMEN 'OF' THE HOUSE OF COMMONS,

I meet you here in this capacity by the Advice and Petition of this present Parliament. After so much expense of blood and treasure, 'we are now' to search and try what blessings God hath in store for these Nations. I cannot but with gladness of heart remember and acknowledge the labour and industry that is past, 'your past labour,'

[4] *Commons Journals*, vii. 578; Whitlocke, p. 666; Burton, ii. 322.

which hath been spent upon a business worthy of the best men and the best Christians. [*May it prove fruitful!*]

It is very well known unto you all what difficulties we have passed through, and what 'issue' we are now arrived at. We hope we may say we have arrived if not 'altogether' at what we aimed at, yet at that which is much beyond our expectations. The nature of this Cause, and the Quarrel, what that was at the first, you all very well know; I am persuaded most of you have been actors in it: It was the maintaining of the Liberty of these Nations; our Civil Liberties as Men, our Spiritual Liberties as Christians. [*Have we arrived at that?*] I shall not much look back; but rather say one word concerning the state and condition we are all now in.

You know very well, the first Declaration,[5] after the beginning of this War, that spake to the life, was a sense held forth by the Parliament, That for some succession of time designs had been laid to innovate upon the Civil Rights of the Nations, 'and' to innovate in matters of Religion. And those very persons who, a man would have thought, should have had the least hand in meddling with Civil things, did justify them all. [*Zealous sycophant Priests, Sibthorp, Manwaring, Montagu, of the Laud fraternity: forced-loans, monopolies, ship-moneys, all Civil Tyranny was right according to them!*] All the 'Civil' transactions that were, —'they justified them' in their pulpits, presses, and otherwise! Which was verily thought, 'had they succeeded in it,' would have been a very good shelter to them, to innovate upon us in matters of Religion also. And so to innovate as to eat-out the core and power and heart and life of all Religion! By bringing on us a company of poisonous

[5] Declaration, 2d August 1642, went through the Lords House that day; it is in *Parliamentary History*, vi. 350. A thing of audacity reckoned almost impious at the time (see D'Ewes's MS. Journal, 23d July); corresponds in purport to what is said of it here.

Popish Ceremonies [*Somewhat animated, your Highness!*], and imposing them upon those that were accounted "the Puritans" of the Nation, and professors of religion among us,—driving them to seek their bread in an howling wilderness! As was instanced to our friends who were forced to fly for Holland, New England, almost anywhither, to find Liberty for their Consciences.

Now if this thing hath been the state and sum of our Quarrel, and of those Ten Years of War wherein we were exercised; and if the good hand of God, for we are to attribute it to no other, hath brought this business thus home unto us as it is now settled in the Petition and Advice,—I think we have all cause to bless God, and the Nations have all cause to bless Him. [*If we were of thankful just heart,—yea!*]

I well remember I did a little touch upon the Eighty-fifth Psalm when I spake unto you in the beginning of this Parliament.[6] Which expresseth well what *we* may say, as truly as it was said of old by the Penman of that Psalm! The first verse is an acknowledgment to God that He "had "been favourable unto His land," and "brought back the "captivity of His people;" and 'then' how that He had "pardoned all their iniquities and covered all their sin, and "taken away all His wrath;"—and indeed of these unspeakable mercies, blessings, and deliverances out of captivity, pardoning of national sins and national iniquities. Pardoning, as God pardoneth the man whom He justifieth! He breaks through, and overlooks iniquity; and pardoneth because He will pardon. And sometimes God pardoneth Nations also!—And if the enjoyment of our present Peace and other mercies may be witnesses for God 'to *us*,'—we feel and we see them every day.

The greatest demonstration of His favour and love ap-

[6] Antea, Speech VI. vol. iv. p. 237.

pears to us in this: That He hath given us *Peace;*—and the blessings of Peace, to wit, the enjoyment of our Liberties civil and spiritual! [*Were not our prayers, and struggles, and deadly wrestlings, all even for this;—and we in some measure have it!*] And I remember well, the Church 'in that same Eighty-fifth Psalm' falls into prayer and into praises, great expectations of future mercies, and much thankfulness for the enjoyment of present mercies; and breaks into this expression: "Surely salvation is nigh unto them that fear Him; that glory may dwell in our land." In the beginning it is called His land; "Thou hast been favourable to Thy land." Truly I hope this is His land! In some sense it may be given out that it *is* God's land. And he that hath the weakest knowledge, and the worst memory, can easily tell that we are "a Redeemed People,"—'from the time' when God was first pleased to look favourably upon us, 'to redeem us' out of the hands of Popery, in that never to be forgotten Reformation, that most significant and greatest 'mercy' the Nation hath felt or tasted! I would but touch upon that,—but a touch: How God hath redeemed us, as we stand this day! Not from trouble and sorrow and anger only, but into a blessed and happy estate and condition, comprehensive of all Interests, of every member, of every individual;—'an imparting to *us*' of those mercies 'there spoken of,' as you very well see!

And then in what sense it is "our Land;"—through this grace and favour of God, That He hath vouchsafed unto us and bestowed upon us, with the Gospel, Peace, and rest out of Ten Years War; and given us what we would desire! Nay, who could have forethought, when we were plunged into the midst of our troubles, That ever the people of God should have had liberty to worship God without fear of enemies? [*Strange: this "liberty" is to Oliver Cromwell a blessing almost too great for belief; to us it has become as*

common as the liberty to breathe atmospheric air,—a liberty not once worth thinking of. It is the way with all attainments and conquests in this world. Do I think of Cadmus, or the old unknown Orientals, while I write with LETTERS? *The world is built upon the mere dust of Heroes: once earnest-wrestling, death-defying, prodigal of their blood; who now sleep well, forgotten by all their heirs.——"Without fear of enemies," he says*] Which is the very acknowledgment of the Promise of Christ that "He would deliver His from the fear of enemies, "that they might worship Him in holiness and in righteous-"ness all the days of their life."

This is the portion that God hath given *us;* and I trust we shall forever heartily acknowledge it!—The Church goes on there, 'in that Psalm,' and makes her boast yet farther; "His salvation is nigh them that fear Him, that glory may dwell in our land." *His* glory; not carnal, nor anything related thereto: this glory of a Free Possession of the Gospel; this is that which we may glory in! [*Beautiful, thou noble soul!—And very strange to see such things in the Journals of the English House of Commons. O Heavens, into what oblivion of the Highest have stupid, canting, cotton-spinning, partridge-shooting mortals fallen, since that January* 1658!] And it is said farther, "Mercy and Truth are met together; Righteousness and Peace have kissed each other." And 'note,' it shall be such righteousness as comes down from Heaven: "Truth shall grow out of the Earth, and Righteousness shall come down from Heaven." Here is the Truth of all 'truths;' here is the righteousness of God, under the notion of righteousness confirming *our* abilities, —answerable to the truth which He hath in the Gospel revealed to us! [*According to Calvin and Paul.*] And the Psalm closeth with this: "Righteousness shall go before Him, and shall set us in the way of His steps;"—that righteousness, that mercy, that love, and that kindness which

we have seen, and been made partakers of from the Lord, *it* shall be our Guide, to teach us to know the right and the good way; which is, To tread in the steps of mercy, righteousness and goodness that our God hath walked before us in.

We 'too' have a Peace this day! I believe in my very heart, you all think the things that I speak to you this day. I am sure you have cause.

And yet we are not without the murmurings of many people, who turn all this grace and goodness into wormwood; who indeed are disappointed by the works of God. And those men are of several ranks and conditions; great ones, lesser ones,—of all sorts. Men that are of the Episcopal spirit, with all the branches, the root and the branches; —who gave themselves a fatal blow in this Place,[7] when they would needs make a "Protestation that no Laws were "good, which were made by this House and the House of "Commons in *their* absence;" and so without injury to others cut themselves off! 'Men of an Episcopal spirit:' indeed men that know not God; that know not how to account upon the works of God, how to measure them out; but will trouble Nations for an Interest which is but *mixed*, at the best,—made up of iron and clay, like the feet of Nebuchadnezzar's Image: whether they were more Civil or Spiritual was hard to say. But their continuance was like to be known beforehand [*Yes, your Highness!*]; iron and clay make no good mixtures, they are not durable at all!—

You have now a godly Ministry; you have a knowing Ministry; such a one as, without vanity be it spoken, the world has not. Men knowing the things of God, and able to search into the things of God,—by that only which can fathom those things in some measure. The spirit of a beast

[7] In this same House of Lords, on the 10th of December 1641. Busy Williams the Lincoln Decoy-duck, with his Eleven too-hasty Bishops, leading the way in that suicide. (Antea, vol. i. p. 104.)

knows not the things of a man; nor doth the spirit of man know the things of God! "The things of God are known *by the Spirit.*"[8]—Truly I will remember but one thing of those, 'the misguided persons now cast out from us:' Their greatest persecution hath been of the People of God;—men really of the spirit of God, as I think very experience hath now sufficiently demonstrated!—

But what's the reason, think you, that men slip in this age wherein we live? As I told you before, they understand not the works of God. They consider not the operation of His Laws. They consider not that God resisted and broke in pieces the Powers that were, that men might fear Him;—might have liberty to do and enjoy all that that we have been speaking of! Which certainly God has manifested to have been the end; and so hath He brought the things to pass! *Therefore* it is that men yet slip, and engage themselves against God. And for that very cause, saith David (*Psalm Twenty-eighth*), "He shall break them down, and not build them up!"

If, therefore, you would know upon what foundation you stand, own your foundation 'to be' from God. He hath set you where you are: He hath set you in the enjoyment of your Civil and Spiritual Liberties.

I deal clearly with you,[9] I have been under some infirmity [*His Highness still looks unwell*]; therefore dare not speak farther to you;—except to let you know thus much, That I have with truth and simplicity declared the state of our Cause, and our attainments in it by the industry and labour of this Parliament since they last met upon this foundation—You shall find I mean, Foundation of a Cause and Quarrel thus attained-to, wherein we are thus estated.[10]

[8] 1 Corinthians, ii. 11. [9] Means "Give me leave to say."

[10] This Parliament's 'foundation,' the ground *this* Parliament took its stand upon, was a recognition that our Cause had been so and so, that our 'attainment' and 'estate' in it were so and so; hence their *Petition and Advice*, and other very salutary labours.

I should be very glad to lay my bones with yours [*What a tone!*];—and would have done it, with all heartiness and cheerfulness, in the meanest capacity I ever yet was in, to serve the Parliament.

If God give you, as I trust He will,—["*His blessing*" *or* "*strength:*" *but the Sentence is gone.*]—He *hath* given it you, for what have I been speaking of but what you have done? He hath given you strength to do what you have done! And if God should bless you in this work, and make this Meeting happy on this account, you shall all be called the Blessed of the Lord. [*Poor Oliver!*]—The generations to come will bless us. You shall be the "repairers of breaches, and the restorers of paths to dwell in!"[11] And if there be any higher work which mortals can attain unto in the world, beyond this, I acknowledge my ignorance 'of it.'

As I told you, I have some infirmities upon me. I have not liberty to speak more unto you; but I have desired an Honourable Person here by me—[*Glancing towards Nathaniel Fiennes, him with the Purse and Seal*] to discourse, a little more particularly, what may be more proper for this occasion and this meeting.*

Nathaniel Fiennes follows in a long highflown, ingenious Discourse,[12] characterised by Dryasdust, in his Parliamentary History and other Works, as false, canting, and little less than insane; for which the Anti-dryasdust reader has by this time learned to forgive that fatal Doctor of Darkness. Fiennes's Speech is easily recognisable, across its Calvinistic dialect, as full of sense and strength; broad manful thought and clear insight, couched in a gorgeous figurative style, which a friendly judge might almost call poetic. It is the first time we thoroughly forgive the Honourable Nathaniel for surrendering Bristol to Prince Rupert long ago; and rejoice that Prynne and Inde-

[11] Isaiah, lviii. 12.

* *Commons Journals*, vii. 579: that is the Original,—reported by Widdrington next day. *Burton* (ii. 322), *Parliamentary History* (xxi. 170), are copies.

[12] Reported, *Commons Journals*, vii. 582-7, Monday 25th Jan. 1657-8.

pendency Walker did not get him shot, by Court-Martial, on that occasion.

Nathaniel compares the present state of England to the rising of Cosmos out of Chaos as recorded in *Genesis:* Two 'firmaments' are made, two separate Houses of Parliament; much is made, but much yet remains to be made. He is full of figurative ingenuity; full of resolution, of tolerance, of discretion, and various other good qualities not very rife in the world. "What shall be done to our Sister that hath no breasts?" he asks, in the language of Solomon's Song. What shall we do with those good men, friends to our Cause, who yet reject us, and sit at home on their estates? We will soothe them, we will submit to them, we will in all ways invite them to us. Our little Sister,—"if she be a wall, we will build a palace of "silver upon her; if she be a door, we will enclose her with "boards of cedar:"—our little Sister shall not be estranged from us, if it please God!—

There is, in truth, need enough of unanimity at present. One of these days, there came a man riding jogtrot through Stratford-at-the-Bow, with 'a green glazed cover over his hat,' a 'nightcap under it,' and 'his valise behind him;' a rustic-looking man; recognisable to *us,* amid the vanished populations who take no notice of him as he jogs along there,—for the Duke of Ormond, Charles Stuart's head man! He sat up, at Colchester, the night before, 'playing shuffleboard with some farmers, and drinking hot ale.' He is fresh from Flanders, and the Ex-King; has arrived here to organise the Spanish Charles-Stuart Invasion, and see what Royalist Insurrection, or other domestic mischief there may be hopes of. Lodges now, 'with dyed hair,' in a much disguised manner, 'at the house of a Papist Chirurgeon in Drury Lane;' communicating with the ringleaders here.[13]

The Spanish Charles-Stuart Invasion is again on foot, and no fable. He has Four English-Irish Regiments; the low-minded Dutch, we understand, have hired him Two-and-twenty ships, which hope to escape our frigates some dark night; and Don John has promised a Spanish Army of Six-thousand or Ten-thousand, if the domestic Royalists will bestir themselves. Like the waves of the sea, that cannot rest; that have to go

[13] Carte's *Ormond,* ii. 176-8.

on throwing up mire and dirt! Frantic-Anabaptists too are awakening; the general English Hydra is rallying itself again, as if to try it one other last time.

Foreign Affairs also look altogether questionable to a Protestant man. Swede and Dane in open war; inextricable quarrels bewildering the King of Sweden, King of Denmark, Elector of Brandenburg, all manner of Foreign Protestants, whom Oliver never yet could reconcile; and the Dutch playing false; and the Spaniards, the Austrians, the Pope and Papists, too well united!—Need enough that this Parliament be unanimous.

The hopes of Oliver and Fiennes and all practicable Puritans may have naturally stood high at this meeting:—but if so, it was not many hours till they began fatally to sink. There exists also an *im*practicable set of Puritan men,—the old Excluded Members, introduced now, or now first admitted into this Parliament,—whom no beautifulest 'two firmaments' seen overspanning Chaos, no Spanish Invasion threatening to bring Chaos back, no hopefulest and no fearfulest phenomenon of Nature or Constitutional Art, will ever divorce from their one Republican Idea. Intolerability of the Single Person: this, and this only, will Nature in her dumb changes, and Art in her spoken interpretations thereof, reveal to these men. It is their one Idea; which, in fact, they will carry with them to—the gallows at Charing Cross, when no Oliver any more is there to restrain it and them! Poor windy angry Haselrig, poor little peppery Thomas Scott—And yet these were not the poorest. Scott was only hanged: but what shall we say of a Luke Robinson, also very loud in this Parliament, who had to turn his coat that he might escape hanging? The history of this Parliament is not edifying to Constitutional men.

SPEECH XVII.

We said, the Two Houses, at least the First House, very ill fulfilled his Highness's expectations. Hardly had they got into their respective localities after his Highness's Opening Speech, when the New House, sending the Old a simple message about requesting his Highness to have a day of Fasting, there arose a Debate as to What answer should be given; as to What 'name,'

first of all, this said New House was to have,—otherwise what answer could you give? Debate carried on with great vigour; resumed, re-resumed day after day;—and never yet terminated; not destined to be terminated in this world! How eloquent were peppery Thomas Scott and others, lest we should call them a House of *Lords*,—not, alas, lest he the peppery Constitutional Debater, and others such, should lose their own heads, and intrust their Cause with all its Gospels to a new very curious Defender of the Faith! It is somewhat sad to see.

On the morning of Monday January 25th, the Writer of the Diary called *Burton's*,—Nathaniel Bacon if that were he,—finds, on entering the House, Sir Arthur Haselrig on his feet there, saying, "Give me my Oath!" Sir Arthur, as we transiently saw, was summoned to the Peers House; but he has decided to sit *here*. It is an ominous symptom. After 'Mr. Peters' has concluded his morning exercise,[14] the intemperate Sir Arthur again demands, "Give me my Oath!"—"I dare not," answers Francis Bacon, the official person; Brother of the Diarist. But at length they do give it him; and he sits: Sir Arthur is henceforth here. And, on the whole, ought we not to call this pretended Peers House the 'Other House' merely? Sir Arthur, peppery Scott, Luke Robinson and Company, are clearly of that mind.

However, the Speaker has a Letter from his Highness, summoning us all to the Banqueting-House at Whitehall this afternoon at three; both Houses shall meet him there. There accordingly does his Highness, do both Houses and all the Official world make appearance. Gloomy Rushworth, Bacon, and one 'Smythe,' with Notebooks in their hands, are there. His Highness, in the following large manful manner, looking before and after, looking abroad and at home, with true nobleness if we consider all things,—speaks:

> My Lords and Gentlemen of the Two Houses of Parliament,
>
> (For *so* I must own you), in whom together with myself is vested the Legislative Power of these Nations!—The impression of the weight of those affairs and interests for which we are met together is such that I could

[14] Burton, ii. 347.

not with a good conscience satisfy myself, if I did not remonstrate to you somewhat of my apprehensions of the State of the Affairs of these Nations; together with the proposal of such remedy as may occur, to the dangers now imminent upon us.

I conceive the Well-being, yea the Being of these Nations is now at stake. If God bless this Meeting,—our tranquillity and peace may be lengthened out to us; if *otherwise*, —I shall offer it to your judgments and considerations, by the time I have done, whether there be, as to *men*,[15] 'so much as' a possibility of discharging that Trust which is incumbent upon us for the safety and preservation of these Nations! When I have told you what occurs to my thoughts, I shall leave it to such an operation on your hearts as it shall please God Almighty to work upon you. [*His Highness, I think, looks earnest enough today. Oppressed with many things, and not in good health either. In those deep mournful eyes, which are always full of noble silent sorrow, of affection and pity and valour, what a depth today of thoughts that cannot be spoken! Sorrow enough, depth enough,—and this deepest attainable depth, to rest upon what "it shall please God Almighty" to do!*]

I look upon this to be the great duty of my Place; as being set on a watch-tower to see what may be for the good of these Nations, and what may be for the preventing of evil; that so, by the advice of so wise and great a Council as this, which hath in it the life and spirit of these Nations, such "good" may be attained, and such "evil," whatever it is, may be obviated. [*Truly!*] We shall hardly set our shoulders to this work, unless it shall please God to work some conviction upon our hearts that *there is need* of our most serious and best counsels at such a time as this is!—

I have not prepared any such matter and rule of speech

[15] humanly speaking.

to deliver myself unto you, as perhaps might have been fitter for me to have done, and more serviceable for you in understanding me;—but shall only speak plainly and honestly to you out of such conceptions as it hath pleased God to set upon me.

We have not been now four years and upwards in this Government, to be totally ignorant of what things may be of the greatest concernment to us. [*No mortal thinks so, your Highness!*] Your dangers,—for that is the head of my speech,—are either with respect to Affairs Abroad and their difficulties, or to Affairs at Home and their difficulties. You are come now, as I may say, into the end [*Which may but prove the new beginning!*] of as great difficulties and straits as, I think, ever Nation was engaged in. I had in my thoughts to have made this the method of my Speech: To have let you see the things which hazard your Being, and 'those which hazard' your Well-being. But when I came seriously to consider better of it, I thought, as your affairs stand, all things would resolve themselves into very Being! You are not a Nation, you will not be a Nation, if God strengthen you not to meet these evils that are upon us!

First, from Abroad: What are the Affairs, I beseech you, abroad? I thought the Profession of the Protestant Religion was a thing of "Well-being;" and truly, in a good sense, so it is, and it is no more: though it be a very high thing, it is but a thing of "Well-being." [*A Nation can still* BE, *even without Protestantism.*] But take it with all the complications of it, with all the concomitants of it, with respect had to the Nations abroad,—I do believe, he that looks well about him, and considereth the estate of the Protestant Affairs all Christendom over; he must needs say and acknowledge that the grand Design now on foot, in comparison with which all other Designs are but low things,

is, Whether the Christian world shall be all Popery? Or, whether God hath a love to, and we ought to have 'a love to, and' a brotherly fellow-feeling of, the interests of all the Protestant Christians in the world? [*Yes, your Highness; the raging sea shut out by your labour and valour and death-peril,—with what indifference do we now, safe at two-centuries distance, look back upon it, hardly audible so far off,—ungrateful as we are!*] He that strikes at but one species of a general[16] to make it nothing, strikes at all.

Is it not so now, that the Protestant Cause and Interest abroad is struck-at; and is, in opinion and apprehension, quite under foot, trodden down? Judge with me a little, I beseech you, Whether it be so or no. And then, I will pray you, consider how far *we* are concerned in that danger, as to 'our very' Being!

We have known very well, the Protestant Cause is accounted the honest and religious Interest of this Nation. It was not trodden under foot all at once, but by degrees, —that this Interest might be consumed as with a canker insensibly, as Jonah's gourd was, till it was quite withered. It is at another rate now! For certainly this, in the general, 'is the fact:' The Papacy, and those that are upholders of it, they have openly and avowedly trodden God's people under foot, on this very motion and account, that they were Protestants. The money you parted-with in that noble Charity which was exercised in this Nation, and the just sense you had of those poor Piedmonts, was satisfaction enough to yourselves of this,[17] That if all the Protestants in Europe had had but that head, that head had been cut off, and so an end of the whole. But is this 'of Piedmont' all? No. Look how the House of Austria, on both sides of Christendom, 'both in Austria Proper and Spain,' are

[16] Means 'one limb of a body:' metaphysical metaphor.
[17] proof enough that you believed.

armed and prepared to destroy the whole Protestant Interest.

Is not,—to begin there,—the King of Hungary, who expecteth with his partisans to make himself Emperor of Germany, and in the judgment of all men 'with' not only a possibility but a certainty of the acquisition of it,—is not he, since he hath mastered the Duke of Brandenburg, one of the Electors, 'as good as sure of the Emperorship'?[18] No doubt but he will have three of the Episcopal Electors 'on his side,' and the Duke of Bavaria. [*There are but Eight Electors in all; Hanover not yet made.*] Whom will he then have to contest with him abroad, for taking the Empire of Germany out of his hands? Is not he the son of a Father whose principles, interest and personal conscience guided him to exile all the Protestants out of his own patrimonial country,—out of Bohemia, got with the sword; out of Moravia and Silesia? [*Ferdinand the Second, his Grandfather; yea, your Highness;—and brought the great Gustavus upon him in consequence. Not a good kindred that!*] 'And' it is the daily complaint which comes over to us,—new reiterations of which we have but received within these two or three days, being conveyed by some godly Ministers of the City, That the Protestants are tossed out of Poland into the Empire; and out thence whither they can fly to get their bread; and are ready to perish for want of food.

And what think you of the other side of Europe, Italy to wit,—if I may call it the other side of Europe, as I think I may,—'Italy,' Spain, and all those adjacent parts, with the Grisons, the Piedmonts before mentioned, the Switzers? They all,—what are they but a prey of the Spanish power

[18] Emperor Ferdinand III., under whom the Peace of Westphalia was made, had died this year; his second son, Leopold, on the death of the first son, had been made King of Hungary in 1655; he was, shortly after this, elected Emperor, Leopold I., and reigned till 1705. 'Brandenburg' was Frederick William; a distinguished Prince; father of the First King of Prussia; Frederick the Great's great-grandfather; properly the Founder of the Prussian Monarchy.

and interest? And look to that that calls itself [*Neuter gender*] the Head of all this! A Pope fitted,—I hope indeed "born" not "*in*" but out of "due time," to accomplish this bloody work; so that he may fill-up his cup to the brim, and make himself ripe for judgment! [*Somewhat grim of look, your Highness!*] He doth as *he* hath always done. He influences all the Powers, all the Princes of Europe to this very thing [*Rooting-out of the Protestants.—The sea which is now scarcely audible to us, two safe centuries off, how it roars and devouringly rages while this Valiant One is heroically bent to bank it in!—He prospers, he does it, flings his life into the gap,—that* WE *for all coming centuries may be safe and ungrateful!*] ;—and no man like this present man.[19] So that, I beseech you, what is there in all the parts of Europe but a consent, a coöperating, at this very time and season, 'of all Popish Powers' to suppress everything that stands in their way? [*A grave epoch indeed.*]

But it may be said, "This is a great way off, in the extremest parts of the world;[20] what is that to us?"—If it be nothing to you, let it be nothing to you! I have told you it is somewhat to you. It concerns all your religions, and all the good interests of England.

I have, I thank God, considered, and I would beg of you to consider a little with me: What that resistance is that is likely to be made to this mighty current, which seems to be coming from all parts upon all Protestants? Who is there that holdeth up his head to oppose this danger? A poor Prince [*Charles X. King of Sweden; at present attacked by the King of Denmark; the Dutch also aiming at him*];—indeed poor; but a man in his person as gallant, and truly I think I may say as good, as any these last ages have

[19] Alexander VII.: 'an able Pope,' Dryasdust informs me.
[20] 'parts of it' in orig.

brought forth; a man that hath adventured his all against the Popish Interest in Poland, and made his acquisition still good 'there' for the Protestant Religion. He is now reduced into a corner: and what addeth to the grief of all,—more grievous than all that hath been spoken of before (I wish it may not be too truly said!)—is, That men of our Religion forget this, and seek his ruin. [*Dutch and Danes: but do not some of us too forget? "I wish it may not be too truly said!"*]

I beseech you consider a little; consider the consequences of all that! For what doth it all signify? Is it only a noise? Or hath it not withal an articulate sound in it? Men that are not true to the Religion we profess,—'profess,' I am persuaded, with greater truth, uprightness and sincerity than it is 'professed' by any collected body, so nearly gathered together as these Nations are, in all the world,—God will find them out! [*The low-minded Dutch; pettifogging for "Sound Dues," for "Possession of the Sound," and mere shopkeeper lucre!*] I beseech you consider how things do coöperate. 'Consider,' If this may seem but a design against your Well-being? It is a design against your very Being; this artifice, and this complex design, against the Protestant Interest,—wherein so many Protestants are not so right as were to be wished! If they can shut us out of the Baltic Sea, and make themselves masters of that, where is your Trade? Where are your materials to preserve your Shipping? Where will you be able to challenge any right by sea, or justify yourselves against a foreign invasion in your own soil? Think upon it; this is in design! I believe, if you will go and ask the poor mariner in his red cap and coat [*"Coat," I hope, is not "red:"—but we are in haste*], as he passeth from ship to ship, you will hardly find in any ship but they will tell you this is designed against you. So obvious is it, by this and other things, that you

are the object. And in my conscience, I know not for what else 'you are so' but because of the purity of the profession amongst you; who have not yet made it your trade to prefer your profit before your godliness [*Whatever certain Dutch and Danes may do!*], but reckon godliness the *greater* gain!

But should it happen that, as contrivances stand, you should not be able to vindicate yourselves against all whomsoever,—I name no one state upon this head [*Do not name the Dutch, with their pettifoggings for the Sound; no!*], but I think all acknowledge States *are* engaged in the combination,—judge you where you were! You have accounted yourselves happy in being environed with a great Ditch from all the world beside. Truly you will not be able to keep your Ditch, nor your Shipping,—unless you turn your Ships and Shipping into Troops of Horse and Companies of Foot; and fight to defend yourselves on *terra firma!*—

And these things stated, *liberavi animam meam;* and if there be "no danger" in 'all' this, I am satisfied. I have told you; you will judge if no danger! If you shall think, We may discourse of all things at pleasure,—[*Debate for days and weeks, Whether it shall be "House of Lords" or "Other House;" put the question, Whether this question shall be put; and say Ay, say No; and thrash the air with idle jargon!*],—and that it is a time of sleep and ease and rest, without any due sense of these things,—I have this comfort to God-ward: I have told you of it. [*Yes, your Highness!—O intemperate vain Sir Arthur, peppery Thomas Scott, and ye other constitutional Patriots, is there no* SENSE *of truth in you, then;* *** *no discernment of what really is what? Instead of belief and insight, have you nothing but whirlpools of old paper-clippings, and a gray waste of Parliamentary constitutional logic? Such* HEADS, *too common in the world, will run a chance in these times to get themselves—stuck up on Temple Bar!*]

Really were it not that France (give me leave to say it) is a balance against that Party at this time—!—Should there be a Peace made (which hath been, and is still laboured and aimed-at, "a General Peace"), then will England be the "general" object of all the fury and wrath of all the Enemies of God and our Religion in the world! I have nobody to accuse;—but do look on the other side of the water! You have neighbours there; some that you are in amity with; some that have professed malice enough against you. I think you are fully satisfied in that. I had rather you would trust your enemy than some friends,—that is, rather believe your enemy, and trust *him* that he means your ruin, than have confidence in some who perhaps may be in some alliance with you! [*We have watched the Dutch, and their dealings in the Baltic lately!*]—I perhaps could enforce all this with some particulars, nay I 'certainly' could. For you know that your enemies be the same who have been accounted your enemies ever since Queen Elizabeth came to the crown. An avowed designed enemy 'all along;' wanting nothing of counsel, wisdom and prudence, to root you out from the face of the Earth: and when public attempts [*Spanish Armadas and suchlike*] would not do, how have they, by the Jesuits and other their Emissaries, laid foundations to perplex and trouble our Government by taking away the lives of them whom they judged to be of any use for preserving our peace! [*Guy Faux and Jesuit Garnet were a pair of pretty men; to go no farther. Ravaillac in the Rue de la Ferronerie, and Stadtholder William's Jesuit; and the Night of St. Bartholomew: here and elsewhere they have not wanted "counsel," of a sort!*] And at this time I ask you, Whether you do not think they are designing as busily as ever any people were, to prosecute the same counsels and things to the uttermost?

The business *then* was: The Dutch needed Queen Eliza-

beth of famous memory for their protection. They had it, 'had protection from her.' I hope they will never ill requite it! For if they should forget either the kindness that was then shown them (which was their real safety), or the desires this Nation hath had to be at peace with them,—truly I believe whoever exercises any ingratitude in this sort will hardly prosper in it. [*He cannot, your Highness: unless* GOD *and His* TRUTH *be a mere Hearsay of the market, he never can:*] But this may awaken you, howsoever. I hope you will be awakened, upon all these considerations! It is certain, they [*These Dutch*] have professed a principle which, thanks be to God, we never knew. They will sell arms to their enemies, and lend their ships to their enemies. They will do so. And truly that principle is not a matter of dispute at this time, 'we are not here to argue with them about it:' only let everything weigh with your spirits as it ought;—let it do so. And we must tell you, we do know that this, 'of their having such a principle,' is *true.* I dare assure you of it; and I think if but your Exchange here 'in London' were resorted-to, it would let you know, as clearly as you can desire to know, That they have hired—sloops, I think they call them, or some other name,—they have hired sloops, 'let sloops on hire,' to transport upon you Four-thousand Foot and a Thousand Horse, upon the pretended interest of that young man that was the late King's Son. [*What a designation for "Charles by the grace of God"! The "was" may possibly have been "is" when spoken; but we cannot afford to change it.*] And this is, I think, a thing far from being reckonable as a suggestion to any ill end or purpose:—a thing to no other end than that it may awaken you to a just consideration of your danger, and to uniting for a just and natural defence.

Indeed I never did, I hope I never shall, use any artifice with you to pray you to help us with money for defending

ourselves: but if money be needful, I will tell you, "Pray help us with money, that the Interest of the Nation may be defended abroad and at home." I will use no arguments; and thereby will disappoint the artifice of bad men abroad who say, It is for money. Whosoever shall think to put things out of frame upon such a suggestion—[*His fate may be guessed; but the Sentence is off*]—For you will find I will be very plain with you before I have done; and that with all love and affection and faithfulness to you and these Nations.

If this be the condition of your affairs abroad, I pray a little consider what is the estate of your affairs at home. And if both these considerations, 'of home affairs and foreign,' have but this effect, to *get* a consideration among you, a due and just consideration,—let God move your hearts for the answering[21] of anything that shall be due unto the Nation, as He shall please! And I hope I shall not be solicitous [*The "artifice" and "money" of the former paragraph still sounding somewhat in his Highness's ears*]; I shall look up to Him who hath been my God and my Guide hitherto.

I say, I beseech you look to your own affairs at home, how they stand! I am persuaded you are all, I apprehend you are all, honest and worthy good men; and that there is not a man of you but would desire to be found a good patriot. I know you would! We are apt to boast sometimes that we are Englishmen: and truly it is no shame for us that we are Englishmen;—but it is a motive to us to do like Englishmen, and seek the real good of this Nation, and the interest of it. [*Truly!*]—But, I beseech you, what is our case at home?— —I profess I do not well know where to begin on this head, or where to end,—I do not.

[21] performing on such demand.

But I must needs say, Let a man begin where he will, he shall hardly be out of that drift I am speaking to you 'upon.' We are as full of calamities, and of divisions among us in respect of the spirits of men, 'as we could well be,'—though, through a wonderful, admirable, and never to be sufficiently admired providence of God, 'still' in peace! And the fighting we have had, and the success we have had—yea, we that are here, we are an astonishment to the world! And take us in that temper we are in, or rather in that distemper, it is the greatest miracle that ever befell the sons of men, 'that we are got again to peace'—

['Beautiful great Soul,' exclaims a modern Commentator here, 'Beautiful great Soul; to whom the Temporal is all irra-'diated with the Eternal, and God is everywhere divinely visible 'in the affairs of men, and man himself has as it were become 'divine! O ye eternal Heavens, have those days and those 'souls passed away without return?—Patience: intrinsically 'they can never pass away: intrinsically they remain with us; 'and will yet, in nobler unexpected form, reappear among us,—'if it please Heaven! There *have been* Divine Souls in England; 'England too, poor moiling toiling heavy-laden thick-eyed Eng-'land has been illuminated, though it were but once, by the 'Heavenly Ones;—and *once*, in a sense, is always!']

—that we are got again to peace. And whoever shall seek to break it, God Almighty root that man out of this Nation! And He will do it, let the pretences be what they may! [*Privilege of Parliament, or whatever else, my peppery friends!*]

'Peace-breakers, do they consider what it *is* they are driving towards? They should do it!' He that considereth not the "woman with child,"—the sucking children of this Nation that know not the right hand from the left, of whom, for aught I know, it may be said this City is as full as Nineveh was said to be;—he that considereth not these, and the fruit that is like to come of the bodies of those now

living added to these; he that considereth not these, must have the heart of a Cain; who was marked, and made to be an enemy to all men, and all men enemies to him! For the wrath and justice of God will prosecute such a man to his grave, if not to Hell! [*Where is Sam Cooper, or some 'prince of limners,' to take us that look of his Highness? I would give my ten best High-Art Paintings for it, gilt frames and twaddle-criticisms into the bargain!*]—I say, look on this Nation; look on it! Consider what are the varieties of Interests in this Nation,—if they be worthy the name of Interests. If God did not hinder, it would all but make up one confusion. We should find there would be but one Cain in England, if God did not restrain! We should have another more bloody Civil War than ever we had in England. For, I beseech you, what is the general spirit of this Nation? Is it not that each sect of people,—if I may call them sects, whether sects upon a Religious account or upon a Civil account—[*Sentence gone; meaning left clear enough*]—Is not this Nation miserable in that respect? What is that which possesseth every sect? What is it? That every sect may be uppermost! That every sort of men may get the power into their hands, and "they would use it well;"—that every sect may get the power into their hands! [*A reflection to make one wonder.—Let them thank God they have got a man able to bit and bridle them a little; the unfortunate, peppery, loud-babbling individuals,—with so much good in them too, while 'bitted'!*]

It were a happy thing if the Nation would be content with rule. 'Content with rule,' if it were but in Civil things, and with those that would rule *worst*;—because misrule is better than no rule; and an ill Government, a bad Government, is better than none!—Neither is this all: but we have an appetite to variety; to be not only making wounds, 'but widening those already made.' As if you should see

one making wounds in a man's side, and eager only to be groping and grovelling with his fingers in those wounds! This is what 'such' men would be at; this is the spirit of those who would trample on men's liberties in Spiritual respects. They will be making wounds, and rending and tearing, and making them wider than they were. Is not this the case? Doth there want anything—I speak not of sects in an ill sense; but the Nation is hugely made up of them,—and what is the want that prevents these things from being done to the uttermost, but that men have more anger than strength? They have not power to attain their ends. 'There wants nothing else.' And, I beseech you, judge what such a company of men, of these sects, are doing, while they are contesting one with another! They are contesting in the midst of a generation of men (a malignant Episcopal Party, I mean); contesting in the midst of these *all united*. What must be the issue of such a thing as this? 'So stands it;' it is *so*.—And do but judge what proofs have been made of the spirits of these men. [*Republican spirits: we took a "Standard" lately, a Painted one, and a Printed, with wondrous apparatus behind it!*] Summoning men to take up arms; and exhorting men, each sort of them, to fight for their notions; each sort thinking they are to try it out by the sword; and every sort thinking that *they* are truly under the banner of Christ, if they but come in, and bind themselves in such a project![22]

Now do but judge what a hard condition this poor Nation is in. *This* is the state and condition we are in. Judge, I say, what a hard condition this poor Nation is in, and the Cause of God 'is in,'—amidst such a party of men as the Cavaliers are, and their participants! Not only with respect to what these—["*Cavaliers and their Participants*,'

[22] 'and oblige upon this account' in orig.

both equally at first, but it becomes the latter chiefly, and at length exclusively, before the Sentence ends]—are like to do of themselves: but some of these, yea some of these, they care not who carry the goal [*Frantic-Anabaptist Sexby, dead the other day, he was not very careful!*]:—some of these have invited the Spaniard himself to carry on the Cavalier Cause.

And this is *true*. 'This' and many other things that are not fit to be suggested unto you; because 'so' we should betray the interest of our intelligence. [*Spy-Royalist Sir Richard Willis and the like ambiguous persons, if we show them in daylight, they vanish forever,—as Manning, when they shot him in Neuburg, did.*] I say, this is your condition! What is your defence? What hindereth the irruption of all this upon you, to your utter destruction? Truly, 'that' you have an army in these parts,—in Scotland, in England and Ireland. Take *them* away tomorrow, would not all these Interests run into one another?—I know you are rational prudent men. Have you any Frame or Model of things that would satisfy the minds of men, if *this* be not the Frame, 'this' which you are now called together upon, and engaged in,—I mean, the Two Houses of Parliament and myself? What hinders this Nation from being an Aceldama, 'a field of blood,' if this doth not? It is, without doubt, 'this:' give the glory to God; for without this, it would prove[23] as great a plague as all that hath been spoken of. It is this, without doubt, that keeps this Nation in peace and quietness.—And what is the case of your Army 'withal'? A poor unpaid Army; the soldiers going barefoot at this time, in this city, this weather! [*Twenty-fifth of January.*] And yet a peaceable people, 'these soldiers;' seeking to serve you with their lives; judging their pains and hazards and all well bestowed, in obeying their officers and serving you, to keep the Peace of these Nations! Yea,

[23] 'it would prove' is an *im*personal verb; such as 'it will rain,' and the like.

he must be a man with a heart as hard as the weather who hath not a due sense of this! [*A severe frost, though the Almanacs do not mention it.*]——

So that, I say, it is most plain and evident, this is your outward and present defence. [*This frame of Government; the Army is a part of that.*] And yet, at this day,—do but you judge! The Cavalier Party, and the several humours of unreasonable men 'of other sorts,' in those several ways, having 'continually' made battery at this defence ever since you got to enjoy peace—[*Sentence catches fire*]——What have they made their business but this, To spread libellous Books [*Their "Standard," "Killing no Murder," and other little fiddling things belonging to that sort of Periodical Literature*]; yea and pretend the "Liberty of the Subject"—[*Sentence gone again*]—?—which really wiser men than they may pretend! For let me say this to you at once: I never look to see the People of England come into a just Liberty, if another 'Civil' War overtake us. I think, 'I' at least, that the thing likely to bring us into our "Liberty" is a consistency and agreement at this Meeting!—Therefore all I can say to you is this: It will be your wisdom, I do think truly, and your justice, to keep that concernment close to you; to uphold this Settlement 'now fallen-upon.' Which I have no cause but to think you are agreed to; and that you like it. For I assure you I am very greatly mistaken else, 'for my own part;' having taken this which is now the Settlement among us as my chief inducement to bear the burden I bear, and to serve the Commonwealth in the place I am in!

And therefore if you judge that all this be not argument enough to persuade you to be sensible of your danger—?—'A danger' which 'all manner of considerations,' besides goodnature and ingenuity 'themselves,' would move a stone to be sensible of!—Give us leave to consider a little, What

will become of us, if our spirits should go *otherwise*, 'and break this Settlement'? If our spirits be dissatisfied, what will become of things? Here is an Army five or six months behind in pay; yea, an Army in Scotland near as much 'behind;' an Army in Ireland much more. And if these things be considered,—I cannot doubt but they will be considered;—I say, judge what the state of Ireland is if free-quarter come upon the Irish People! [*Free-quarter must come, if there be no pay provided, and that soon!*] You have a company of Scots in the North of Ireland, 'Forty or Fifty thousand of them settled there;' who, I hope, are honest men. In the Province of Galway almost all the Irish, transplanted to the West.[24] You have the Interest of England newly begun to be planted. The people there, 'in these English settlements,' are full of necessities and complaints. They bear to the uttermost. And should the soldiers run upon free-quarter there,—upon your English Planters, as they must,—the English Planters must quit the country through mere beggary: and that which hath been the success of so much blood and treasure, to get that Country into your hands, what can become of it, but that the English must needs run away for pure beggary, and the Irish must possess the country 'again' for a receptacle to the Spanish Interest?—

And hath Scotland been long settled? [*Middleton's Highland Insurrection, with its Mosstroopery and misery, is not dead three years yet.*[25]] Have not they a like sense of poverty? I speak plainly. In good earnest, I do think the Scots Nation have been under as great a suffering, in point of livelihood and subsistence outwardly, as any People I have yet named to you. I do think truly they are a very ruined Nation. [*Torn to pieces with now near Twenty Years of con-*

[24] "All the Irish;" all the Malignant Irish, the ringleaders of the Popish Rebellion: Galway is here called 'Galloway.'

[25] Feb. 1654-5 (Whitlocke, p. 599).

tinual War, and foreign and intestine worrying with themselves and with all the world.]—And yet in a way (I have spoken with some Gentlemen come from thence) hopeful enough; —it hath pleased God to give that plentiful encouragement to the meaner sort in Scotland. I must say, if it please God to encourage the meaner sort—[*The consequences may be foreseen, but are not stated here.*]— —The meaner sort 'in Scotland' live as well, and are likely to come into as thriving a condition under your Government, as when they were under their own great Lords, who made them work for their living no better than the Peasants of France. I am loath to speak anything which may reflect upon that Nation: but the middle sort of people do grow up there into such a substance as makes their lives comfortable, if not better than they were before. [*Scotland is prospering; has fair-play and ready-money;—prospering though sulky.*]

If now, after all this, we shall not be sensible of all those designs that are in the midst of us: of the *united* Cavaliers; of the designs which are animated every day from Flanders and Spain; while we have to look upon ourselves as a *divided* people—[*Sentence off*]—A man cannot certainly tell where to find consistency anywhere in England! Certainly there is no consistency in anything, that may be worthy of the name of a body of consistency, but in this Company who are met here! How can any man lay his hand on his heart, and 'permit himself to' talk of things [*Roots of Constitutional Government,* "*Other House,*" "*House of Lords*" *and suchlike*], neither to be made out by the light of Scripture nor of Reason; and draw one another off from considering of *these* things,—'which are very palpable things'! I dare leave them with you, and commit them to your bosom. They have a weight,—a greater weight than any I have yet suggested to you, from abroad or at home! If such be our case abroad and at home, That our Being and Well-being,

—our Well-being is not worth the naming comparatively,—I say, if such be our case, of our Being at home and abroad, That through want to bear up our Honour at Sea, and through want to maintain what is our Defence at Home, 'we stand exposed to such dangers;' and if through our mistake we shall be led off from the consideration of these things; and talk of circumstantial things, and quarrel about circumstances; and shall not with heart and soul intend and carry-on these things—!—I confess I can look for nothing 'other,' I can say no other than what a foolish Book[26] expresseth, of one that having consulted everything, could hold to nothing; neither Fifth-Monarchy, Presbytery, nor Independency, nothing; but at length concludes, He is for nothing but an "orderly confusion"! And for men that have wonderfully lost their consciences and their wits,—I speak of men going about who cannot tell *what* they would have, yet are willing to kindle coals to disturb others—! [*An "orderly confusion," and general fire-consummation: what else is possible?*]

And now having said this, I have discharged my duty to God and to you, in making this demonstration,—and I profess, not as a rhetorician! My business was to prove the verity of the Designs from Abroad; and the still unsatisfied spirits of the Cavaliers at Home,—who from the beginning of our Peace to this day have not been wanting to do what they could to kindle a fire at home in the midst of us. And I say, if this be so, the truth,—I pray God affect your hearts with a due sense of it! [*Yea!*] And give you one heart and mind to carry-on this work for which we are met together! If these things be so,—should you meet tomorrow, and accord in all things tending to your preservation and your rights and liberties, really it will be

[26] Now rotting probably, or rotten, among the other Pamphletary rubbish, in the crypts of Public Dryasdust Collections,—all but this one phrase of it, here kept alive.

feared there is too much time elapsed 'already' for your delivering yourselves from those dangers that hang upon you!—

We have had now Six Years of Peace, and have had an interruption of Ten Years *War*. We have seen and heard and felt the evils of War; and now God hath given us a new taste of the benefits of Peace. Have you not had such a Peace in England, Ireland and Scotland, that there is not a man to lift up his finger to put you into distemper? Is not this a mighty blessing from the Lord of Heaven? [*Hah!*] Shall we now be prodigal of time? Should any man, shall *we*, listen to delusions, to break and interrupt this Peace? There is not any man that hath been true to this Cause, as I believe you have been all, who can look for anything but the greatest rending and persecution that ever was in this world! [*Peppery Scott's hot head will go up on Temple Bar, and Haselrig will do well to die soon.*[27]]—I wonder how it can enter into the heart of man to undervalue these things; to slight Peace and the Gospel, the greatest mercy of God. We have Peace and the Gospel! [*What a tone!*] Let us have one heart and soul; one mind to maintain the honest and just rights of this Nation;—not to *pretend* to them, to the destruction of our Peace, to the destruction of the Nation! [*As yet there is one Hero-heart among you, ye blustering contentious rabble; one Soul blazing as a light-beacon in the midst of Chaos, forbidding Chaos yet to be supreme. In a little while that too will be extinct; and then!*] Really, pretend what we will, if you run into *another* flood of blood and War, the sinews of this Nation being wasted by the last, it must sink and perish utterly. I beseech you, and charge you in the name and presence of God, and as before Him, be sensible of these things and lay them to heart! You

[27] He died in the *Annus Mirabilis* of 1660 itself, say the *Baronetages*. Worn to death, it is like, by the frightful vicissitudes and distracting excitement of those sad months.

have a Day of Fasting coming on. I beseech God touch your hearts and open your ears to this truth; and that you may be as deaf adders to stop your ears to all Dissension! And may look upon them 'who would sow dissension,' whoever they may be, as Paul saith to the Church of Corinth,[28] as I remember: "*Mark* such as cause divisions and offences," and would disturb you from that foundation of Peace you are upon, under any pretence whatsoever!—

I shall conclude with this. I was free, the last time of our meeting, to tell you I would discourse upon a Psalm; and I did it.[29] I am not ashamed of it at any time [*Why should you, your Highness? A word that does speak to us from the eternal heart of things, "word of God" as you well call it, is highly worth discoursing upon!*]—especially when I meet with men of such consideration as you. There you have one verse which I forgot. "I will hear what God the Lord will speak: " for He will speak peace unto His people and to His saints; " but let them not turn again to *folly*." Dissension, division, destruction, in a poor Nation under a Civil War,—having all the effects of a Civil War upon it! Indeed if we return again to "folly," let every man consider, If it be *not* like turning to destruction? If God shall unite your hearts and bless you, and give you the blessing of union and love one to another; and tread-down everything that riseth up in your hearts and tendeth to deceive your own souls with pretences of this thing or that, as we have been saying,—[*The Sentence began as a positive, "if God shall;" but gradually turning on its axis, it has now got quite round into the negative side*],—and not prefer the keeping of Peace, that we may see the fruit of righteousness in them that love peace and embrace peace,—it will be said of this poor Nation, *Actum est de Anglia*, 'It is all over with England'!

[28] Not 'Corinth' properly, but Rome (Romans xvi. 17).
[29] The Eighty-fifth; antea, pp. 94 et seqq.

But I trust God will never leave it to such a spirit. And while I live, and am able, I shall be ready—

[Courage, my brave one! Thou hast but some Seven Months more of it, and then the ugly coil is all over; and thy part in it manfully done; manfully and fruitfully, to all Eternity! Peppery Scott's hot head can mount to Temple Bar, whither it is bound; and England, with immense expenditure of liquor and tar-barrels, can call-in its Nell-Gwynn Defender of the Faith,—and make out a very notable Two-hundred Years under *his* guidance; and, finding itself now nearly *got* to the Devil, may perhaps pause, and recoil, and remember: who knows? Nay who cares? may Oliver say. *He* is honourably quit of it, he for one; and the Supreme Powers will guide it farther according to their pleasure.]

—I shall be ready to stand and fall with you, in this seemingly promising Union[30] which God hath wrought among you, which I hope neither the pride nor envy of men shall be able to make void. I have taken my Oath [*In Westminster Hall, Twenty-sixth of June last*] to govern "according to the Laws" that are now made; and I trust I shall fully answer it. And know, I sought not this place. [*Who would have "sought" it, that could have as nobly avoided it? Very scurvy creatures only. The "place" is no great things, I think;—with either Heaven or else Hell so close upon the rear of it, a man might do without the "place"! Know all men, Oliver Cromwell did not seek this place, but was sought to it, and led and driven to it, by the Necessities, the Divine Providences, the Eternal Laws.*] I speak it before God, Angels, and Men: I DID NOT. You sought me for it, you brought me to it; and I took my Oath to be faithful to the Interest of these Nations, to be faithful to the Government. All those things were implied, in my eye, in the Oath "to be faithful to this Government" upon which we have now met. And I trust, by the grace of God, as I have taken my Oath to serve this Commonwealth on such an account, I

[30] The new Frame of Government.

shall,—I must!—see it done, according to the Articles of Government. That every just Interest may be preserved; that a Godly Ministry may be upheld, and not affronted by seducing and seduced spirits; that all men may be preserved in their just rights, whether civil or spiritual. Upon this account did I take oath, and swear to this Government!—[*And mean to continue administering it withal.*]—And so having declared my heart and mind to you in this, I have nothing more to say, but to pray, God Almighty bless you.*

His Highness, a few days after, on occasion of some Reply to a Message of his 'concerning the state of the Public Moneys,'—was formally requested by the Commons to furnish them with a Copy of this Speech:[31] he answered that he did not remember four lines of it in a piece, and that he could not furnish a Copy. Some Copy would nevertheless have been got up, had the Parliament continued sitting. Rushworth, Smythe, and 'I' (the Writer of *Burton's Diary*), we, so soon as the Speech was done, went to York House; Fairfax's Town-house, where Historical John, brooding over endless Paper-masses, and doing occasional Secretary work, still lodges: here at York House we sat together till late, 'comparing Notes of his Highness's Speech;' could not finish the business that night, our Notes being a little cramp. It was grown quite dark before his Highness had done; so that we could hardly see our pencils go, at the time.[32]

The Copy given here is from the *Pell Papers*, and in part from an earlier Original; first printed by Burton's Editor; and now reproduced, with slight alterations of the pointing &c., such as were necessary here and there to bring out the sense, but not such as could change anything that had the least title to remain unchanged.

SPEECH XVIII.

His Highness's last noble appeal, the words as of a strong great Captain addressed in the hour of imminent shipwreck,

* Burton, ii. 351-71.
[31] Thursday 28th Jan. 1657-8 (*Parliamentary History*, xxi. 196; Burton, ii. 379).
[32] Burton, ii. 351.

produced no adequate effect. The dreary Debate, supported chiefly by intemperate Haselrig, peppery Scott, and future-renegade Robinson, went on, trailing its slow length day after day; daily widening itself, too, into new dreariness, new questionability: a kind of pain to read even at this distance, and with view of the intemperate hot heads actually *stuck* on Temple Bar! For the man in 'green oil-skin hat with nightcap under it,' the Duke of Ormond namely, who lodges at the Papist Chirurgeon's in Drury Lane, is very busy all this while. And Fifth-Monarchy and other Petitions are getting concocted in the City, to a great length indeed;—and there are stirrings in the Army itself;—and, in brief, the English Hydra, cherished by the Spanish Charles-Stuart Invasion, will shortly hiss sky-high again, if this continue!

As yet, however, there stands one strong Man between us and that issue. The strong Man gone, that issue, we may guess, will be inevitable; but he is not yet gone. For ten days more the dreary Debate has lasted. Various good Bills and Notices of Bills have been introduced; attempts on the part of well-affected Members to do some useful legislation here;[33] attempts which could not be accomplished. What could be accomplished was, to open the fountains of constitutional logic, and debate this question day after day. One or two intemperate persons, not excluded at the threshold, are of great moment in a Popular Assembly. The mind of which, if it have any mind, is one of the vaguest entities; capable, in a very singular degree, of being made to ferment, to freeze, to take fire, to develop itself in this shape or in that! The history of our Second Session, and indeed of these Oliverian Parliaments generally, is not exhilarating to the constitutional mind!—

But now on the tenth day of the Debate, with its noise growing ever noisier, on the 4th of February 1657-8, 'about eleven in the morning,'—while peppery Scott is just about to attempt yelping out some new second speech, and there are cries of "Spoken! spoken!" which Sir Arthur struggles to argue down, —arrives the Black Rod.—"The Black Rod stays!" cry some, while Sir Arthur is arguing for Scott.—"What care I for the Black Rod?" snarls he: "The Gentleman" (peppery Scott) "ought to be heard."—Black Rod, however, is heard first; signifies that "His Highness is in the Lords House, and desires

[33] *Parliamentary History*, xxi. 203-4.

to speak with you." Under way therefore! "Shall we take our Mace?" By all means, if you consider it likely to be useful for you![34]

They take their Mace; range themselves in due mass, in the "Other House," Lords House, or whatever they call it; and his Highness, with a countenance of unusual earnestness, sorrow, resolution and severity, says:

My Lords, and Gentlemen of the House of Commons,

I had very comfortable expectations that God would make the meeting of this Parliament a blessing; and, the Lord be my witness, *I* desired the carrying-on the Affairs of the Nation to these ends! The blessing which I mean, and which we ever climbed at, was mercy, truth, righteousness and peace,—which I desired might be improved.

That which brought me into the capacity I now stand in was the Petition and Advice given me by you; who, in reference to the ancient Constitution ["*Which had Two Houses and a King*,"—*though we do not in words mention that!*], did draw me to accept the place of Protector. ["*I was a kind of Protector already, I always understood; but let that pass. Certainly you invited me to become the Protector I now am, with Two Houses and other appendages, and there lies the gist of the matter at present.*"] There is not a man living can say I sought it; no, not a man nor woman treading upon English ground. But contemplating the sad condition of these Nations, relieved from an intestine War into a six or seven years Peace, I did think the Nation happy therein! ["*I did think even my first Protectorate was a successful kind of thing!*"] But to be petitioned thereunto, and advised by you to undertake such a Government, a burden too heavy for any creature; and this to be done by the

[34] Burton, ii. 462 et seqq.;—see also Tanner MSS. li. 1, for a more minute account.

House that then had the Legislative capacity:—certainly I did look that the same men who made the Frame should make it good unto me! I can say in the presence of God, in comparison with whom we are but like poor creeping ants upon the earth,—I would have been glad to have lived under my woodside, to have kept a flock of sheep—[*Yes, your Highness; it had been infinitely quieter, healthier, freer. But it is gone forever: no woodsides now, and peaceful nibbling sheep, and great still thoughts, and glimpses of God 'in the cool of the evening walking among the trees:' nothing but toil and trouble, double, double, till one's discharge arrive, and the Eternal Portals open! Nay even there by your woodside, you had not been happy; not you,—with thoughts going down to the Death-kingdoms, and Heaven so near you on this hand, and Hell so near you on that. Nay who would grudge a little temporary Trouble, when he can do a large spell of eternal Work? Work that is true, and will last through all Eternity! Complain not, your Highness!—His Highness does not complain. "To have kept a flock of sheep," he says*]—rather than undertaken such a Government as this. But undertaking it by the Advice and Petition of you, I did look that you who had offered it unto me should make it good.

I did tell you, at a Conference[35] concerning it, that I would not undertake it, unless there might be some other Persons to interpose between me and the House of Commons, who then had the power, and prevent tumultuary and popular spirits: and it was granted I should name another House. I named it of men who shall meet you whereso-ever you go, and shake hands with you; and tell you it is not Titles, nor Lords, nor Parties that they value, but a Christian and an English Interest! Men of your own rank and quality, who will not only be a balance unto you, but

[35] One of the Kingship Conferences of which there is no Report.

a new force added to you,[36] while you love England and Religion.

Having proceeded upon these terms;—and finding such a spirit as is too much predominant, everything being too high or too low; where virtue, honesty, piety and justice are omitted:—I thought I had been doing that which was my duty, and thought it would have satisfied you! But if everything must be too high or too low, you are not to be satisfied. [*There is an innocency and childlike goodness in these poor sentences, which speaks to us in spite of rhetoric.*]

Again, I would not have accepted of the Government, unless I knew there would be a just accord between the Governor and Governed; unless they would take an Oath to make good what the Parliament's Petition and Advice advised me unto! Upon that I took an Oath [*On the Twenty-sixth of June last*], and they [*On the Twentieth of January last, at their long Table in the Anteroom*] took another Oath upon their part answerable to mine:—and did not everyone know upon what condition he swore? God knows, *I* took it upon the conditions expressed in the 'Act of' Government! And I did think we had been upon a foundation, and upon a bottom; and thereupon I thought myself bound to take it, and to be "advised by the Two Houses of Parliament." And we standing unsettled till we arrived at that, the consequences would necessarily have been confusion, if that had not been settled. Yet there were not constituted "Hereditary Lords," nor "Hereditary Kings;" 'no,' the Power consisteth in the Two Houses and myself.—I do not say, that was the meaning of your Oath to *you*. That were to go against my own principles, to enter upon another man's conscience. God will judge between you and me! If there had been in you any inten-

[36] 'but to themselves,' however helplessly, must mean this; and a good reporter would have substituted this.

tion of Settlement, you would have settled upon this basis, and have offered your judgment and opinion 'as to minor improvements.'

God is my witness; I speak it; it is evident to all the world and people living, That a new business hath been seeking in the Army against this actual Settlement made by your consent. I do not speak to these Gentlemen ['*Pointing to his right hand*,' *says the Report*], or Lords, or whatsoever you will call them; I speak not this to them, but to *you*.—You advised me to come into this place, to be in a capacity[37] by your Advice. Yet instead of owning a thing, some must have I know not what;—and you have not only disjointed yourselves but the whole Nation, which is in likelihood of running into more confusion in these fifteen or sixteen days that you have sat, than it hath been from the rising of the last Session to this day. Through the intention of devising a Commonwealth again! That some people might be the men that might rule all! [*Intemperate Haselrig, peppery Scot, and suchlike: very inadequate they to "rule;" inadequate to keep their own heads on their shoulders, if they were not* RULED, *they!*] And they are endeavouring to engage the Army to carry that thing.—And hath that man been "true to this Nation," whosoever he be, especially that hath taken an Oath, thus to prevaricate? These designs have been made among the Army, to break and divide us. I speak this in the presence of some of the Army: That these things have not been according to God, nor according to truth, pretend what you will! [*No, your Highness; they have not.*] These things tend to nothing else but the playing of the King of Scots' game (if I may so call him); and I think myself bound before God to do what I can to prevent it. ["*I, for my share:*" *Yea!*]

That which I told you in the Banqueting-House 'ten

[37] 'of authority' is delicately understood, but not expressed.

days ago' was true, That there are preparations of force to invade us. God is my witness, it hath been confirmed to me since, not a day ago, That the King of Scots hath an Army at the water's side, ready to be shipped for England. I have it from those who have been eyewitnesses of it. And while it is doing, there are endeavours from some who are not far from this place, to stir-up the people of this Town into a tumulting—[*City Petitions are mounting very high,—as perhaps Sir Arthur and others know!*]—what if I said, Into a rebellion! And I hope I shall make it appear to be no better, if God assist me. [*Noble scorn and indignation is gradually getting the better of every other feeling in his Highness and us.*]

It hath been not only your endeavour to pervert the Army while you have been sitting, and to draw them to state the question about a "Commonwealth;" but some of you have been listing of persons, by commission of Charles Stuart, to join with any Insurrection that may be made. [*What a cold qualm in some conscious heart that listens to this! Let him tremble, every joint of him;—or not visibly tremble; but cower home to his place, and repent; and remember in whose hand his beggarly existence in this world lies!*] And what is like to come upon this, the Enemy being ready to invade us, but even present blood and confusion?—[*The next and final Sentence is partly on fire*]—And if this be so, I do assign 'it' to this cause: Your not assenting to what you did invite me to by your Petition and Advice, as that which might prove the Settlement of the Nation. And if this be the end of your sitting, and this be your carriage —[*Sentence now all beautifully blazing*], I think it high time that an end be put to your sitting. And I DO DISSOLVE THIS PARLIAMENT! And let God be judge between you and me!*

* Burton, ii. 465-70.

Figure the looks of Haselrig, Scott and Company! 'The 'Mace was clapt under a cloak; the Speaker withdrew, and 'exit *Parliamentum*,' the Talking-Apparatus vanishes.[38] "God be judge between you and me!"—"Amen!" answered they,[39] thought they, indignantly; and sank into eternal silence.

It was high time; for in truth the Hydra, on every side, is stirring its thousand heads. "Believe me," says Samuel Hartlib, Milton's friend, writing to an Official acquaintance next week, "believe me, it was of such necessity, that if their Ses- "sion had continued but two or three days longer, all had been "in blood both in City and Country, upon Charles Stuart's ac- "count."[40]

His Highness, before this Monday's sun sets, has begun to lodge the Anarchic Ringleaders, Royalist, Fifth-Monarchist, in the Tower; his Highness is bent once more with all his faculty, the Talking-Apparatus being gone, to front this Hydra, and trample it down once again.[41] On Saturday he summons his Officers, his Acting-Apparatus, to Whitehall round him; explains to them 'in a Speech two hours long' what kind of Hydra it is; asks, Shall it conquer us, involve us in blood and confusion? They answer from their hearts, No, it shall not! "We will stand and fall with your Highness, we will live and die with you!"[42]—It is the last duel this Oliver has with any Hydra fomented into life by a Talking-Apparatus; and he again conquers it, invincibly compresses it, as he has heretofore done.

One day, in the early days of March next, his Highness said to Lord Broghil: An old friend of yours is in Town, the Duke of Ormond, now lodged in Drury Lane, at the Papist Surgeon's there: you had better tell him to be gone![43]—Whereat his Lordship stared; found it a fact, however; and his Grace of Ormond did go with exemplary speed, and got again to Bruges and the Sacred Majesty, with report That Cromwell had many enemies, but that the rise of the Royalists was moonshine. And on the 12th of the month his Highness had the Mayor and Common Council with him in a body at Whitehall; and 'in a Speech at large' explained to them that

[38] Burton, ii. 464.

[39] Tradition in various modern Books (*Parliamentary History*, xxi. 203: Note to Burton, ii. 470); not supported, that I can find, by any contemporary witness.

[40] Hartlib in London (11th Feb. 1657-8) to Moreland at Geneva; printed in *Parliamentary History*, xxi. 205.

[41] Appendix, No. 31. [42] Hartlib's Letter, ubi supra.

[43] Godwin, iv. 508; Budgel's *Lives of the Boyles*, p. 49; &c.

his Grace of Ormond was gone only 'on Tuesday last;' that there were Spanish Invasions, Royalist Insurrections and Frantic-Anabaptist Insurrections rapidly ripening;—that it would well beseem the City of London to have its Militia in good order. To which the Mayor and Common Council, 'being very sensible thereof,' made zealous response[44] by speech and by act. In a word, the Talking-Apparatus being gone, and an Oliver Protector now at the head of the Acting-Apparatus, no Insurrection, in the eyes of reasonable persons, had any chance. The leading Royalists shrank close into their privacies again,—considerable numbers of them had to shrink into durance in the Tower. Among which latter class, his Highness, justly incensed, and 'considering,' as Thurloe says, 'that it was not fit there should be a Plot of this kind every winter,' had determined that a High Court of Justice should take cognisance of some. High Court of Justice is accordingly nominated[45] as the Act of Parliament prescribes: among the parties marked for trial by it are Sir Henry Slingsby, long since prisoner for Penruddock's business, and the Reverend Dr. Hewit, a man of much forwardness in Royalism. Sir Henry, prisoner in Hull and acquainted with the Chief Officers there, has been treating with them for betrayal of the place to his Majesty; has even, to that end, given one of them a Majesty's commission; for whose Spanish Invasion such a Haven and Fortress would have been extremely convenient. Reverend Dr. Hewit, preaching by sufferance, according to the old ritual, 'in St. Gregory's Church near Paul's,' to a select disaffected audience, has farther seen good to distinguish himself very much by secular zeal in this business of the Royalist Insurrection and Spanish Charles-Stuart Invasion;—which has now come to nothing, and left poor Dr. Hewit in a most questionable position. Of these two, and of others, a High Court of Justice shall take cognisance.

The Insurrection having no chance in the eyes of reasonable Royalists, and they in consequence refusing to lead it, the large body of *un*reasonable Royalists now in London City or gathering thither decide, with indignation, That they will try it on their own score, and lead it themselves. Hands to work, then, ye unreasonable Royalists; pipe, All hands! Saturday

[44] Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 171).

[45] 27th April 1658. Act of Parliament, with List of the Names, is in Scobell, ii. 372-5: see also *Commons Journals*, vii. 427 (Sept. 1656).

the 15th of May, that is the night appointed: To rise that Saturday night; beat drums for 'Royalist Apprentices,' 'fire houses at the Tower,' slay this man, slay that, and bring matters to a good issue. Alas, on the very edge of the appointed hour, as usual, we are all seized; the ringleaders of us are all seized, 'at the Mermaid in Cheapside,'—for Thurloe and his Highness have long known what we were upon! Barkstead Governor of the Tower 'marches into the City with five drakes,' at the rattle of which every Royalist Apprentice, and party implicated, shakes in his shoes:—and this also has gone to vapour, leaving only for result certain new individuals of the Civic class to give account of it to the High Court of Justice.

Tuesday 25th May 1658, the High Court of Justice sat; a formidable Sanhedrim of above a Hundred-and-thirty heads, consisting of 'all the Judges,' chief Law Officials, and others named in the Writ according to Act of Parliament;—sat 'in 'Westminster Hall, at Nine in the morning, for the Trial of 'Sir Henry Slingsby Knight, John Hewit Doctor of Divinity,' and three others whom we may forget.[46] Sat day after day till all were judged. Poor Sir Henry, on the first day, was condemned; he pleaded what he could, poor gentleman, a very constant Royalist all along; but the Hull business was too palpable; he was condemned to die. Reverend Dr. Hewit, whose proceedings also had become very palpable, refused to plead at all; refused even 'to take off his hat,' says Carrion Heath, 'till the officer was coming to do it for him:' 'had a Paper of 'Demurrers prepared by the learned Mr. Prynne,' who is now again doing business this way;—'conducted himself not very wisely,' says Bulstrode. He likewise received sentence of death. The others, by narrow missing, escaped; by good luck, or the Protector's mercy, suffered nothing.

As to Slingsby and Hewit the Protector was inexorable. Hewit has already taken a very high line: let him persevere in it! Slingsby was the Lord Fauconberg's Uncle, married to his Aunt Bellasis; but that could not stead him,—perhaps that was but a new monition to be strict with him. The Commonwealth of England and its Peace are not nothing! These Royalist Plots every winter, deliveries of garrisons to Charles Stuart, and reckless 'usherings of us into blood,' shall end! Hewit and Slingsby suffered on Tower Hill, on Monday 8th

[46] Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 172).

June; amid the manifold rumour and emotion of men. Of the City Insurrectionists six were condemned; three of whom were executed, three pardoned. And so the High Court of Justice dissolved itself; and at this and not at more expense of blood, the huge Insurrectionary movement ended, and lay silent within its caves again.

Whether in any future year it would have tried another rising against such a Lord Protector, one does not know,—one guesses rather in the negative. The Royalist Cause, after so many failures, after such a sort of enterprises 'on the word of a Christian King,' had naturally sunk very low. Some twelvemonth hence, with a Commonwealth not now under Cromwell, but only under the impulse of Cromwell, a Christian King hastening down to the Treaty of the Pyrenees, where France and Spain were making Peace, found one of the coldest receptions. Cardinal Mazarin 'sent his coaches and guards 'a day's journey to meet Lockhart the Commonwealth Ambas-'sador;' but refused to meet the Christian King at all; would not even meet Ormond except as if by accident, 'on the public road,' to say that there was no hope. The Spanish Minister, Don Luis de Haro, was civiller in manner; but as to Spanish Charles-Stuart Invasions or the like, he also decisively shook his head.[47] The Royalist Cause was as good as desperate in England; a melancholy Reminiscence, fast fading away into the realm of shadows. Not till Puritanism sank of its own accord, could Royalism rise again. But Puritanism, the King of it once away, fell loose very naturally in every fibre,—fell into *Kinglessness*, what we call Anarchy; crumbled down, ever faster, for Sixteen Months, in mad suicide, and universal clashing and collision; proved, by trial after trial, that there lay not in it either Government or so much as Self-government any more; that a Government of England by *it* was henceforth an impossibility. Amid the general wreck of things, all Government threatening now to be impossible, the Reminiscence of Royalty rose again, "Let us take refuge in the Past, the Future is not possible!"—and Major-General Monk crossed the Tweed at Coldstream, with results which are well known.

Results which we will not quarrel with, very mournful as they have been! If it please Heaven, these Two-hundred Years of universal Cant in Speech, with so much of Cotton-

[47] Kennet, iii. 214; Clarendon, iii. 914.

spinning, Coal-boring, Commercing, and other valuable Sincerity of Work, going-on the while, shall not be quite lost to us! Our Cant will vanish, our whole baleful cunningly-compacted Universe of Cant, as does a heavy Nightmare Dream. We shall awaken; and find ourselves in a world greatly *widened*. —Why Puritanism could not continue? My friend, Puritanism was *not* the Complete Theory of this immense Universe; no, only a part thereof! To me it seems, in my hours of hope, as if the Destinies meant something grander with England than even Oliver Protector did! We will not quarrel with the Destinies; we will work as we can towards fulfilment of them.

But in these same June days of the year 1658, while Hewit and Slingsby lay down their heads on Tower Hill, and the English Hydra finds that its Master is still here, there arrive the news of Dunkirk alluded-to above: Dunkirk gloriously taken, Spaniards gloriously beaten: victories and successes abroad; which are a new illumination to the Lord Protector in the eyes of England. Splendid Nephews of the Cardinal, Manzinis, Ducs de Crequi, come across the Channel to congratulate 'the most invincible of Sovereigns;' young Louis Fourteenth himself would have come, had not the attack of small-pox prevented.[48] With whom the elegant Lord Fauconberg and others busy themselves: their pageantry and gilt coaches, much gazed-at by the idler multitudes, need not detain us here.

The Lord Protector, his Parliament having been dismissed with such brevity, is somewhat embarrassed in his finances. But otherwise his affairs stand well; visibly in an improved condition. Once more he has saved Puritan England; once more approved himself invincible abroad and at home. He looks with confidence towards summoning a new Parliament, of juster disposition towards Puritan England and him.[49] With a Parliament, or if extremity of need arrive, without a Parliament and in spite of Parliaments, the Puritan Gospel Cause, sanctioned by a Higher than Parliaments, shall not sink while life remains in this Man. Not till Oliver Cromwell's head lie low, shall English Puritanism bend its head to any created thing. Erect, with its foot on the neck of Hydra Babylon, with

[48] Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, pp. 172-3; 15th-21st June 1658).
[49] Thurloe, vii. 84, 99, 128, &c. (April, May 1658).

its open Bible and drawn Sword, shall Puritanism stand, and with pious all-defiance victoriously front the world. That was Oliver Cromwell's appointed function in this piece of Sublunary Space, in this section of swift-flowing Time; that noble, perilous, painful function: and he has manfully done it,—and is now near ending it, and getting honourably relieved from it.

LETTER CCXXV.

THE poor Protestants of Piedmont, it appears, are again in a state of grievance, in a state of peril. The Lord Protector, in the thickest press of domestic anarchies, finds time to think of these poor people and their case. Here is a Letter to Ambassador Lockhart, who is now at Dunkirk Siege, in the French King and Cardinal's neighbourhood: a generous pious Letter; dictated to Thurloe, partly perhaps of Thurloe's composition, but altogether of Oliver's mind and sense;—fit enough, since it so chances, to conclude our Series here.

Among the Lockhart Letters in *Thurloe*, which are full of Dunkirk in these weeks, I can find no trace of this new Piedmont business: but in Milton's Latin State-Letters, among the *Literæ Oliverii Protectoris*, there are Three, to the French King, to the Swiss Cantons, to the Cardinal, which all treat of it. The first of which, were it only as a sample of the Milton-Oliver Diplomacies, we will here copy, and translate that all may read it. An emphatic State-Letter; which Oliver Cromwell meant, and John Milton thought and wrote into words; not unworthy to be read. It goes by the same Express as the Letter to Lockhart himself; and is very specially referred to there:

"*Serenissimo potentissimoque Principi, Ludovico Galliarum Regi.*

"SERENISSIME POTENTISSIMEQUE REX, AMICE AC FŒDERATE AUGUSTISSIME,

"*Meminisse potest Majestas Vestra, quo tempore* "*inter nos de renovando Fœdere agebatur* (*quod optimis auspi-* "*ciis initum multa utriusque Populi commoda, multa Hostium* "*communium exinde mala testantur*), *accidisse miseram illam*

" *Convallensium Occisionem; quorum causam undique desertam*
" *atque afflictam Vestræ misericordiæ atque tutelæ, summo cum*
" *ardore animi ac miseratione, commendavimus. Nec defuisse*
" *per se arbitramur Majestatem Vestram officio tam pio, immo*
" *verò tam humano, pro eâ quâ apud Ducem Sabaudiæ valere*
" *debuit vel auctoritate vel gratiâ: Nos certè aliique multi Prin-*
" *cipes ac Civitates, legationibus, literis, precibus interpositis,*
" *non defuimus.*

" *Post cruentissimam utriusque sexûs omnis ætatis Truci-*
" *dationem, Pax tandem data est; vel potiùs inductæ Pacis*
" *nomine hostilitas quædam tectior. Conditiones Pacis vestro*
" *in oppido Pinarolii sunt latæ: duræ quidem illæ, sed quibus*
" *miseri atque inopes, dira omnia atque immania perpessi, facile*
" *acquiescerent, modò iis, duræ et iniquæ ut sint, staretur. Non*
" *statur; sed enim earum quoque singularum falsâ interpreta-*
" *tione variisque diverticulis, fides eluditur ac violatur. Antiquis*
" *sedibus multi dejiciuntur, Religio Patria multis interdicitur;*
" *Tributa nova exiguntur; Arx nova cervicibus imponitur,*
" *unde milites crebrò erumpentes obvios quosque vel diripiunt*
" *vel trucidant. Ad hæc nuper novæ copiæ clanculum contra*
" *eos parantur; quique inter eos Romanam Religionem colunt,*
" *migrare ad tempus jubentur: ut omnia nunc rursùs videantur*
" *ad illorum internecionem miserorum spectare, quos illa prior*
" *laniena reliquos fecit.*

" *Quod ergò per dextram tuam, Rex Christianissime, quæ*
" *Fœdus nobiscum et amicitiam percussit, obsecro atque obtestor,*
" *per illud Christianissimi tituli decus sanctissimum, fieri ne*
" *siveris: nec tantam sæviendi licentiam, non dico Principi*
" *cuiquam (neque enim in ullum Principem, multò minus in*
" *ætatem illius Principis teneram, aut in muliebrem Matris ani-*
" *mum, tanta sævitia cadere potest), sed sacerrimis illis Sicariis,*
" *ne permiseris. Qui cum Christi Servatoris nostri servos atque*
" *imitatores sese profiteantur, qui venit in hunc mundum ut pec-*
" *catores servaret, Ejus mitissimi Nomine atque Institutis ad*
" *innocentium crudelissimas cædes abutuntur. Eripe qui potes,*
" *quique in tanto fastigio dignus es posse, tot supplices tuos*
" *homicidarum ex manibus, qui cruore nuper ebrii sanguinem*
" *rursùs sitiunt, sucque invidiam crudelitatis in Principes de-*
" *rivare consultissimum sibi ducunt. Tu verò nec Titulos tuos*
" *aut Regni fines istâ invidiâ, nec Evangelium Christi pacatis-*
" *simum istâ crudelitate fœdari, te regnante patiaris. Memineris*

" *hos ipsos Avi tui Henrici Protestantibus amicissimi Dedititios*
" *fuisse; cùm Diguierius per ea Loca, quà etiam commodissi-*
" *mus in Italiam transitus est, Sabaudum trans Alpes cedentem*
" *victor est insecutus. Deditionis illius Instrumentum in Actis*
" *Regni vestri Publicis etiamnum extat: in quo exceptum atque*
" *cautum inter alia est, ne cui posteà Convallenses traderentur,*
" *nisi iisdem conditionibus quibus eos Avus tuus invictissimus*
" *in fidem recepit. Hanc fidem nunc implorant, avitam abs te*
" *Nepote supplices requirunt. Tui esse quàm cujus nunc sunt,*
" *vel permutatione aliquâ si fieri possit, malint atque optârint:*
" *id si non licet, patrocinio saltem, miseratione atque perfugio.*

" *Sunt et rationes regni quæ hortari possint ut Convallenses*
" *ad te confugientes ne rejicias: sed nolim te, Rex tantus cum*
" *sis, aliis rationibus ad defensionem calamitosorum quàm fide*
" *à Majoribus datâ, pietate, regiâque animi benignitate ac mag-*
" *nitudine permoveri. Ita pulcherrimi facti laus atque gloria*
" *illibata atque integra tua erit, et ipse Patrem Misericordiæ*
" *ejusque Filium Christum Regem, cujus Nomen atque Doc-*
" *trinam ab immanitate nefariâ vindicaveris, eò magis faventem*
" *tibi et propitium per omnem vitam experieris.*

" *Deus Opt. Max. ad gloriam suam, tot innocentissimorum*
" *hominum Christianorum tutandam salutem, Vestrumque ve-*
" *rum decus, Majestati Vestræ hanc mentem injiciat. 'Majes-*
" *tatis Vestræ Studiosissimus*

" 'OLIVERIUS PROTECTOR REIP. ANGLIÆ,' &c.

" *Westmonasterio, Maii '26° die,' anno* 1658."[50]

Of which here is a Version the most literal we can make:

" *To the most serene and potent Prince, Louis, King of France.*

" MOST SERENE AND POTENT KING, MOST CLOSE FRIEND AND ALLY,

" Your Majesty may recollect that during the ne-
" gotiation between us for the renewing of our League[51] (which
" many advantages to both Nations, and much damage to their
" common Enemies, resulting therefrom, now testify to have been
' very wisely done),—there fell out that miserable Slaughter of
' the People of the Valleys; whose cause, on all sides deserted

[50] *The Prose Works of John Milton* (London, 1833), p. 815.
[51] June 1655: antea, vol. iv. p. 118.

" and trodden down, we, with the utmost earnestness and pity, " recommended to your mercy and protection. Nor do we " think your Majesty, for your own part, has been wanting in " an office so pious and indeed so human, in so far as either " by authority or favour you might have influence with the " Duke of Savoy: we certainly, and many other Princes and " States, by embassies, by letters, by entreaties directed thither, " have not been wanting.

" After that most sanguinary Massacre, which spared no " age nor either sex, there was at last a Peace given; or rather, " under the specious name of Peace, a certain more disguised " hostility. The terms of the Peace were settled in your Town " of Pignerol: hard terms; but such as those poor People, in- " digent and wretched, after suffering all manner of cruelties " and atrocities, might gladly acquiesce in; if only, hard and " unjust as the bargain is, it were adhered to. It is not ad- " hered to: those terms are broken; the purport of every one " of them is, by false interpretation and various subterfuges, " eluded and violated. Many of these People *are* ejected from " their old Habitations; their Native Religion is prohibited to " many: new Taxes are exacted; a new Fortress has been " built over them, out of which soldiers frequently sallying " plunder or kill whomsoever they meet. Moreover, new Forces " have of late been privily got ready against them; and such " as follow the Romish Religion are directed to withdraw from " among them within a limited time: so that everything seems " now again to point towards the extermination of all among " those unhappy People, whom the former Massacre had left.

" Which now, O Most Christian King, I beseech and obtest " thee, by thy right-hand which pledged a League and Friend- " ship with us, by the sacred honour of that Title of Most " Christian,—permit not to be done: nor let such license of " savagery, I do not say to any Prince (for indeed no cruelty " like this could come into the mind of any Prince, much less " into the tender years of that young Prince, or into the woman's " heart of his Mother), but to those most accursed Assassins, " be given. Who while they profess themselves the servants " and imitators of Christ our Saviour, who came into this world " that He might save sinners, abuse His most merciful Name " and Commandments to the cruelest slaughterings. Snatch, " thou who art able, and who in such an elevation art worthy

" to be able, those poor Suppliants of thine from the hands of " Murderers, who, lately drunk with blood, are again athirst " for it, and think convenient to turn the discredit of their own " cruelty upon their Prince's score. Suffer not either thy Titles " and the Environs of thy Kingdom to be soiled with that dis- " credit, or the peaceable Gospel of Christ by that cruelty, in " thy Reign. Remember that these very People became sub- " jects of thy Ancestor, Henry, most friendly to Protestants; " when Lesdiguières victoriously pursued him of Savoy across " the Alps, through those same Valleys,[52] where indeed the " most commodious pass to Italy is. The Instrument of that " their Paction and Surrender is yet extant in the Public Acts of " your Kingdom: in which this among other things is specified " and provided against, That these People of the Valleys should " not thereafter be delivered over to any one except on the " same conditions under which thy invincible Ancestor had re- " ceived them into fealty. This promised protection they now " implore; promise of thy Ancestor they now, from thee the " Grandson, suppliantly demand. To be thine rather than his " whose they now are, if by any means of exchange it could be " done, they would wish and prefer: if that may not be, thine " at least by succour, by commiseration and deliverance.

" There are likewise reasons of state which might give in- " ducement not to reject these People of the Valleys flying for " shelter to thee: but I would not have thee, so great a King " as thou art, be moved to the defence of the unfortunate by " other reasons than the promise of thy Ancestors, and thy " own piety and royal benignity and greatness of mind. So " shall the praise and fame of this most worthy action be un- " mixed and clear; and thyself shalt find the Father of Mercy, " and His Son Christ the King, whose Name and Doctrine " thou shalt have vindicated, the more favourable to thee, and " propitious through the course of life.

" May the Almighty, for His own glory, for the safety of " so many most innocent Christian men, and for your true " honour, dispose Your Majesty to this determination. Your " Majesty's most friendly

" OLIVER PROTECTOR OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF ENGLAND.

" Westminster, 26th May 1658."

[52] In 1592: Hénault, *Abrégé Chronologique* (Paris, 1774), ii. 597.

'To Sir William Lockhart, our Ambassador at the French Court: These.'

SIR, 'Whitehall,' 26th May 1658.

The continual troubles and vexations of the poor People of Piedmont professing the Reformed Religion,—and that after so many serious instances of yours in the Court of France in their behalf, and after such hearty recommendations of their most deplorable condition to his Majesty in our name, who also has been pleased upon all such occasions to profess very deep resentments of their miseries, and to give us no small hopes of interposing his power and interest with the Duke of Savoy for the accommodating of those affairs, and for the restoring those poor distressed creatures to their ancient privileges and habitations,—are matter of so much grief to us, and lie so near our heart, that, notwithstanding we are abundantly satisfied with those many signal marks you have always hitherto given of your truly Christian zeal and tenderness on their regard, yet the present conjuncture of their affairs, and the misery that is daily added to their affliction begetting in us fresh arguments of pity towards them, not only as men, but as the poor distressed Members of Christ,—do really move us at present to recommend their sad condition to your special care. Desiring you to redouble your instances with the King, in such pathetic and affectionate expressions as may be in some measure suitable to the greatness of their present sufferings and grievances. Which, the truth is, are almost inexpressible. For so restless and implacable is the malice and fury of their Popish Adversaries, that,—as though they esteemed it but a light matter to have formerly shed the innocent blood of so many hundreds of souls, to have burned their houses, to have rased their churches, to have plundered their goods, and to have driven out the Inhabit-

ants beyond the River Pelice, out of those their ancient Possessions which they had quietly enjoyed for so many ages and generations together,—they are now resolved to fill their cup of affliction up to the brim, and to heat the furnace yet seven times hotter than before. Amongst other things:

First,—They forcibly prohibit all manner of Public Exercises[53] at San Giovanni, which, notwithstanding, the Inhabitants have enjoyed time out of mind: and in case they yield not ready obedience to such most unrighteous orders, they are immediately summoned before their Courts of Justice, and there proceeded against in a most severe and rigorous manner, and some threatened to be wholly destroyed and exterminated.

2. And forasmuch as, in the said Valleys, there are not found among the Natives men fitly qualified and of abilities for Ministerial Functions to supply so much as one half of their Churches, and upon this account they are necessitated to entertain some out of France and Geneva, which are the Duke of Savoy's friends and allies,—their Popish Enemies take hold of this advantage; and make use of this stratagem, namely, to banish and drive out the shepherds of the flocks, that so the wolves may the better come in and devour the sheep.

3. To this we add, their strict prohibition of all Physicians and Chirurgeons of the Reformed Religion to inhabit in the Valleys. And thus they attempt not only to starve their souls for want of spiritual food and nourishment, but to destroy their bodies likewise for want of those outward conveniences and helps which God hath allowed to all mankind.

4. And as a supplement to the former grievances, those of the Reformed Religion are prohibited all manner of Com-

[53] Means 'Public Worship.'

merce and Trade with their Popish neighbours; that so they may not be able to subsist and maintain their families: and if they offend herein in the least, they are immediately apprehended as rebels.

5. Moreover, to give the world a clear testimony what their main design in all these oppressions is, they have issued out Orders whereby to force the poor Protestants To sell their Lands and Houses to their Popish neighbours: whereas the Papists are prohibited upon pain of excommunication to sell any immovable to the Protestants.

6. Besides, the Court of Savoy have rebuilt the Fort of La Torre; contrary to the formal and express promise made by them to the Ambassadors of the Evangelical Cantons. Where they have also placed Commanders, who commit the Lord knows how many excesses and outrages in all the neighbouring parts; without being ever called to question, or compelled to make restitution for the same. If by chance any murder be committed in the Valleys (as is too-too often practised) whereof the authors are not discovered, the poor Protestants are immediately accused as guilty thereof, to render them odious to their neighbours.

7. There are sent lately into the said Valleys several Troops of Horse and Companies of Foot; which hath caused the poor People, out of fear of a massacre, with great expense and difficulty to send their wives and little ones, with all that were feeble and sick amongst them, into the Valley of Perosa, under the King of France his Dominions.

These are, in short, the grievances, and this is the present state and condition of those poor People even at this very day. Whereof you are to use your utmost endeavours to make his Majesty thoroughly sensible; and to persuade him to give speedy and effectual orders 'to' his Ambassador who resides in the Duke's Court, To act vigorously in

their behalf. Our Letter,[54] which you shall present his Majesty for this end and purpose, contains several reasons in it which we hope will move his heart to the performance of this charitable and merciful work. And we desire you to second and animate the same with your most earnest solicitations; representing unto him how much his own interest and honour is concerned in the making good that Accord of Henry the Fourth, his royal predecessor, with the Ambassadors of those very People, in the year 1592, by the Constable of Lesdiguières; which Accord is registered in the Parliament of Dauphiné; and whereof you have an authentic Copy in your own hands. Whereby the Kings of France oblige themselves and their Successors To maintain and preserve their ancient privileges and concessions.—Besides that the gaining to himself the hearts of that People, by so gracious and remarkable a protection and deliverance, might be of no little use another day, in relation to Pignerol and the other adjacent places under his Dominions.

One of the most effectual remedies, which we conceive the fittest to be applied at present is, That the King of France would be pleased to make an Exchange with the Duke of Savoy for those Valleys; resigning over to him some other part of his Dominions in lieu thereof,—as, in the reign of Henry the Fourth, the Marquisate of Saluces was exchanged with the Duke for La Bresse.[55] Which certainly could not but be of great advantage to his Majesty, as well for the safety of Pignerol, as for the opening of a Passage for his Forces into Italy,—which 'Passage,' if under the dominion, and in the hands of so powerful a Prince, joined with the natural strength of these places by reason of their situation, must needs be rendered impregnable.

[54] Milton's, given above.

[55] In 1601 (Hénault, ii. 612).

By what we have already said, you see our intentions; and therefore we leave all other particulars to your special care and conduct; and rest, 'your friend,' OLIVER P.*

Lockhart, both General and Ambassador in these months, is, as we hinted, infinitely busy with his share in the Siege of Dunkirk, now just in its agony; and before this Letter can well arrive, has done his famous feat of Fighting, which brings Turenne and him their victory, among the sandhills there.[56] Much to the joy of Cardinal and King; who will not readily refuse him in any reasonable point at present. There came no new Massacre upon the poor People of the Valleys; their grievances were again 'settled,' scared away for a season, by negotiation.

DEATH OF THE PROTECTOR.

THERE remain no more *Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell* for us; the above is the last of them of either kind. As a Speaker to men, he takes his leave of the world, in these final words addressed to his Second Parliament, on the 4th of February 1657-8: "God be judge between you and me!"—So was it appointed by the Destinies and the Oblivions; these were his last public words.

Other Speeches, in that crisis of Oliver's affairs, we have already heard of; 'Speech of two hours' to his Officers in Whitehall; Speech to the Lord Mayor and Common Council, in the same place, on the same subject: but they have not been reported, or the report of them has not come down to us. There were domestic Letters also, as we still find, written in those same tumultuous weeks; Letters to the Earl of Warwick, on occasion of the death of his Grandson, the Protector's Son-in-law. For poor young Mr. Rich, whom we saw wedded in November last, is dead.[1] He died on the twelfth day after that Dissolution of the Parliament; while Oliver and the Common-

* Ayscough MSS., no. 4107, f. 89.
[56] Thursday, 3d June 1658 (Thurloe, vii. 155-6).
[1] 16th Feb. 1657-8 (Newspapers in *Cromwelliana*, p. 170).

wealth are wrestling against boundless Anarchies, Oliver's own Household has its visitations and dark days. Poor little Frances Cromwell, in the fourth month of her marriage, still only about seventeen, she finds herself suddenly a widow; and Hampton Court has become a house of mourning. Young Rich was much lamented. Oliver condoled with the Grandfather 'in seasonable and sympathising Letters;' for which the brave old Earl rallies himself to make some gratefulest Reply;[2]—"Cannot "enough confess my obligation, much less discharge it, for "your seasonable and sympathising Letters; which, besides "the value they derive from so worthy a hand, express such "faithful affections, and administer such Christian advices as "renders them beyond measure dear to me." Blessings, and noble eulogies, the outpouring of a brave old heart, conclude this Letter of Warwick's. He himself died shortly after;[3] a new grief to the Protector.—The Protector was delivering the Commonwealth from Hydras and fighting a world-wide battle, while he wrote those Letters on the death of young Rich. If by chance they still lie hidden in the archives of some kinsman of the Warwicks, they may yet be disimprisoned and made audible. Most probably they too are lost. And so we have now nothing more;—and Oliver has nothing more. His Speakings, and also his Actings, all his manifold Strugglings, more or less victorious, to utter the great God's-Message that was in him,—have here what we call ended. This Summer of 1658, likewise victorious after struggle, is his last in our World of Time. Thenceforth he enters the Eternities; and rests upon his arms *there*.

Oliver's look was yet strong; and young for his years,[4] which were Fifty-nine last April. The 'Three-score and ten years,' the Psalmist's limit, which probably was often in Oliver's thoughts and in those of others there, might have been anticipated for him: Ten Years more of Life;—which, we may compute, would have given another History to all the Centuries of England. But it was not to be so, it was to be otherwise. Oliver's health, as we might observe, was but uncertain in late times; often 'indisposed' the spring before last. His course of

[2] Earl of Warwick to the Lord Protector, date 11th March 1657-8; printed in *Godwin*, iv. 528.

[3] 19th April 1658 (Thurloe, vii. 85).

[4] Heath.

life had not been favourable to health! "A burden too heavy for man!" as he himself, with a sigh, would sometimes say. Incessant toil; inconceivable labour, of head and heart and hand; toil, peril, and sorrow manifold, continued for near Twenty years now, had done their part: those robust life-energies, it afterwards appeared,[5] had been gradually eaten out. Like a Tower strong to the eye, but with its foundations undermined; which has not long to stand; the fall of which, on any shock, may be sudden.—

The Manzinis and Ducs de Crequi, with their splendours, and congratulations about Dunkirk, interesting to the street-populations and general public, had not yet withdrawn, when at Hampton Court there had begun a private scene, of much deeper and quite opposite interest there. The Lady Claypole, Oliver's favourite Daughter, a favourite of all the world, had fallen sick we know not when; lay sick now,—to death, as it proved. Her disease was of internal female nature; the painfulest and most harassing to mind and sense, it is understood, that falls to the lot of a human creature. Hampton Court we can fancy once more, in those July days, a house of sorrow; pale Death knocking there, as at the door of the meanest hut. 'She had great sufferings, great exercises of spirit.' Yes:—and in the depths of the old Centuries, we see a pale anxious Mother, anxious Husband, anxious weeping Sisters, a poor young Frances weeping anew in her weeds. 'For the last fourteen days' his Highness has been by her bedside at Hampton Court, unable to attend to any public business whatever.[6] Be still, my Child; trust thou yet in God: in the waves of the Dark River, there too is He a God of help!—On the 6th day of August she lay dead; at rest forever. My young, my beautiful, my brave! She is taken from me; I am left bereaved of her. The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the Name of the Lord!—

'His Highness,' says Harvey,[7] 'being at Hampton Court, 'sickened a little before the Lady Elizabeth died. Her decease 'was on Friday 6th August 1658; she having lain long under

[5] Doctor Bates, on examination *post mortem*.

[6] Thurloe, vii. 295 (27th July 1658).

[7] A Collection of several Passages concerning his late Highness Oliver Cromwell, in the Time of his Sickness; wherein is related many of his Expressions upon his Deathbed, together with his Prayer within two or three Days before his Death. Written by one that was then Groom of his Bedchamber. (King's Pamphlets, sm. 4to, no. 792, art. 22: London, 9th June 1659.)

'great extremity of bodily pain, which, with frequent and vio-
'lent convulsion-fits, brought her to her end. But as to his
'Highness, it was observed that his sense of her outward misery,
'in the pains she endured, took deep impression upon him; who
'indeed was ever a most indulgent and tender Father;—his
'affections' too 'being regulated and bounded by such Chris-
'tian wisdom and prudence, as did eminently shine in filling-
'up not only that relation of a Father, but also all other rela-
'tions; wherein he was a most rare and singular example.
'And no doubt but the sympathy of his spirit with his sorely
'afflicted and dying Daughter' did break him down at this time;
'considering also,'—innumerable other considerations of suffer-
ings and toils, 'which made me often wonder he was able to
'hold-up so long; except' indeed 'that he was borne up by a
'Supernatural Power at a more than ordinary rate. As a mercy
'to the truly Christian World, and to us of these Nations, had
'we been worthy of him!'—

The same authority, who unhappily is not chronological, adds elsewhere this little picture, which we must take with us: 'At Hampton Court, a few days after the death of the Lady 'Elizabeth, which touched him nearly,—being then himself 'under bodily distempers, forerunners of that Sickness which 'was to death, and in his bedchamber,—he called for his Bible, 'and desired an honourable and godly person there, with others, 'present, To read unto him that passage in *Philippians* Fourth: '"*Not that I speak in respect of want; for I have learned in* 'whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content. I know both 'how to be abased, and I know how to abound. Everywhere, and 'by all things, I am instructed; both to be full and to be hungry, 'both to abound and to suffer need. I can do all things, through 'Christ which strengtheneth me."[8] Which read,—said he, to 'use his own words as near as I can remember them: "This 'Scripture did once save my life; when my eldest Son"' poor Robert[9] '" died; which went as a dagger to my heart, indeed 'it did." And then repeating the words of the text himself, 'and reading the tenth and eleventh verses, of Paul's contenta-
'tion, and submission to the will of God in all conditions,—
'said he: "It's true, Paul, *you* have learned this, and attained

[8] Philippians, iv. 11, 12, 13.

[9] A blank in the Pamphlet here: not 'Oliver' as hitherto supposed (see vol. i. p 166), but 'Robert' (ibid. p. 41): see vol. i. pp. 109, 166.

'to this measure of grace: but what shall *I* do? Ah poor 'creature, it is a hard lesson for me to take out! I find it so!" 'But reading on to the thirteenth verse, where Paul saith, "*I* '*can do all things through Christ that strengtheneth me*,"—then 'faith began to work, and his heart to find support and comfort, 'and he said thus to himself, "He that was Paul's Christ is my 'Christ too!" And so drew waters out of the well of Salvation.'

In the same dark days, occurred George Fox's third and last interview with Oliver. Their first interview we have seen. The second, which had fallen out some two years ago, did not prosper quite so well. George, riding into Town 'one evening,' with some 'Edward Pyot' or other broadbrimmed man, espied the Protector 'at Hyde Park Corner among his Guards,' and made up to his carriage-window, in spite of opposition; and was altogether cordially welcomed there. But on the following day, at Whitehall, the Protector 'spake lightly;' he sat down loosely 'on a table,' and 'spake light things to me,'—in fact, rather quizzed me; finding my enormous sacred Self-confidence none of the least of my attainments![10] Such had been our second interview; here now is the third and last.—George dates nothing; and his facts everywhere lie round him like the leather-parings of his old shop: but we judge it may have been about the time when the Manzinis and Ducs de Crequi were parading in their gilt coaches, That George and two Friends 'going out of Town,' on a summer day, 'two of Hacker's men' had met them,—taken them, brought them to the Mews. 'Prisoners there a while:'—but the Lord's power was over Hacker's men; they had to let us go. Whereupon:

'The same day, taking boat I went down' (*up*) 'to Kings-'ton, and from thence to Hampton Court, to speak with the 'Protector about the Sufferings of Friends. I met him riding 'into Hampton-Court Park; and before I came to him, as he 'rode at the head of his Lifeguard, I saw and felt a waft' (*whiff*) 'of death go forth against him.'——Or in favour of him, George? His life, if thou knew it, has not been a merry thing for this man, now or heretofore! I fancy he has been looking, this long while, to give it up, whenever the Commander-in-Chief required. To quit his laborious sentry-post; honourably lay-up his arms, and be gone to his rest:—all Eternity to rest in, O George! Was thy own life merry, for example, in the

[10] *Fox's Journal*, i. 381-2.

hollow of the tree; clad permanently in leather? And does kingly purple, and governing refractory worlds instead of stitching coarse shoes, make it merrier? The waft of death is not against *him*, I think,—perhaps against thee, and me, and others, O George, when the Nell-Gwynn Defender and Two Centuries of all-victorious Cant have come in upon us! My unfortunate George——'a waft of death go forth against him; and when 'I came to him, he looked like a dead man. After I had laid 'the Sufferings of Friends before him, and had warned him 'according as I was moved to speak to him, he bade me come 'to his house. So I returned to Kingston; and, the next day, 'went up to Hampton Court to speak farther with him. But 'when I came, Harvey, who was one that waited on him, told 'me the Doctors were not willing that I should speak with him. 'So I passed away, and never saw him more.'[11]

Friday the 20th of August 1658, this was probably the day on which George Fox saw Oliver riding into Hampton Park with his Guards, for the last time. That Friday, as we find, his Highness seemed much better: but on the morrow a sad change had taken place; feverish symptoms, for which the Doctors rigorously prescribed quiet. Saturday to Tuesday the symptoms continued ever worsening: a kind of tertian ague, 'bastard tertian' as the old Doctors name it; for which it was ordered that his Highness should return to Whitehall, as to a more favourable air in that complaint. On Tuesday accordingly he quitted Hampton Court;—never to see it more.

'His time was come,' says Harvey; 'and neither prayers 'nor tears could prevail with God to lengthen out his life and 'continue him longer to us. Prayers abundantly and incessantly poured out on his behalf, both publicly and privately, as 'was observed, in a more than ordinary way. Besides many 'a secret sigh,—secret and unheard by men, yet like the cry 'of Moses, more loud, and strongly laying hold on God, than 'many spoken supplications. All which,—the hearts of God's 'People being thus mightily stirred up,—did seem to beget confidence in some, and hopes in all; yea some thoughts in 'himself, that God would restore him.'

'Prayers public and private:' they are worth imagining to ourselves. Meetings of Preachers, Chaplains, and Godly Persons; 'Owen, Goodwin, Sterry, with a company of others, in

[11] *Fox's Journal*, pp. 485-6.

an adjoining room;' in Whitehall, and elsewhere over religious London and England, fervent outpourings of many a loyal heart. For there were hearts to whom the nobleness of this man was known; and his worth to the Puritan Cause was evident. Prayers,—strange enough to us; in a dialect fallen obsolete, forgotten now. Authentic wrestlings of ancient Human Souls,—who were alive then, with their affections, awe-struck pieties; with their Human Wishes, risen to be *transcendent*, hoping to prevail with the Inexorable. All swallowed now in the depths of dark Time; which is full of such, since the beginning!—Truly it is a great scene of World-History, this in old Whitehall: Oliver Cromwell drawing nigh to his end. The exit of Oliver Cromwell and of English Puritanism; a great Light, one of our few authentic Solar Luminaries, going down now amid the clouds of Death. Like the setting of a great victorious Summer Sun; its course now finished. '*So stirbt ein* '*Held*,' says Schiller, 'So dies a Hero! Sight worthy to be 'worshipped!'—He died, this Hero Oliver, in Resignation to God; as the Brave have all done. 'We could not be more 'desirous he should abide,' says the pious Harvey, 'than he 'was content and willing to be gone.' The struggle lasted, amid hope and fear, for ten days.—Some small miscellaneous traits, and confused gleanings of last-words; and then our poor History ends.

Oliver, we find, spoke much of 'the Covenants;' which indeed are the grand axis of all, in that Puritan Universe of his. Two Covenants; one of Works, with fearful Judgment for our shortcomings therein; one of Grace and unspeakable mercy;—gracious Engagements, 'Covenants,' which the Eternal God has vouchsafed to make with His feeble creature Man. Two; and by Christ's Death they have become One: there for Oliver is the divine solution of this our Mystery of Life.[12] "They "were Two," he was heard ejaculating: "Two, but put into "One before the Foundation of the World!" And again: "It "is holy and true, it is holy and true, it is holy and true!—"Who made it holy and true? The Mediator of the Cove-"nant!" And again: "The Covenant is but One. Faith in "the Covenant is my only support. And if I believe not, He

[12] Much intricate intense reasoning to this effect, on this subject, in Owen's Works, among others,

"abides faithful!" When his Children and Wife stood weeping round him, he said: "Love not this world. I say unto "you, it is not good that you should love this world!" No. "Children, live like Christians:—I leave you the Covenant to "feed upon!" Yea, my brave one; even so! The Covenant, and eternal Soul of Covenants, remains sure to all the faithful: deeper than the Foundations of this World; earlier than they, and more lasting than they!—

Look also at the following; dark hues and bright; immortal light-beams struggling amid the black vapours of Death. Look; and conceive a great sacred scene, the sacredest this world sees;—and think of it, do not speak of it, in these mean days which have no sacred word. "Is there none that says, Who "will deliver me from the peril?" moaned he once. Many hearts are praying, O wearied one! "Man can do nothing," rejoins he; "God can do what He will."—Another time, again thinking of the Covenant, "Is there none that will come and "praise God," whose mercies endure for ever!— —

Here also are ejaculations caught up at intervals, undated, in those final days: "Lord, Thou knowest, if I do desire to live, it is to show forth Thy praise and declare Thy works!"—Once he was heard saying, "It is a fearful thing to fall into the "hands of the Living God!"[13] 'This was spoken three times,' says Harvey; 'his repetitions usually being very weighty, and 'with great vehemency of spirit.' Thrice over he said this; looking into the Eternal Kingdoms: "A fearful thing to fall "into the hands of the Living God!"— —But again: "All "the promises of God are in *Him:* yes, and in Him Amen; "to the glory of God by us,—by *us* in Jesus Christ."— — "The Lord hath filled me with as much assurance of His par- "don, and His love, as my soul can hold."—"I think I am "the poorest wretch that lives: but I love God; or rather, am "beloved of God."—"I am a conqueror, and more than a con- "queror, through Christ that strengtheneth me!"[14]

So pass, in the sickroom, in the sickbed, these last heavy uncertain days. 'The Godly Persons had great assurances of a return to their Prayers:' transcendent Human Wishes find in their own echo a kind of answer! They gave his Highness also some assurance that his life would be lengthened. Hope was strong in many to the very end.

[13] Hebrews, x. 31. [14] From Harvey; scattered over his Pamphlet.

On Monday August 30th, there roared and howled all day a mighty storm of wind. Ludlow, coming up to town from Essex, could not start in the morning for wind; tried it in the afternoon; still could not get along, in his coach, for headwind; had to stop at Epping.[15] On the morrow, Fleetwood came to him in the Protector's name, to ask, What he wanted here?—Nothing of public concernment, only to see my Mother-in-law! answered the solid man. For indeed he did not know that Oliver was dying; that the glorious hour of Disenthralment, and immortal 'Liberty' to plunge over precipices with one's self and one's Cause was so nigh!—It came; and he took the precipices, like a strongboned resolute blind gin-horse rejoicing in the breakage of its halter, in a very gallant constitutional manner. Adieu, my solid friend; if I go to Vevay, I will read thy Monument there, perhaps not without emotion, after all!——

It was on this stormy Monday, while rocking winds, heard in the sickroom and everywhere, were piping aloud, that Thurloe and an Official person entered to inquire, Who, in case of the worst, was to be his Highness's Successor? The Successor is named in a sealed Paper already drawn-up, above a year ago, at Hampton Court; now lying in such and such a place. The Paper was sent for, searched for; it could never be found. Richard's is the name understood to have been written in that Paper: not a good name; but in fact one does not know. In ten years' time, had ten years more been granted, Richard might have become a fitter man; might have been cancelled, if palpably unfit. Or perhaps it was Fleetwood's name,—and the Paper, by certain parties, was stolen? None knows. On the Thursday night following, 'and not till then,' his Highness is understood to have formally named "Richard;"—or perhaps it might only be some heavy-laden "Yes, yes!" spoken, out of the thick death-slumbers, in answer to Thurloe's *question* "Richard?" The thing is a little uncertain.[16] It was, once more, a matter of much moment;—giving colour probably to all the subsequent Centuries of England, this answer!—

On or near the night of the same stormy Monday, 'two or three days before he died,' we are to place that Prayer his Highness was heard uttering; which, as taken down by his

[15] Ludlow, ii. 610-12.

[16] Authorities in Godwin, iv. 572-3. But see also *Thurloe*, vii. 375; Fauconberg's second Letter there.

attendants, exists in many old Notebooks. In the tumult of the winds, the dying Oliver was heard uttering this

PRAYER.

Lord, though I am a miserable and wretched creature, I am in Covenant with Thee through grace. And I may, I will, come to Thee, for Thy People. Thou hast made me, though very unworthy, a mean instrument to do them some good, and Thee service; and many of them have set too high a value upon me, though others wish and would be glad of my death; Lord, however Thou do dispose of me, continue and go on to do good for them. Give them consistency of judgment, one heart, and mutual love; and go on to deliver them, and with the work of reformation; and make the Name of Christ glorious in the world. Teach those who look too much on Thy instruments, to depend more upon Thyself. Pardon such as desire to trample upon the dust of a poor worm, for they are Thy People too. And pardon the folly of this short Prayer:—Even for Jesus Christ's sake. And give us a good night, if it be Thy pleasure. Amen.

'Some variation there is,' says Harvey, 'of this Prayer, as 'to the account divers give of it; and something is here 'omitted. But so much is certain, that these were his requests. 'Wherein his heart was so carried out for God and His People, '—yea indeed for some who had added no little sorrow to 'him,' the Anabaptist Republicans, and others,—'that at this 'time he seems to forget his own Family and nearest relations.' Which indeed is to be remarked.

Thursday night the Writer of our old Pamphlet was himself in attendance on his Highness; and has preserved a trait or two; with which let us hasten to conclude. Tomorrow is September Third, always kept as a Thanksgiving day, since the Victories of Dunbar and Worcester. The wearied one, 'that very night before the Lord took him to his everlasting rest,' was heard thus, with oppressed voice, speaking:

'"Truly God is good; indeed He is; He will not"——
'Then his speech failed him, but as I apprehended, it was, "He
'will not leave me." This saying, "God is good," he frequently
'used all along; and would speak it with much cheerfulness,
'and fervour of spirit, in the midst of his pains.—Again he
'said: "I would be willing to live to be farther serviceable to
'God and His People: but my work is done. Yet God will
'be with His People."

'He was very restless most part of the night, speaking
'often to himself. And there being something to drink offered
'him, he was desired To take the same, and endeavour to
'sleep.—Unto which he answered: "It is not my design to
'drink or sleep; but my design is, to make what haste I can
'to be gone."—

'Afterwards, towards morning, he used divers holy expres-
'sions, implying much inward consolation and peace; among
'the rest he spake some exceeding self-debasing words, *anni-*
'*hilating* and judging himself. And truly it was observed,
'that a public spirit to God's Cause did breathe in him,—as
'in his lifetime, so now to his very last.'

When the morrow's sun rose, Oliver was speechless; between three and four in the afternoon, he lay dead. Friday 3d September 1658. "The consternation and astonishment "of all people," writes Fauconberg,[17] "are inexpressible; their "hearts seem as if sunk within them. My poor Wife,—I "know not what on earth to do with her. When seemingly "quieted, she bursts out again into a passion that tears her "very heart in pieces."—Husht, poor weeping Mary! Here is a Life-battle right nobly done. Seest thou not,

'The storm is changed into a calm,
At His command and will;
So that the waves which raged before
Now quiet are and still!

Then are *they* glad,—because at rest
And quiet now they be:
So to the haven He them brings
Which they desired to see.'

'Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord;' blessed are the valiant that have lived in the Lord. 'Amen, saith the Spirit,'—Amen. 'They do rest from their labours, and their works follow them.'

17 To Henry Cromwell, 7th September 1658 (*Thurloe*, vii. 375).

'Their works follow them.' As, I think, this Oliver Cromwell's works have done and are still doing! We have had our 'Revolutions of Eighty-eight,' officially called 'glorious;' and other Revolutions not yet called glorious; and somewhat has been gained for poor Mankind. Men's ears are not now slit-off by rash Officiality; Officiality will, for long henceforth, be more cautious about men's ears. The tyrannous Star-chambers, branding-irons, chimerical Kings and Surplices at All-hallowtide, they are gone, or with immense velocity going. Oliver's works do follow him!—The works of a man, bury them under what guano-mountains and obscene owl-droppings you will, do not perish, cannot perish. What of Heroism, what of Eternal Light was in a Man and his Life, is with very great exactness added to the Eternities; remains forever a new divine portion of the Sum of Things; and no owl's voice, this way or that, in the least avails in the matter.—But we have to end here.

Oliver is gone; and with him England's Puritanism, laboriously built together by this man, and made a thing far-shining, miraculous to its own Century, and memorable to all the Centuries, soon goes. Puritanism, without its King, is *kingless*, anarchic; falls into dislocation, self-collision; staggers, plunges into ever deeper anarchy; King, Defender of the Puritan Faith there can now none be found;—and nothing is left but to recall the old disowned Defender with the remnants of his Four Surplices, and Two Centuries of *Hypocrisis* (or Play-acting *not* so-called), and put-up with all that, the best we may. The Genius of England no longer soars Sunward, world-defiant, like an Eagle through the storms, 'mewing her mighty youth,' as John Milton saw her do: the Genius of England, much liker a greedy Ostrich intent on provender and a whole skin mainly, stands with its *other* extremity Sunward; with its Ostrich-head stuck into the readiest bush, of old Church-tippets, King-cloaks, or what other 'sheltering Fallacy' there may be, and *so* awaits the issue. The issue has been slow; but it is now seen to have been inevitable. No Ostrich, intent on gross terrene provender, and sticking its head into Fallacies, but will be awakened one day,—in a terrible *à-posteriori* manner, if not otherwise!— —Awake before it come to that; gods and men bid us awake! The Voices of our Fathers, with thousand fold stern monition to one and all, bid us awake.

APPENDIX.

No. 1.

Letter to Downhall.

[Vol. i. p. 47.]

The stolen Letter of the Ashmole Museum has been found printed, and even reprinted. It is of the last degree of insignificance: a mere Note of Invitation to Downhall to stand 'Godfather unto my Child.' Man-child now ten days old,[1] who, as we may see, is christened 'on Thursday next' by the name of Richard,—and had strange ups and downs as a Man when it came to that!

To my approved good Friend Mr. Henry Downhall, at his Chambers in St. John's College, Cambridge: These.

Loving Sir, Huntingdon, 14th October 1626.

Make me so much your servant as to be[2] Godfather unto my Child. I would myself have come over to have made a formal invitation; but my occasions would not permit me: and therefore hold me in that excused. The day of your trouble is Thursday next. Let me entreat your company on Wednesday.

By this time it appears, I am more apt to encroach upon you for new favours than to show my thankfulness for the love I have already found. But I know your patience and your goodness cannot be exhausted by your friend and servant,

Oliver Cromwell.*

[1] Vol. i. p. 60.

[2] 'by being' in orig.

* Hearne's *Liber Niger Scaccarii* (London, 1771), i. 261 n.

Of this Downhall, sometimes written Down*hault*, and even Down*ett* and Down*tell*; who grounds his claim, such as it is, to human remembrance on the above small Note from Oliver,—a helpful hand has, with unsubduable research, discovered various particulars, which might amount almost to an outline of a history of Downhall, were such needed. He was of Northamptonshire, come of gentlefolks in that County. Admitted Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, 12th April 1614;—had known Oliver, and apparently been helpful and instructive to him, two years after that. More interesting still, he this same Downhall was Vicar of St. Ives when Oliver came thither in 1635; still Vicar when Oliver left it, though with far other tendencies than Oliver's now; and had, alas, to be 'ejected with his Curate, in 1642,' as an Anti-Puritan Malignant:[3]—Oliver's course and his having altogether parted now! Nay farther, the same Downhall, surviving the Restoration, became 'Archdeacon of Huntingdon' in 1667: fifty-one years ago he had lodged there as Oliver Cromwell's Guest and Gossip; and now he comes as Archdeacon,—with a very strange set of *Annals* written in his old head, poor Downhall! He died 'at Cottingham in Northamptonshire, his native region, in the winter-time of 1669;'—and so, with his Ashmole Letter, ends.[4]

No. 2.

At Ely.

[Vol. i. p. 82.]

There is at Ely a Charitable Foundation now above four centuries old; which in Oliver's time was named the *Ely Feoffees' Fund*, and is now known as *Parsons' Charity;* the old Records of which, though somewhat mutilated during those years, offer one or two faint but indubitable vestiges of Oliver, not to be neglected on the present occasion.

This *Charity* of ancient worthy Thomas *Parsons*, it appears, had, shortly before Oliver's arrival in Ely, been somewhat remodelled by a new Royal Charter: To be henceforth more specially devoted to the Poor of Ely; to be governed by Twelve Feoffees; namely, by Three Dignitaries of the Cathedral, and by Nine Townsmen of the better sort, who are permanent, and fill-up their own vacancies,[1]—of which latter class, Oliver Cromwell Esquire,

[3] Vol. i. p. 76.

[4] Cooper's *Annals of Cambridge*, iii. 187; and MS. communicated by Mr. Cooper, resting on the following formidable mass of documentary Authorities:

Cole MSS. (which is a Transcript of Baker's *History of St. John's College*), 166, 358; Rymer's *Fœdera*, xix. 261; Le Neve's *Fasti Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ*, p. 160; Kennet's *Register and Chronicle*, pp. 207, 251; Walker's *Sufferings*, ii. 129, 130; Wood's *Athenæ* (2d edition, passage wanting in both the 1st and 3d), ii. 1179.

[1] *Report of the Commissioners concerning Charities* (London, 1837): distinct account of it there, § Cambridgeshire, pp. 218-20.

most likely elected in his Uncle's stead, was straightway made one. The old Books, as we say, are specially defective in those years; 'have lost 40 or 50 leaves at the end of Book I., and 12 leaves at the beginning of Book II.,'—leaves cut out for the sake of Oliver's autograph, or as probably for other reasons. Detached Papers, however, still indicate that Oliver was one of the Feoffees, and a moderately diligent one, almost from his first residence there. Here, under date some six or seven months after his arrival, is a small Entry in certain loose Papers, labelled '*The Accompts of Mr. John Hand and Mr. Wm. Crauford, Collectors of the Revenewes belonging to the Towne of Ely*' (that is, to Parsons' Charity in Ely); and under this special head, '*The Disbursements of Mr. John Hand, from the — of August* 1636 *unto the — of —* 1641:

'Given to divers Poore People at y^e^ Work-house, in 'the presence of Mr. Archdeacon of Ely,[2] Mr. 'Oliver Cromwell, Mr. John Goodricke and others, '10th February 1636, as appeareth . . . } £16 14 0.'

And under this other head, '*The Disbursements of Mr. Crauford*,' which unluckily are not dated, and run vaguely from 1636 to 1641:

'Item to Jones, by Mr. Cromwell's consent . . £1 0 0.'

Twice or thrice elsewhere the name of Cromwell is mentioned, but not as indicating activity on his part, indicating merely Feoffeeship and passivity;[3]—except in the following instance, where there is still extant a small Letter of his. 'Mr. Hand,' as we have seen, is one of the 'Collectors,' himself likewise a Feoffee or Governor, the Governors (it would appear) taking that office in turn.

'*To Mr. Hand, at Ely: These.*'

MR. HAND, 'Ely,' 13th September 1638.

I doubt not but I shall be as good as my word for your Money. I desire you to deliver Forty Shillings of the Town Money to this Bearer, to pay for the physic for Benson's cure. If the Gentlemen will not allow it at the time of account, keep this Note, and I will pay it out of my own purse. So I rest, your loving friend, OLIVER CROMWELL.*

[2] One 'Wigmore;' the Dean was 'William Fuller;' the Bishop 'Matthew Wren,' very famous for his Popish Candles and other fripperies, who lay long in the Tower afterwards. These were the three Clerical Feoffees in Oliver's time.

[3] Excerpts of Documents obligingly communicated by the Dean of Ely,—now *penes* Mr. Cooper of Cambridge.

* *Memoirs of the Protector*, by Oliver Cromwell, a Descendant &c. (London, 1822), i. 351; where also (p. 350) is found, in a very indistinct state, the above-given Entry from *Hand's Accompts*, misdated '1641,' instead of 10th February 1636-7. The Letter to Hand 'has not been among the Feoffees' Papers for several years;' and is now (1846) none knows where.

Poor 'Benson' is an old invalid. Among Mr. Hand's Disbursements for the year 1636 is this:

'For phisicke and surgery for old Benson . £2 7 4.'

And among Crauford's, of we know not what year:

'To Benson at divers times . . . . £0 15 0.'

Let him have forty shillings more, poor old man; and if the Gentlemen won't allow it, Oliver Cromwell will pay it out of his own purse.

No. 3.

Cambridge: Corporation (1641); Whelocke (1643).

[Vol. i. pp. 102;—114, 123.]

Two vestiges of Oliver at Cambridge, in his parliamentary and in his military capacity, there still are.

1. The first, which relates to a once very public Affair, is his Letter (his and Lowry's) to the Cambridge Authorities, in May 1641; Letter accompanying the celebrated 'Protestation and Preamble' just sent forth by the House of Commons, with earnest invitation to all constituencies to adopt the same.

'*A Preamble, with the Protestation made by the whole House of Commons the 3d of May* 1641, *and assented unto by the Lords of the Upper House the 4th of May.*

'We, the Knights, Citizens and Burgesses of the Commons House, in 'Parliament, finding, to the grief of our hearts, That the designs of the 'Priests and Jesuits, and other Adherents to the See of Rome, have been of 'late more boldly and frequently put in practice than formerly, to the under-'mining, and danger of ruin, of the True Reformed Religion in his Ma-'jesty's Dominions established: And finding also that there hath been, and 'having cause to suspect there still are even during the sitting in Parlia-'ment, endeavours to subvert the Fundamental Laws of England and 'Ireland, and to introduce the exercise of an Arbitrary and Tyrannical 'Government, by most pernicious and wicked counsels, plots and con-'spiracies: And that the long intermission, and unhappier breach, of Par-'liaments hath occasioned many illegal Taxations, whereupon the Subjects 'have been prosecuted and grieved: And that divers Innovations and Super-'stitions have been brought into the Church; multitudes driven out of his 'Majesty's dominions; jealousies raised and fomented between the King 'and People; a Popish Army levied in Ireland,[1] and Two Armies brought

[1] By Strafford lately, against the Scots and their enterprises.

'into the bowels of this Kingdom, to the hazard of his Majesty's royal Person, the consumption of the revenue of the Crown, and the treasure of 'this Realm: And lastly, finding great causes of jealousy that endeavours[2] 'have been and are used to bring the English Army into misunderstanding 'of this Parliament, thereby to incline that Army by force to bring to pass 'those wicked counsels,—

'Have therefore thought good to join ourselves in a declaration of our 'united affections and resolutions; and to make this ensuing

'PROTESTATION.

'I, A. B., do in the Presence of Almighty God promise, vow and pro-'test, To maintain and defend as far as lawfully I may, with my life, power 'and estate, the True Reformed Protestant Religion, expressed in the Doc-'trine of the Church of England, against all Popery and Popish Innova-'tions, and according to the duty of my allegiance to his Majesty's royal 'Person, Honour and Estate: as also the Power and Privilege of Parlia-'ment, the Lawful Rights and Liberties of the Subjects; and every Person 'that maketh this Protestation in whatsoever he shall do in the lawful pur-'suance of the same. And to my power, as far as lawfully I may, I will 'oppose, and by good ways and means endeavour to bring to condign 'punishment all such as shall, by force, practice, counsel, plots, conspira-'cies or otherwise, do anything to the contrary in this present Protestation 'contained.

'And farther I shall, in all just and honourable ways, endeavour to 'preserve the union and peace betwixt the Three Kingdoms of England, 'Scotland and Ireland; and neither for hope, fear nor other respect, shall 'relinquish this Promise, Vow and Protestation.'[3]

This is on Monday 3d May 1641, while the Apprentices are bellowing in Palaceyard: Cromwell is one of those that take the Protestation this same Monday, present in the House while the redacting of it goes on. Long lists of Members take it,—not John Lowry, who I conclude must have been absent. On Wednesday 5th May, there is this Order:

'*Ordered*, That the Protestation made by the Members of this House, 'with the Preamble, shall be together printed;' Clerk to attest the copies; all Members to send them down to the respective Sheriffs, Justices, to the respective Cities, Boroughs, and 'intimate with what willingness the Mem-'bers made this Protestation; and that as they justify the taking of it in 'themselves, so they cannot but approve it in them that shall likewise 'take it.'

Strict *Order*, at the same time, That all Members 'now in Town and not sick shall appear here Tomorrow at Eight of Clock,' and take this Protestation: non-appearance to be 'accounted a contempt of this House,' and

[2] This is the important point, nearly shaded out of sight: 'finding the great causes of jealousy, endeavours have' &c. is the tremulous, indistinct and even ungrammatical phrase in the original.

[3] *Commons Journals*, ii. 132 (3d May 1641).

expose one to be expelled, or worse;—in spite of which John Lowry still does not sign, not till Friday morning, after even 'Philip Warwick' and 'Endymion Porter' have signed: whence I infer he was out of 'town or unwell.[4]—This Letter, which seems to be of Cromwell's writing, still stands on the Corporation Books of Cambridge; read in Common Council there on the 11th May; at which time, said Letter being read, the Town Authorities did one and all zealously accept the same, and signed the Protestation on the spot. The Letter is not dated; but as Lowry signed on Friday, and the Corporation meeting is on Tuesday the 11th, we may safely guess the Letter to have arrived on Monday, and to have been written on Saturday.

To the Right Worshipful the Mayor and Aldermen of Cambridge, with the rest of that Body: Present these.

GENTLEMEN, 'London, 8th' May 1641.

We heartily salute you; and herewith, according to the directions of the House of Commons in this present Parliament assembled, send unto you a Protestation;—the contents whereof will best appear in the thing itself. The Preamble therewith printed doth declare the weighty reasons inducing them, in their own persons, to begin 'making it.'

We shall only let you know that, with alacrity and willingness, the Members of that Body entered thereinto. It was in them a right honourable and necessary act; not unworthy your imitation. You shall hereby as the Body Represented avow the practice of the Representative. The conformity is in itself praiseworthy; and will be by them approved. The result may, through the Almighty's blessing, become stability and security to the whole Kingdom. Combination carries strength with it. It's dreadful to adversaries; especially when it's in order to the duty we owe to God, to the loyalty we owe to our King and Sovereign, and to the affection due to our Country and Liberties,—the main ends of this Protestation now herewith sent you.

We say no more: but commit you to the protection of Him who is able to save you; desiring your prayers for the good success of our present affairs and endeavours,—which indeed are not ours, but the Lord's and yours. Whom we desire to serve in integrity: and bidding you heartily Farewell, rest, your loving friends to be commanded,

OLIVER CROMWELL.
JOHN LOWRY.*

[4] *Commons Journals*, ii. 133, 5, 6, 7. Rushworth, iv. 241 et seqq.
* Cambridge Corporation Day-Book: in Cooper's *Annals of Cambridge*, iii. 311. Printed also, with errors, in O. Cromwell's *Memoirs of the Protector*, i. 406.

2. The second is a small antiquarian relic (date, Spring 1643); dim and of little worth in its detached form, but capable of lighting itself up, and the reader's fancy along with it, when set in the right combination.

'Mr. Abraham Whelocke,' whose name and works are still well enough known, was, later in that century, 'the celebrated Professor of Arabic at Oxford;' and is now, we perceive, in this Spring 1643, a Student at Cambridge; of meditative peripatetic habits; often walking into the country with a little Arabic Volume in his pocket:—apt to be fluttered at the Town Gates by these new military arrangements. In this difficulty he calls on Colonel Cromwell; and—But his little Volume itself is still extant, and tells its own story and his. A thin duodecimo, in white hogskin binding now grown very brown; size handy for the smallest coat-pocket:—and on the fly-leaf, in Oliver's hand, stands written (signed successively by three other Committee-men whom Whelocke would soon search out for the feat):

4th April 1643.

Suffer the Bearer hereof, Mr. Abraham Whelocke, to pass your guards so often as he shall have occasion, into and out of Cambridge, towards Little Shelford or any other place; and this shall be your warrant.

THO. COOKE. OLIVER CROMWELL.*
EDW. CLENCHE. JAMES THOMPSON.

No. 4.

EASTERN ASSOCIATION: THREATENED RISING OF PAPISTS IN NORFOLK.

[Vol. i. p. 112.]

TWO Committee-Letters, both of Oliver's writing; illustrations of his diligent procedure in the birth-time of the Eastern Association.

To our noble Friends, Sir John Hobart, Sir Thomas Richardson, Sir John Potts, Sir John Palgrave, 'Sir' John Spelman,

* Whelocke's Arabic Volume (a version into Arabic of one of Bellarmin's Books, by some Armenian Patriarch, for benefit of the Heathen, Rome, 1627,—with slight marks of Whelocke on the other fly-leaves): Volume now in the possession of Dr. Lee, Hartwell, Buckinghamshire, who has kindly given me sight of it.—Next year, under this Pass of Oliver's, lower half of the same fly-leaf, there is a Renewal of it, or Copy in almost precisely the same terms, written and signed by the Earl of Manchester (in ink now grown very pale, while Oliver's has changed to strong red-brown), of date '27th February 1643'-4, when his Lordship again for a time (see antea, vol. i. p. 160) had become chief Authority in Cambridge. (*Note of* 1857.)

Knights and Baronets, and the rest of the Deputy-Lieutenants for the County of Norfolk: Present these.

GENTLEMEN, 'Cambridge, 26th January 1642.'

The Parliament and the Lord General have taken into their care the peace and protection of these Eastern parts of the Kingdom; and to that end have sent down hither some part of their Forces,—as likewise a Commission, with certain Instructions to us and others directed; all which do highly concern the peace and safety of your County. Therefore we entreat that some of you would give us a meeting at Mildenhall[1] in Suffolk, on Tuesday the 31st of this instant January. And in the mean time that you would make all possible speed to have in a readiness, against any notice shall be given, a considerable force of Horse and Foot to join with us, to keep any Enemy's force from breaking-in upon your yet peaceable Country. For we have certain intelligence that some of Prince Rupert's forces are come as far as Wellingborough in Northamptonshire, and that the Papists in Norfolk are solicited to rise presently upon you.

Thus presenting all our neighbourly and loving respects, we rest, your respective friends to serve you,

MILES SANDYS.

TERRELL JOCELYN.	FRANC. RUSSELL.
WILLM. MARCHE.	OLIVER CROMWELL.
EDW. CLENCHE.	THOMAS SYMONS.
JAMES THOMPSON.	ROBERT CLERKE.*

To our worthy Friends, Sir John Hobart, Sir Thomas Richardson, Sir John Potts, Sir John Palgrave, Sir John Spelman, Knights and Baronets. Present these:

GENTLEMEN, Cambridge, 27th January 1642.

The grounds of your Jealousies are real. They concur with our intelligences from Windsor; the sum whereof we give unto you:

From a prisoner taken by Sir Samuel Luke (one Mr. Gandy, a Captain of Dragooners) this confession was drawn, That the Papists by direction from Oxford should rise in Norfolk. Whereupon it was desired from thence That Sir Henry

[1] 'Millnall' he writes. * Original in Tanner MSS. lxiv. 116.

Benningfield and Mr. Gandy, their persons should be seized, and that we should do our endeavour to make stay of the Person and Letter which contained this encouragement to them,—he being described by his horse and clothes. But we believe 'he' was past us before we had notice, for our Scouts could not light on him.

As for the other consideration of his Majesty's forces being invited into these parts, we have confirmation thereof from all hands;—and there is this reason to doubt it will be so, Because his Majesty is weary of Oxford; there being little in those parts left to sustain his Army,—and surely the fulness of these parts and fitness of them for Horse are too-too good arguments to invite him hither. Thus we agree in the grounds of our doubt and fear.

The next thought is of Remedy. And in this we account it our happiness to consult with you of common safety, to be had either by the Association you speak of, or by[2] any other consideration by communication of assistance, according to necessity. Wherein I hope you shall find all readiness and cheerfulness in us, to assist you to break any strength that shall be gathered; or to prevent it, if desired,—having timely notice given from you thereof. The way will be best settled, if you give us a meeting, according to our desire by a Letter particularly prepared[3] before we received yours, and now sent unto you for that purpose together with these.

This is all we can say for the present; but that we are, your friends and servants,

MILES SANDYS.

THOM. MARTYN. FRANC. RUSSELL. TERRELL JOCELYN.
OLIVER CROMWELL. THOS. SYMONS.
WILLM. MARCHE. ROBERT CLERKE.
EDW. CLENCHE. JAMES THOMPSON.

'P.S.' We sent to Sir William Spring to offer him our assistance for the apprehension of Sir H. Benningfield, &c. We have not yet received any answer.—We knew not how to address ourselves to you. It's our desire to assist you in that or any other public service.*

[2] Comes to the end of the sheet, and turns to the margin.
[3] Preceding Letter, seemingly, or rather Copy of it.
* Original, in Cromwell's own hand throughout, in Tanner MSS. lxiv. 129.

No. 5.

Gainsborough Fight.

[Vol. i. p. 137.]

Here are other details concerning Gainsborough Fight; Two Letters upon it that have successively turned up.

1. The first is a Letter two days earlier in date; evidently not written by Cromwell, though signed by him and two chief Lincolnshire Committeemen, as he passes through their City on his way to Huntingdon. Sir Edward Ayscough, or 'Ayscoghe' as he here signs himself,—probably a kinsman of Sir George the Sailor's, possibly the father of the 'Captain Ayscoghe' mentioned here,—he and John Broxholme, Esq., both of the Lincolnshire Committee,[1] are clearly the writers of the present Letter.

"*For the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Commons House of Parliament: These.*

"Lincoln, 29th July 1643 (Six o'clock at night).

"Noble Sir,—We, having solicited a conjunction of Forces towards "the raising of the Siege of Gainsborough, did appoint a general rendez-"vous at North Scarle to be upon Thursday the 27th of July. To the "which place, Sir John Meldrum with about Three-hundred Horse and "Dragoons, and Colonel Cromwell with about Six or Seven Troops of "Horse and about One-hundred Dragoons, came. With these they "marched towards Gainsborough; and meeting with a good party of the "Enemy about a mile from the Town, beat them back,—but not with any "commendations to our Dragoons. We advanced still towards the Enemy, "all along under the Cony-Warren, which is upon a high Hill above Gains-"borough. The Lincoln Troops had the van, two Northampton, and three "small Troops of Nottingham the battle, and Colonel Cromwell the rear; "the Enemy in the mean time with his body keeping the top of the Hill.

"Some of the Lincoln Troops began to advance up the Hill; which "were opposed by a force of the Enemy; but our men repelled them, until "all our whole body was got up the Hill. The Enemy kept his ground; "which he chose for his best advantage, with a body of Horse of about "Three Regiments of Horse, and a reserve behind them consisting of "General Cavendish his Regiment, which was a very full regiment. We "presently put our Horse in order; which we could hardly do by reason "of the cony-holes and the difficult ascent up the Hill; the Enemy being "within musket-shot of us, and advancing towards us before we could get "ourselves into any good order. But with those Troops we could get up, "we charged the greater body of the Enemy; came-up to the sword's point;

[1] Husband, ii. 171.

" and disputed it so a little with them, that our men pressing heavily upon " them, they could not bear it, but all their Body ran away, some on the " one side of their Reserve, others on the other. Divers of our Troops pur- " suing had the chase about six miles.

" General Cavendish with his Regiment standing firm all the while, and " facing some of our Troops that did not follow the chase,—Colonel Crom- " well, with his Major Whalley and one or two Troops more, were follow- " ing the chase, and were in the rear of that Regiment. When they saw " the body stand unbroken, 'they' endeavoured, with much ado, to get " into a body those three or four Troops which were divided. Which when " they had done, —perceiving the Enemy to charge two or three of the " Lincoln scattered Troops, and to make them retire by reason of their " being many more than they in number; and the rest being elsewhere " engaged and following the chase, — Colonel Cromwell with his three " Troops followed them in the rear; brake this Regiment; and forced their " General, with divers of their men, into a quagmire in the bottom of the " Hill. Where one of Colonel Cromwell his men cut General Cavendish " on the head; by reason whereof he fell off his horse; and the Colonel's[2] " Captain-Lieutenant thrust him into the side, whereof within two hours he " died;—the rest chasing his Regiment quite out of the field, having execu- " tion of them, so that the field was left wholly unto us, not a man appear- " ing. Upon this, divers of our men went into the Town, carrying-in to " my Lord Willoughby some of the Ammunition we brought for him;— " believing that our work was at an end; saving to take care how to bring " farther provisions into the Town, to enable it to stand a siege in case my " Lord Newcastle should draw-up with his Army to attempt it.

" Whilst we were considering of these things, word was brought us " That there was a small remainder of the Enemy's force not yet meddled " with, about a mile beyond Gainsborough, with some Foot, and two pieces " of Ordnance. We having no Foot, desired to have some out of the Town; " which my Lord Willoughby granted, and sent us about Six-hundred Foot: " with these we advanced towards the Enemy. When we came thither to " the top of the hill, we beat divers Troops of the Enemy's Horse back: " but at the bottom we saw a Regiment of Foot; after that another (my " Lord Newcastle's own Regiment, consisting of nineteen colours) appear- " ing also, and many Horse;—which indeed was his Army. Seeing these " there so unexpectedly, we advised what to do.

" Colonel Cromwell was sent to command the Foot to retire, and to " draw-off the Horse. By the time he came to them, the Enemy was " marching up the hill. The Foot did retire disorderly into the Town, " which was not much above a quarter of a mile from them; upon whom " the Enemy's Horse did some small execution. The Horse also did retire " in some disorder, about half a mile, —until they came to the end of a " field where a passage was; where, by the endeavour of Colonel Crom- " well, 'of' Major Whalley and Captain Ayscoghe, a body was drawn up.

[2] Original has 'his;' and for 'General Cavendish' in the foregoing line 'him.'

"With these we faced the Enemy; stayed their pursuit; and opposed "them with about four Troops of Colonel Cromwell's and four Lincoln "Troops; the Enemy's body in the mean time increasing very much from "the Army. But such was the goodness of God, giving courage and valour "to our men and officers, that whilst Major Whalley and Captain Ayscoghe, "sometimes the one with four Troops faced the Enemy, sometimes the "other, to the exceeding glory of God be it spoken, and the great honour "of those two Gentlemen, they with this handful forced the Enemy so, and "dared them to their teeth in at the least eight or nine several removes,— "the Enemy following at their heels; and they, though their horses were "exceedingly tired, retreating in order, near carbine-shot of the Enemy, "who thus followed them, firing upon them; Colonel Cromwell gathering- "up the main body and facing them behind those two lesser bodies,—that, "in despite of the Enemy, we brought-off our Horse in this order, without "the loss of two men.

"Thus have you a true relation of this notable service: wherein God is "to have all the glory. And care must be taken speedily to relieve this "noble Lord from his and the State's Enemies, by a speedy force sent unto "us,—and that without any delay; or else he will be lost, and that import- "ant Town, and all those parts; and way made for this Army instantly to "advance into the South. Thus resting upon your care in speeding present "Succours hither, we humbly take our leaves, and remain, your humble "servants,

"Edw. Ayscoghe.
"Jo. Broxolme.
"Oliver Cromwell."[3]

2. The Second Letter, the Original of which still exists, is of much greater interest; being from Cromwell's own hand, and evidently thrown-off in a quite familiar and even hasty fashion. Written, as would appear, on the march from Lincoln to Huntingdon; no mention precisely where; but probably at the Army's quarters on the evening of their first day's march homewards. In the original the *surname* of the 'Sir John' to whom the Letter addresses itself has been, probably by some royalist descendant (of mixed emotions), so industriously crossed out with many strokes of the pen, that not only is it entirely illegible, but the polite possessor of the Autograph cannot undertake to guess for me how many letters may have been in the word. On other grounds I pretty confidently undertake, nevertheless, to read *Wray:* Sir John Wray of Glentworth, Member for Lincolnshire, and on the Committee of that County; at present, I suppose, attending his duty in London. Glentworth House is almost within sight and sound of these transactions; the well-affected Knight of the Shire, for many reasons, may fitly hear a word of them, while we rest from our march. Sir John's Mother, I find by the Dryasdust records[4] was a Montague of Boughton; so that

[3] Tanner MSS. lxii. 194; and, with little or no variation, Baker MSS. xxviii. 434.
[4] Burke's *Extinct Baronetage*, ? Wray.

'your noble Kinsman' near the end of this Letter will mean my Lord of Manchester, 'Sergeant-Major of the Association,' a man well qualified to give information.

To my noble Friend Sir John 'Wraye,' Knight and Baronet: Present these.

SIR, 'Eastern Association,' 30th July 1643.

The particular respects I have received at your hands do much oblige me, but the great affection you bear to the public much more: for that cause I am bold to acquaint you with some late Passages wherein it hath pleased God to favour us;—which, I am assured, will be welcome to you.

After Burleigh House was taken, we went towards Gainsborough to a general rendezvous, where met us Lincolnshire Troops; so that we were Nineteen or Twenty Troops, when we were together, of Horse and Foot, and about Three or Four Troops of Dragooners. We marched with this force to Gainsborough. Upon Friday morning, being the 28th of July, we met with a forlorn-hope of the Enemy, and with our men brake it in. We marched on to[5] the Town's end. The Enemy being upon the top of a very steep Hill over our heads, some of our men attempted to march up that Hill; the Enemy opposed; our men drove them up, and forced their passage. By the time[6] we came up, we saw the Enemy well set in two bodies: the foremost a large fair body, the other a reserve consisting of six or seven brave Troops. Before we could get our force into order, the great body of the Enemy advanced; they were within musket-shot of us when we came to the pitch of the Hill: we advanced likewise towards them; and both charged, each upon the other: Thus advancing, we came to pistol and sword's point, both in that close order that it was disputed very strongly who should break the other. But our men pressing a little heavily upon them, they began to give back; which our men perceiving, instantly forced them,—brake that whole body; some of them flying on this side, some on the other side, of the reserve. Our men, pursuing them in great disorder, had the execution about four, or some say six miles. With much ado, this done, and all their force being gone, not one man standing, but all beaten out of the field,—we drew-up our body to-

[5] Means 'towards.'

[6] 'that time' in orig.

gether, and kept the field,—the half of our men being well worn in the chase of the Enemy.

Upon this we endeavoured the Business we came for; which was the relief of the Town with Ammunition. We sent-in some Powder, which was the great want of that Town. Which done, word was brought us that the Enemy had about Six Troops of Horse, and Three-hundred Foot, a little on the other side of the Town. Upon this we drew some musketeers out of the Town, and with our body of horse marched towards them. We saw two Troops towards the Mill; which my men drove down into a little village at the bottom of the Hill: when *we* [*we* emphatic] came with our horse to the top of that Hill, we saw in the bottom a whole regiment of Foot, after that another and another,—and, as some counted, about Fifty Colours of Foot. Which indeed was my Lord Newcastle's Army;—with which he now besieges Gainsborough.

My Lord Willoughby commanded me to bring-off the Foot and Horse: which I endeavoured; but the Foot (the Enemy pressing on with the Army) retreated in some disorder into the Town, being of that Garrison. Our Horse also, being wearied, and unexpectedly pressed by this new force, so great,—gave off, not being able to brave the charge. But, with some difficulty, we got our Horse into a body, and with them faced the Enemy; and retreated in such order that though the Enemy followed hard, they were not able to disorder us, but we got them off safe, to Lincoln, from this fresh force, and lost not one man. The honour of this retreat, equal to any of late times, is due to Major Whalley and Captain Ayscough, next under God.

This Relation I offer you for the honour of God (to whom be all the praise); as also to let you know you have some servants faithful to you, to incite to action. I beseech you let this good success quicken your countrymen to this engagement! It's great evidence of God's favour. Let not your business be starved. I know, if all be of your mind, we shall have an honourable return. It's your own business:—a reasonable strength now raised speedily may do that which much more will not do after some time. Undoubtedly, if they succeed here, you will see them in the bowels of your Association! 'As' for the time, you will hear it from your noble Kinsman and Colonel Palgrave: if we be not able in ten days to relieve

Gainsborough, a noble Lord will be lost, many good Foot, and a considerable Pass over Trent in these parts.—The Lord prosper your endeavours and ours. I beseech you present my humble service to the high Honourable Lady. Sir, I am your faithful servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.

P.S.—I stayed, 'from the chase after our first encounter,' two of my own Troops, and my Major stayed his; in all three. There were in front of the Enemy's reserve three or four of the Lincoln Troops yet unbroken: the Enemy charged those Troops; utterly broke and chased them; so that none of the Troops on our part stood, but my three. Whilst the Enemy was following our flying Troops, I charged him on the rear with my three Troops; drove him down the Hill, brake him all to pieces; forced Lieutenant-General Cavendish into a Bog, who fought in this reserve: one Officer cut him on the head; and, as he lay, my Captain-Lieutenant Berry thrust him into the short ribs, of which he died, about two hours after, in Gainsborough.*

By this Postscript is at last settled the question, Who killed Charles Cavendish? It was 'my Captain-Lieutenant Berry;' he and no other, if any one still wish to know. Richard Baxter's friend once; and otherwise a known man.

No. 6.

LETTER TWO DAYS PRIOR TO THAT CAMBRIDGE ONE.

[Vol. i. p. 160.]

'To Sir Samuel Luke' (Member for Bedford, leading Committee-man, &c.): 'These.'

NOBLE SIR, [No date of Place] 8 March 1643.

I beseech you cause Three-hundred Foot, under a Captain, to march to Buckingham upon Monday morning, there to quarter with Four-hundred Foot of Northampton, which Mr. Crew sends thither upon Monday next. There will be the Major-General 'Crawford' to command them. I am going for a Thousand Foot more at least to be sent from Cam-

* Original in the possession of Dawson Turner, Esq., Great Yarmouth; printed in *Papers of Norfolk Archæological Society* (Norwich, Jan. 1848), pp. 45-50.

bridge and out of the Associations. If any man be come to you from Cambridge, I beseech you send him to me to Bedford with all speed; let him stay for me at the Swan. Sir, I am your humble servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.

Present my humble service to Colonel Aylife, and tell him he promised me his coat of mail.*

No. 7.

TWO LETTERS: ACTION AT ISLIP-BRIDGE AND BLETCHINGTON. DITTO AT BAMPTON-IN-THE-BUSH.

[Vol. i. pp. 180, 182.]

1. WRITTEN the night before that in the Text, on the same subject.

'For the Right Honourable Sir Thomas Fairfax, General of the Army: These.'

RIGHT HONOURABLE, 'Bletchington,' 24th April 1645.

I met at my rendezvous at Watlington, on Wednesday last; where I stayed somewhat long for the coming-up of the Body of Horse, which your Honour was pleased to give me the command of. After the coming whereof, I marched with all expedition to Wheatley-Bridge; having sent before to Major-General Browne, for what intelligence he could afford me of the state of affairs in Oxford (I being not so well acquainted in those parts),—of the condition, and number, of the Enemy in Oxford. Who himself informed me by letters, That Prince Maurice his forces were not in Oxford, as I supposed; and that,—as he was informed by four very honest and faithful Gentlemen that came out of Oxford to him a little before the receipt of my letter,—there were Twelve pieces of Ordnance with their carriages and wagons, ready for their march; and in another place Five more pieces with their carriages, ready to advance with their Convoy.

After I received this satisfaction from Major-General

* Ellis, *Original Letters illustrative of English History* (London, 1846), iv. 225.

Browne, I advanced this morning, — being Thursday the twenty-fourth of April,—near to Oxford. There I lay before the Enemy ; who perceiving it at Oxford, and being in readiness to advance, sent out a party of Horse against me : part of the Queen's Regiment, part of the Earl of Northampton's Regiment, and part of the Lord Wilmot's Regiment ;—who made an infall upon me.

Whereupon I drew forth your Honour's Regiment,—lately mine own,—against the Enemy (who had drawn themselves into several Squadrons, to be ready for action) ;—and commanded your Honour's own Troop therein, to charge a Squadron of the Enemy. Who performed it so gallantly that, after a short firing, they entered the whole Squadron, and put them to a confusion. And the rest of my Horse presently entering after them, they made a total rout of the Enemy ; and had the chase of them three or four miles ;—and killed Two-hundred ; took as many prisoners, and about Four-hundred Horses. 'Also' the Queen's colours, richly embroidered, with the Crown in the midst, and eighteen flower-de-luces wrought all about in gold, with a golden cross on the top.—Many escaped to Oxford, and divers were drowned.

Part of them likewise betook themselves to a strong House in Bletchington ; where Colonel Windebank kept a Garrison, with near Two-hundred horse and foot therein. Which, after surrounding it, I summoned :—but they seemed very dilatory in their answer. At last, they sent out Articles to me of Surrender,—which I have sent your Honour enclosed :[1]—and after a large treaty thereupon, the Surrender was agreed upon between us. They left behind them between Two and Three hundred muskets, Seventy horses ; besides other arms and ammunition.—I humbly rest, your honour's humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

2. A few months since, in 1868, there has incidentally turned up, among the *Manuscripts of the House of Lords*, and been reawakened into daylight and publicity, from its dark sleep of 223 years, the 'contemporaneous Copy' of a Letter by Oliver himself ; which curiously adjusts itself to its old combination here, completely elucidating for us those small Bletchington-Bampton transactions ; and is of itself otherwise worth reading. It is of date the day *before* that Farringdon Affair.

[1] Given in Rushworth, vi. 24. * King's Pamphlets, small 4to, no. 203, § 7.

To the Right Honourable the Committee of Both Kingdoms, at Derby House.

My Lords and Gentlemen, 'Farringdon,' April 28th, 1645.

Since my last it has pleased God to bless me with more success in your service. In pursuance of your commands I marched from Bletchington to Middleton Stonies, and from thence towards Witney, as privately as I could, believing that to be a good place for interposing between the King and the West, whether he intended Goring and Grenville, or the two Princes.

In my march I was informed of a body of foot which were marching towards Farringdon; which indeed were a commanded party of three hundred, which came a day before from Farringdon, under Colonel Richard Vaughan, to strengthen Woodstock against me, and were now returning.

I understood they were not above three-hours march before me. I sent after them. My forlorn overtook them as they had gotten into enclosures not far from Bampton Bush, and skirmished with them. They killed some of my horses, mine killed and got some of them; but they recovered the town ('*Bampton*, i.e.') before my body came up, and my forlorn not being strong enough was not able to do more than they did. The Enemy presently barricaded-up the town, got a pretty strong house: my body coming up about eleven in the night, I sent them a summons. They slighted it. I put myself in a posture that they should not escape me, hoping to deal with them in the morning. My men charged them up to their barricades in the night; but truly they were of so good resolution that we could not force them from it; and indeed they killed some of my horses, and I was forced to wait until the morning: besides they had got a pass over a brook. In the night they strengthened themselves as well as they could in the storehouse. In the morning I sent a drum to them; but their answer was, they would not quit except they might march out upon honourable terms. The terms I offered were, to submit all to mercy. They refused with anger. I insisted upon them, and prepared to storm. I sent them word to desire them to deliver out the gentleman and his family; which they did; for they must expect extremity, if they put me to a

storm. After some time spent, all was yielded to mercy. Arms I took, muskets near 200, besides other arms, about two barrels of powder, soldiers and officers near 200. Nine score besides officers, the rest being scattered and killed before. The chief prisoners were Colonel Sir Richard Vaughan, Lieutenant-Colonel Littleton, and Major Lee, two or three Captains, and other Officers.

As I was upon my march, I heard of some horse of the Enemy which crossed me towards Evesham. I sent Colonel Fiennes after them; whom God so blessed that he took about thirty prisoners, 100 horse, and three horse colours. Truly his diligence was great; and this I must testify, that I find no man more ready to all services than himself. I would not say so, if I did not find it: if his men were at all considered, I should hope you might expect very real service from them. I speak this the rather because I find him a gentleman of that fidelity to you, and so conscientious, that he would all his troop were as religious and civil as any, and makes it a great part of his care to get them so.

In this march my men also got one of the Queen's troopers, and of them and others about 100 horses. This morning Colonel John Fiennes sent me in the gentleman that waits upon the Lord Digby in his chamber, who was going to General Goring about exchange of a prisoner. He tells me the King's forces were drawn out the last night to come to relieve Sir Richard Vaughan, and Legge commanded them; they were about 700 horse and 500 foot; but I believe they are gone back. He saith many of the horse were volunteer gentlemen; for I believe I have left him few others here.

I looked upon his letters, and found them directed to Marlborough. He tells me Goring is about the Devizes. I asked him what farther orders he had to him. He tells me he was only to bid him follow former orders. I pressed him to know what they were; and all that I could get was, that it was to hasten with all he had up to the King to Oxford. He saith he has about 3000 horse and 1000 foot; that he is discontented that Prince Rupert commanded away his foot.

I am now quartered up to Farringdon. I shall have an eye towards him. I have that which was my regiment, and a part of Colonel Sydney's five troops 'that' were re-created, and a part of Colonel Vermuyden's, and five troops of Colonel

Fiennes's; three whereof and Sir John 'Browne's'[2] and Captain Hammond's I sent with the first prisoners to Aylesbury. It's great pity we want dragoons. I believe most of their petty garrisons might have been taken in, and other services done; for the Enemy is in high fear. God does terrify them. It's good to take the season; and surely God delights that you have endeavoured to reform your armies; and I beg it may be done more and more. Bad men and discontented say it's faction. I wish to be of the faction that desires to avoid the oppression of the poor people of this miserable Nation, upon whom who can look without a bleeding heart? Truly it grieves my soul, our men should still be upon free quarters, as they are. I beseech you help it what and as soon as you can. My Lords, pardon me this boldness; it is because I find in these things wherein I serve you, that He does all. I profess His very hand has led me. I preconsulted none of these things.

My Lords and Gentlemen, I wait your farther pleasure, subscribing myself, OLIVER CROMWELL.*

No. 8.

BATTLE OF NASEBY. BURIAL OF COLONEL PICKERING. TWO LETTERS CONCERNING ELY.

[Vol. i. pp. 81, 188, 209.]

(*a*.) THE following very rough Notes of a studious Tourist will perhaps be acceptable to some readers. Notes dashed down evidently in the most rough-and-ready manner, but with a vigilant eye both on the Old Books and on the actual Ground of Naseby; taken, as appears, in the year 1842.

'*Battle of Naseby*, 14th June 1645: *From Sprigge* (London, 1647); *Rush-*
'*worth*, vi. (London, 1701); *Old Pamphlets; and the Ground.*

'*Fairfax's Stages towards Naseby* (Sprigge, p. 30 et seqq.). Wednes-
'day 11th June, a rainy day: Marched "from Stony Stratford to Woot-

[2] Orig. illegible.

* *Notes and Queries*, 8 Aug. 1868;—printed there, as I learn on inquiry, 'from a contemporaneous Copy' found among the House of Lords MSS. in the course of some official examination going on there: corrected and investigated into clearness for me by the kindness of John Forster, Esq., most obliging of Friends, whose final remark on it is: 'As to Farringdon' (Letter xxvii. of Text), 'though Cromwell had now crossed 'the river, and was quartered up to the place, he was not in adequate force for re-'ducing it. "It's great pity we want dragoons," is his remark in this Letter; and, 'according to Rushworth's statement, he had already sent to Abingdon for four or 'five companies of infantry. Burgess knew very well, there is little doubt, the real 'state of affairs.' (*Note of* 1869.)

'ton,"—three miles south of Northampton. Bad quarters there: "but the 'Mayor came," &c.—Thursday 12th June: From Wootton to (not "Guils-'borough four miles west of Northampton," as Sprigge writes, but evidently) 'Kislingbury and the Farmsteads round. The King "lies encamped on 'Burrough Hill" (five miles off); has been "hunting," this day: "his horses 'all at grass." The night again wet; Fairfax, riding about, all night, on 'the spy is stopped by one of his own sentries, &c.: "at Flower" (near 'Weedon), sees the King's Forces all astir on the Burrough Hill, about four 'in the morning; "firing their huts;" rapidly making off,—Northward, as 'it proved. At six, a Council of War. Cromwell, greatly to our joy, has 'just come-in from the Associated Counties,—"received with shouts." Ma-'jor Harrison, with horse, is sent towards Daventry to explore; Ireton, also 'with horse, to the Northward, after the King's main-body. "We," Fair-'fax's main-body, now set forward "towards Harborough," flanking the 'King; and that night,—Friday 13th June,—arrive (not at "Gilling," as 'Sprigge has it,—is there any such place?—but) at Guilsborough.[1] Which 'is the last of the *Stages*.

'The King's van is now, this Friday night, at Harborough; his rear is 'quartered in Naseby,—where Ireton beats them up (probably about half-'past nine), "taking prisoners," &c.: and so the fugitives rouse the King 'out of his bed "at Lubenham;"[2]—who thereupon drives-off to Prince 'Rupert at Harborough; arrives about midnight; calls a Council ("resting 'himself in a chair in a low room," till Rupert and the rest get on their 'clothes); and there, after debate,[3] determines on turning back to beat the 'Roundheads for this affront.—Ireton lies at Naseby, therefore; "we" '(Fairfax and the Army), at Guilsborough, all this night.

'*Battle of Naseby.* Saturday 14th June 1645. Starting at three in the 'morning, we arrive about five at Naseby. King "reported to be at Har-'borough," uncertain whitherward next: behold, "great bodies of his troops 'are *seen* coming over the Hill from Harborough towards us;"—he has 'turned, and is for fighting us, then! We put our Army in order,—"large 'fallow field northwest of Naseby," "the brow of the Hill running east 'and west" "for something like a mile:" King has sunk out of sight in a 'hollow; but comes up again nearer us,[4] and now evidently drawn-out for 'battle. We fall back, "about a hundred paces, from the brow of the 'Hill," to hide ourselves and our plans: he rushes on the faster, thinking 'we run ("much of his ordnance left behind"): the Battle joins on the very 'brow of the Hill. Their word, *Queen Mary;* ours, *God is our Strength*.

'About Three-hundred Musketeers of ours on the Left Wing, are ad-'vanced a little, as a forlorn, down the *steep* of the Hill; they retire firing, as Rupert charges up: Ireton and Skippon command in this quarter; '"Lantford Hedges,' a kind of thicket which runs right down the Hill, is 'lined with Colonel Okey and his dragoons,—all on *foot* at present, and

[1] Rushworth, vi. 46 (Despatch from the Parliament Commissioners).
[2] See *Iter Carolinum* too. [3] See Clarendon, &c.
[4] 'At Sibbertoft' (Rushworth)

'firing lustily on Rupert as he gallops past.—Cromwell is on the extreme 'Right (easternmost part of the Hill): he, especially Whalley under him, 'dashes down *before* the Enemy's charge upwards (which is led by Lang- 'dale) can take effect; scatters said charge to the winds; not without hard 'cutting: a good deal impeded "by furze-bushes" and "a cony-warren." 'These Royalist Horse, Langdale's, fled all behind their own Foot, "a 'quarter of a mile from the Battle-ground,"—*i.e.* near to the present Farm 'of Dust Hill, or between that and Clipstow;—and never fought again. So 'that Cromwell had only to keep *them* in check; and aid his own Main- 'battle to the left of him: which he diligently did.

'Our Right Wing, then, has beaten Langdale. But Rupert, on the 'other side of the field, beats back our Left:—over "Rutput Hill," "Fenny 'Hill" (*Fanny* Hill, as the Old Books call it); towards Naseby Hamlet; 'on to our Baggage-train (which stands on the *northwest side* of the Ham- 'let, *eastward* of said "Rutput" and "Fenny," but northward of "Leane 'Leafe Hill," very sober "Hills," I perceive!). Our extreme Left was '"hindered by pits and ditches" in charging; at any rate, it lost the charge; 'fled: and Rupert now took to attacking the Baggage and its Guard,—in 'vain, and with very wasteful delay. For our Main-battle too was in a 'critical state; and might have been overset, at this moment. Our Main- 'battle,—our Horse on the Left of it giving way; and the King's Foot '"coming up into sight," over the brow of the Hill, "with one terrible 'volley," and then with swords and musket-butts,—"mostly all fled." 'Mostly all: except the Officers, who "snatched the colours," "fell into 'the Reserves with them," &c. And then, said Reserves now rushing on, 'and the others rallying to them; and Cromwell being victorious and dili- 'gent on the Right, and Rupert idle among the Baggage on the Left,— 'the whole business was erelong *retrieved;* and the King's Foot and other 'Force were all driven pell-mell down the Hill: towards Dust Hill (or *east- 'ward* of the present Farm-house, I think). There the King still stood,— 'joined at last by Rupert, and struggling to rally his Horse for another 'brush; but the Foot would not halt, the Foot were all off: and the Horse 'too, seeing Cromwell with all *our* Horse and victorious Foot now again 'ready for a second charge, would not stand it; but broke; and dissipated, 'towards Harborough, Leicester, and Infinite Space.

'The Fight began at ten o'clock;[6] lasted three hours:[6] there were some 'Five-thousand Prisoners; how many Slain I cannot tell.'

(*b.*) Colonel Pickering, a distinguished Officer, whose last notable exploit was at the storm of Basing House, has caught the epidemic, 'new disease' as they call it, some ancient *influenza* very prevalent and fatal during those wet winter-operations; and after a few days' illness, 'at Autree' (St. Mary *Ottery*) where the headquarter was, is dead. Sir Gilbert, his brother, is a leading man in Parliament, with much service yet before him;

[5] Clarendon. [6] Cromwell's Letter.

—Cousin Dryden, one day to be Poet Dryden, is in Northamptonshire, a lad of fourteen at present. Sprigge (p. 156) has a pious copy of 'sorrowful verse over dear Colonel Pickering's hearse;' and here is a Note concerning his funeral.

To Colonel Cicely, at Pendennis Castle: These.

SIR, Tiverton, 10th December 1645.

It's the desire of Sir Gilbert Pickering that his deceased Brother, Colonel Pickering, should be interred in your Garrison; and to the end his Funeral may be solemnised with as much honour as his memory calls for, you are desired to give all possible assistance therein. The particulars will be offered to you by his Major, Major Jubbs,[7] with whom I desire you to concur herein.

And believe it, Sir, you will not only lay a huge obligation upon myself and all the Officers of this Army, but I dare assure you the General himself will take it for an especial favour, and will not let it go without a full acknowledgment.—But what need I prompt him to so honourable an action whose own ingenuity will be argument sufficient herein? Whereof rests assured your humble servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.*

(*c.*) A Couple of very small Letters, which have now (May, March, 1846) accidentally turned up, too late for insertion in the Text, may find their corner here.

1. The First, which is fully dated (just eight days before the Battle of Naseby), but has lost its specific Address, may without much doubt be referred to Ely and the 'Fortifications' going on there.[8]

'To Captain Underwood, at Ely: These.'

CAPTAIN UNDERWOOD, Huntingdon, 6th June 1645.

I desire the guards may be very well strengthened and looked unto. Let a new breastwork be made about the gravel,[9] and a new work half-musket-shot behind the old work;

[7] 'Gubbs' he writes.

* Polwhele's *Traditions and Recollections* (London, 1826), i. 22: with a Note on Cicely, and reference to 'the Original among the Family Papers of the Rev. G. Moore, of Grampound.'

[8] *Commons Journals*, iv. 161, 5; *Cromwelliana*, p. 16.

[9] Word uncertain to the Copyist.

all storm-ground[10] stuff. Tell Colonel Fothergill to take care of keeping strong guards.—Not having more, I rest, yours,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

2. 'Sir Dudley North,' Baronet, of Catlidge Hall near Newmarket, is Member for Cambridgshire; sits too, there is small doubt, in the Ely Committee at London;—is wanted now for a small County business.

The '30th of March,' as we know, is but the fifth day of the then New Year: Oliver,—I find after some staggering, for his date will not suit with other things,—takes the cipher of the Old Year, as one is apt to do, and for 1647 still writes '1646.' As this Entry, abridged from the Commons Journals,[11] will irrefragably prove, to readers of his Letter: 'John Hobart ' Esq. dismissed from being Sheriff of Cambridge and Huntingdon Shires, ' and *Tristram Diamond Esq. appointed in his place*, 1st January 1646,' which, for us, and for Cromwell too on the 30th of March following, means 1647.

For the Honourable Sir Dudley North: These.

SIR, 'London,' 30th March 1646 [*error for* 1647].

It being desired to have the Commission of the Peace renewed in the Isle of Ely,—with some addition, as you may perceive; none left out; only Mr. Diamond, now High Sheriff of the County, and my Brother Desborow, added, there being great want of one in that part of the Isle where I live,—I desire you to join with me in a Certificate; and rest, your humble servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.†

No. 9.

LANGPORT BATTLE (10th July 1645). SUMMONS TO WINCHESTER.

[Vol. i. p. 207.]

HERE is Oliver's own account of the Battle of Langport, mentioned in our Text:

'*To* ——— ———.'

DEAR SIR, 'Langport, — July 1645.'

I have now a double advantage upon you, through the goodness of God, who still appears for us. And as for us,

[10] Word uncertain to the Copyist.

* Original now (May 1846) in the Baptist College, Bristol.

[11] v. 36 (1st Jan. 1646-7).

† Original in the possession of the Rev. W. S. Spring Casborne, of Pakenham, Suffolk; a descendant of the North Family.

we have seen good things in this last mercy,—it is not inferior to any we have had;—as followeth.

We were advanced to Long-Sutton, near a very strong place of the Enemy's, called Langport; far from our Garrisons, without much ammunition, in a place extremely wanting in provisions,—the Malignant Clubmen interposing, who are ready to take all advantages against our parties, and would undoubtedly take them against our Army, if they had opportunity.—Goring stood upon the advantage of strong passes, staying until the rest of his recruits came up to his Army, with a resolution not to engage until Grenville and Prince Charles his men were come up to him. We could not well have necessitated him to an Engagement, nor have stayed one day longer without retreating to our ammunition and to conveniency of victual.

In the morning, word was brought us, That the Enemy drew out. He did so, with a resolution to send most of his cannon and baggage to Bridgewater,—which he effected,—but with a resolution not to fight, but, trusting to his ground, thinking he could make away at pleasure.

The pass was strait between him and us; he brought two cannons to secure his, and laid his Musketeers strongly in the hedges. We beat-off his cannon, fell down upon his Musketeers, beat them off from their strength, and, where our Horse could scarcely pass two abreast, I commanded Major Bethel to charge them with two Troops of about one-hundred-and-twenty Horse. Which he performed with the greatest gallantry imaginable;—beat back two bodies of the Enemy's Horse, being Goring's own Brigade; brake them at sword's-point. The Enemy charged him with near 400 fresh Horse; set them all going,—until, oppressed with multitudes, he brake through them, with the loss not of above three or four men. Major Desborow seconded him, with some other of those Troops, which were about three. Bethel faced about; and they both routed, at sword's-point, a great body of the Enemy's Horse. Which gave such an unexpected terror to the Enemy's Army, that it set them all a-running. Our Foot, in the mean time, coming on bravely, and beating the Enemy from their strength, we presently had the chase to Langport and Bridgewater. We took and killed about 2000,—brake all his Foot. We have taken very many Horses, and considerable Prisoners. What are slain we know not. We have the Lieutenant-General of the Ordnance; Colonel Pres-

ton, Colonel Heveningham, Colonel Slingsby, we know of, besides very many other Officers of quality. All Major-General Massey's party was with him ('Massey'), seven or eight miles from us,—and about twelve-hundred of our Foot, and three Regiments of our Horse. So that we had but Seven Regiments with us.

Thus you see what the Lord hath wrought for us. Can any creature ascribe anything to itself? Now can we give the glory to God, and desire all may do so, for it is all due unto Him!—Thus you have Long-Sutton mercy added to Naseby mercy. And to see this, is it not to see the face of God! You have heard of Naseby: it was a happy victory. As in this, so in that, God was pleased to use His servants; and if men will be malicious, and swell with envy, we know Who hath said, If they will not see, yet they shall see, and be ashamed for their envy at His people.—I can say this of Naseby, That when I saw the Enemy draw up and march in gallant order towards us, and we a company of poor ignorant men, to seek how to order our battle,—the General having commanded me to order all the Horse,—I could not, riding alone about my business, but smile out to God in praises, in assurance of victory, because God would, by things that are not, bring to naught things that are. Of which I had great assurance; and God did it. O that men would therefore praise the Lord, and declare the wonders that He doth for the children of men!

I cannot write more particulars now. I am going to the rendezvous of all our Horse, three miles from Bridgewater; we march that way.—It is a seasonable mercy. I cannot better tell you than write, That God will go on!—We have taken two guns, three carriages of ammunition. In the chase, the Enemy quitted Langport; when they ran out of one end of the Town, we entered the other. They fired that at which we should chase; which hindered our pursuit: but we overtook many of them. I believe we got near Fifteen-hundred Horse.

Sir, I beg your prayers. Believe, and you shall be established. I rest, your servant, 'OLIVER CROMWELL.'*

A couple of months after this battle, Oliver is before Winchester, and makes this Summons:

* Pamphlet in Lincoln College, Oxford; no. 10, "Battles and Sieges,"—title of it, "The Copy of Lieutenant-General Cromwell's Letter to a worthy Member of the House of Commons; published by Authority, London, 1645."

To the Mayor of the City of Winchester.

'Before Winchester,' 28th September 1645, 5 o'clock at night.

SIR,

I come not to this City but with a full resolution to save it, and the Inhabitants thereof, from ruin.

I have commanded the soldiers, upon pain of death, That no wrong be done:—which I shall strictly observe; only I expect you give me Entrance into the City, without necessitating me to force my way; which if I do, then it will not be in my power to save you or it. I expect your Answer within half an hour; and rest, your humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

No. 10.

ARMY TROUBLES IN 1647.

[Vol i. p. 244.]

THE Vote 'that Field-Marshal Skippon, Lieutenant-General Cromwell, Commissary-General Ireton and Colonel Fleetwood,' all Members of this House, 'shall proceed to their charges in the Army,' and endeavour to quiet all distempers there,—was passed on the 30th of April: day of the Three Troopers and Army-Letter, and directly on the back of that occurrence.[1] They went accordingly, perhaps on the morrow, and proceeded to business; but as nothing specific came of them, or could come, till the 8th of May, that day is taken as the date of the Deputation.—Here are Three Letters from them; one prior and one posterior; which, copied from the Tanner MSS., have got into print, but cannot throw much light on the affair.

1. "'*To the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Commons House: These.*'

"'Saffron Walden,' 3d May 1647.

"SIR,—We have sent out orders to summon the Officers of the several "Regiments to appear before us on Thursday next; to the end we may "understand from them the true condition and temper of the Soldiers in "relation to the discontents lately represented; and the better to prepare

* *History and Antiquities of Winchester* (London, 1773), ii. 127.

[1] *Commons Journals*, v. 158: see antea, vol. i. p. 242.

"and enable them,—by speaking with them, and acquainting them with "your Votes,[2]—to allay any Discontents that may be among the Soldiers.

"We judged this way most likely to be effectual to your service; though "it asks some time, by reason of the distance of the quarters. When we "shall have anything worthy of your knowledge, we shall represent it;— "and in the mean time study to approve ourselves, your most humble "servants,

"PH. SKIPPON.
"OLIVER CROMWELL.
"H. IRETON."[3]

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2. "'*To the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Commons House: These.*'

"Saffron Walden, 8th May 1647.

"SIR,—According to our orders sent out to the Officers of the Army, "many of them appeared at the time appointed. The greatest failing was "of Horse Officers; who, by reason of the great distance of their quarters "from this place (being some of them above three-score miles off), could "not be here: yet there were, accidentally, some of every Regiment except "Colonel Whalley's present at our Meeting;—which was upon Friday "morning,[4] about ten of the clock.

"After some discourse offered unto them, About the occasion of the "Meeting, together with the deep sense the Parliament had of some Dis- "contents which were in the Army, and of our great trouble also that it "should be so,—we told them, We were sent down to communicate the "House of Commons' Votes unto them; whereby their, 'the Parliament's,' "care of giving the Army satisfaction might appear: desiring them 'fur- "thermore' To use their utmost diligence with all good conscience and "effect, by improving their interests in the Soldiers, *for* their satisfaction; "and that they would communicate to their Soldiers the Votes, together "with such informations as they received then from us, to the end their "distemper might be allayed.—After this had been said, and a Copy of the "Votes delivered to the Chief Officer of every respective Regiment, to be "communicated as aforesaid, we desired them To give us a speedy account "of the success of their endeavours; and if in anything they needed our "advice or assistance for furthering the work, we should be ready here at "Saffron Walden to give it them, upon notice from them.

"We cannot give you a full and punctual account of the particular dis- "tempers, with the grounds of them: because the Officers were desirous to "be spared therein by us, until they might make a farther inquiry amongst

[2] Votes passed that same 30th of April: That the Soldiers shall have Indemnity; that they shall have Pay,—and in short, Justice (*Commons Journals*, v. 158). 'Thursday next' is the 6th of May.

[3] 'A Letter from Major-General' (elsewhere called Field-Marshal) 'Skippon, Lieutenant-General Cromwell and Commissary-General Ireton, was this day read' (*Commons Journals*, 4th May 1647).

[4] Friday, yesterday; not 'Thursday,' as at first proposed.

" the Soldiers, and see what effect your Votes and their endeavours might " have with them. We desire as speedy an account of this business as " might well be; but, upon the desire of the Officers, thought it necessary " for the service to give them until Saturday next[5] to bring us an account of " their business, by reason the Regiments were so far distant.

" As anything falls out worthy of your knowledge, we shall represent " it; and in the mean time study to approve ourselves, your most humble " servants,

" PH. SKIPPON.
" OLIVER CROMWELL.
" H. IRETON.
" CHARLES FLEETWOOD."[6]

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3. " ' *To the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Commons House: These.*'

" Walden, 17th May 1647.

" SIR,—We having made some progress in the Business you commanded " us upon, we are bold to give you this account. Which, although it come " not with that expedition you may expect and your other affairs require, " yet we hope you will be pleased to excuse us with the weight of the " Affair: in comparison whereof nothing that ever yet we undertook was, at " least to our apprehension, equal; and wherein, whatever the issue prove, " our greatest comfort is, That our consciences bear us witness we have, " according to our abilities, endeavoured faithfully to serve you and the " Kingdom.

" The Officers repaired to us at Saffron Walden upon Saturday last, " according to appointment, to give us a return of[7] what they had in charge " from us at our last Meeting; which was, To read your Votes to the " Soldiers under their respective commands for their satisfaction, and to " improve their interest faithfully and honestly with them to that end; and " 'then' to give us a perfect account of the effect of their endeavours, and " a true representation of the temper of the Army.

" At this Meeting we received what they had to offer to us. Which " they delivered to us in writing, by the hands of some chosen by the rest " of the Officers then present, and in the name of the rest of the Officers " and of the Soldiers under their commands. Which was not done till " Sunday in the evening. At which time, and likewise before upon Satur- " day, we acquainted them all with a Letter from the Earl of Manchester, " expressing that an Act of Indemnity, large and full, had passed the " House of Commons;[8] and that two weeks' pay more was voted to those " that were disbanded, as also to them that undertook the service of Ire-

[5] This day week; the 15th.

[6] 'Letter from the General Officers,' 'from Walden, of 8th Maii 1647, was this day read' (*Commons Journals*, Tuesday 11th May 1647). The Letter seems to be of Cromwell's writing.

[7] Means 'response to.'

[8] *Commons Journals*, v. 174 (14th May 1647).

"land. And, thinking fit to dismiss the Officers to their several com-
"mands,—all but some that were to stay here about farther business,—we
"gave them in charge To communicate these last Votes to their Soldiers,
"and to improve their utmost diligence and interest for their best satis-
"faction.

"We must acknowledge, we found the Army under a deep sense of
"some sufferings, and the common Soldiers much unsettled; whereof,
"that which we have to represent to you will give you a more perfect
"view. Which, because it consists of many papers, and needs some more
"method in the representation of them to you than can be done by letter,
"and forasmuch as we were sent down by you to our several charges
"*to do our best to keep the Soldiers in order*,—we are not well satisfied,
"any of us, to leave the place nor duty you sent us to, until we have the
"signification of your pleasure to us. To which we shall most readily
"conform; and rest, your most humble servants,

"PH. SKIPPON.
"OLIVER CROMWELL.
"H. IRETON.
"CHARLES FLEETWOOD."[2]

No. 11.

WELSH DISTURBANCES IN 1648.

[Vol. ii. p. 7.]

1. SOME charge of Welsh misbehaviour, perhaps treachery, in the late May revolt; charge which, if founded, ought to be made good against 'Edwards'! 'Colonel Hughes has been Governor of Chepstow, from the time when it was first taken, in autumn 1645;[1] and, we may infer, has returned to his post since Ewers (25th May 1648) retook the Castle. Of Edwards, and his misdeeds, and his accusers, no other clear trace has occurred to me. But in Moyne's Court, Monmouthshire, the seat of this Colonel Thomas Hughes, the following old Note had turned up, and was printed in 1791.

'*To Colonel Hughes, Chepstow Castle.*

COLONEL HUGHES, 'Before Pembroke,' 26th June 1648.

It's of absolute necessity that Collington and Ashe do attend the Council of War, to make good what they say of Edwards. Let it be your especial care to get them into

[2] Tanner MSS. (in Cary, i. 205-16.) [1] *Commons Journals* iv. 321 and v. 115.

Monmouthshire thereunto. What Mr. Herbert and Mrs. Cradock hath (*sic*) promised to them in point of indemnity, I will endeavour to have it performed; and I desire you to certify as much to them for their encouragement. I pray do this speedily after receipt hereof, and I shall remain your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

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2. A short Letter to the Committee of Carmarthen. The ancient 'Iron-furnaces' at Carmarthen, the 'Committee' sitting there, the 'Paper' or Proclamation from the Leaguer: these, and the other points of this Letter, will be intelligible to the reader.

For my noble Friends the Committee of Carmarthen: These.

GENTLEMEN, The Leaguer before Pembroke, 9th June 1648.

I have sent this Bearer to you to desire we may have your furtherance and assistance in procuring some necessaries to be cast in the Iron-furnaces in your county of Carmarthen, which will the better enable us to reduce the Town and Castle of Pembroke.

The principal things are: Shells for our Mortarpiece; the depth of them we desire may be of fourteen inches and three-quarters of an inch. That which I desire at your hands is, To cause the service to be performed, and that with all possible expedition; that so, if it be the will of God, the service being done, these poor wasted countries may be freed from the burden of the Army.

In the next place, we desire some D cannon-shot, and some culverin-shot, may with all possible speed be cast for us, and hasted to us also.

We give you thanks for your care in helping us with bread and [*word lost*]. You do herein a very special service to the State; and I do most earnestly desire you to continue herein, according to our desire in the late Letters. I desire that copies of this Paper[2] may be published throughout your county, and the effects thereof observed; for the ease of the county, and to avoid the wronging of the country men.

Not doubting the continuance of your care to give assistance

* The *Topographer*, edited by Sir E. Brydges (London, March 1791), iv. 125-9.
[2] Some *Proclamation* seemingly,—of the conceivable sort.

to the Public in the services we have in hand, I rest, your affectionate servant, O. CROMWELL.*

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3. Letter found, some years ago, among the lumber of 'St. Jillian's' (Julian's) 'old Castle of the Lords Herbert in Monmouthshire:' Address gone, and not conjecturable with any certainty; Letter evidently genuine, —and still hanging curiously as postscript to Letter LX. (vol. ii. p. 5) of date the day before.

'*For the Honourable Richard Herbert, at St. Jillian's: These.*'

SIR, Leaguer before Pembroke, 18th June 1648.

I would have you to be informed that I have good report of your secret practices against the public advantage; by means whereof that arch-traitor Sir Nicholas Kemeys, with his Horse, did surprise the Castle of Chepstow: but we have notable discovery, from the papers taken by Colonel Ewer[3] on recovering the Castle, That Sir Trevor Williams of Llangibby was the Malignant who set on foot the plot.

Now I give you this plain warning by Captain Nicholas and Captain Burges, That if you harbour or conceal either of the parties or abet their misdoings, I will cause your treasonable nest to be burnt about your ears. OLIVER CROMWELL.†

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4. In the Town Archives of Haverfordwest, Pembrokeshire, are the following three Papers; footmarks, still visible, of Oliver's transit through those parts. Twelfth July, date of the first Paper, is the morrow after Pembroke surrendered.

(*a.*) "*To the Mayor and Aldermen of Haverfordwest.*

"We being authorised by Parliament to view and consider what Garri-"sons and Places of Strength are fit to be demolished; and we finding

* Brayley's *Graphic and Historical Illustrator* (London, 1834), p. 355. 'Original in the hands of Richard Williams, Esq., Stapleton Hall, Hornsey.'

[3] 'Hewer' he spells.

† '*Monmouthshire Merlin*' (Welsh Newspaper) 'for September 1845.' Inserted there, it would appear, along with other antiquarian fractions, in very ignorant condition, by one Mr. W. M. Townshend, an Attorney in Newport, who is now (1858) dead some years since.—'St. Jillian's,' now a farmhouse near Caerleon, Monmouthshire, was the mansion of the Lords Herbert, of the celebrated Lord Edward of Cherbury for one,—to whom (or to his successor, as the Attorney thinks) this Note was addressed. Note picked up in converting the old Manorhouse into a Farmhouse (which it still is), and published, along with other antiquarian tagraggeries in a very dim and helpless manner, by the Attorney who had been in charge of that operation.

" that the Castle of Haverford is not tenable for the services of the State, " and yet that it may be possessed by ill-affected persons, to the prejudice " of the peace of these parts : These are to authorise you to summon-in the " Hundred of Roose and the inhabitants of the Town and County of Haver- " fordwest ; and that they forthwith demolish the several walls and towers of " the said Castle ; so as that the said Castle may not be possessed by the " Enemy, to the endangering of the peace of these parts.

" Given under our hands this 12th of July 1648.

" ROGER LORT. JOHN LORT.
" SAMSON LORT. THOMAS BARLOWE.

" We expect an account of your proceedings, with effect, in this busi- " ness, by Saturday being the 15th of July instant."

To which Oliver appends :

If a speedy course be not taken to fulfil the commands of this Warrant, I shall be necessitated to consider of settling a Garrison. OLIVER CROMWELL.

(*b.*) " *For the Honourable Lieutenant-General Cromwell, at Pembroke.*

" Haverfordwest, 13th July 1648

" HONOURED SIR,—We received an Order from your Honour and the " Committee, for the demolishing of the Castle of Haverfordwest. Accord- " ing to which we have this day set some workmen about it : but we find " the work so difficult to be brought about without powder to blow it by, " that it will exhaust an ' huge' sum of money, and will not in a long time " be effected.

" Wherefore we become suitors of your Honour that there may a com- " petent quantity of Powder be spared out of the Ships, for the speedy " effecting the work, and the County paying for the same. And we like- " wise desire that your Honour and the Committee be pleased that the " whole County may join with us in the work ; and that an Order be con- " sidered for the levying of a competent sum of money on the several Hun- " dreds of the County, for the paying for the Powder, and defraying the " rest of the charge.

" Thus being over-bold to be troublesome to your Honour ; desiring to " know your Honour's resolves,—we rest, your Honour's humble servants,

" JOHN PRYNNE, *Mayor.*
" JENKIN HOWELL. WILLIAM WILLIAMS.
" WILLIAM BOWEN. JOB DAVIES.
" ROGER BEVANS. ETHELDRED DAVIES."

Gunpowder cannot be spared on light occasion ; and ' levying of com petent sums' have had their difficulties before now : here is the handie method :

(*c.*) *To the Mayor and Aldermen of Haverfordwest.*

Whereas upon view and consideration with Mr. Roger Lort, Mr. Samson Lort, and the Mayor and Aldermen of Haverfordwest, it is thought fit, for the preserving of the peace of this County, that the Castle of Haverfordwest should be speedily demolished:

These are to authorise you to call unto your assistance, in the performance of this exercise (?), the Inhabitants of the Hundreds of Dungleddy, Dewisland, Kemis, Roose and Kilgerran; who are hereby required to give you assistance.

Given under our hands this 14th of July 1648.

OLIVER CROMWELL

['and the two Lorts in a corner of the Paper'].*

No. 12.

LETTER TO THE DERBY-HOUSE COMMITTEE AFTER PRESTON BATTLE.

[Vol. ii. p. 36.]

SAME day with that Letter in the Text, urging the York Committee to help in pursuit of Duke Hamilton, Oliver writes home for Supplies.

To the Right Honourable the Committee of Lords and Commons, at Derby House: These. Haste, haste.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN, Wigan, 23d Aug. 1648.

I did not (being straitened with time) send you an Account of the great blessing of God upon your Army:—I trust it is satisfactory to your Lordships that the House had it so fully presented to them.[1]

My Lords, it cannot be imagined that so great a business as this could be without some loss;—although I 'confess' very little compared with the weightiness of the Engagement; there being on our part not an Hundred Slain, yet many Wounded. And to our little it is a real weakening, for indeed we are but a

* Printed in *Welshman* Newspaper (Carmarthen, 29th Dec. 1848).
[1] In Letter LXIV (supra, vol. ii. pp. 25-33).

handful. I submit to your Lordships, whether you will think fit or no To recruit our Loss; we having but Five poor Regiments of foot, and our horse so exceedingly battered as I never saw them in all my life.

It is not to be doubted but your Enemy's designs are deep: this Blow will make them very angry: the principles they went on were such as should a little awaken Englishmen; for I have heard it from very good hands of their own party, that the Duke made this the argument to his Army, That the Lands of the Country and—[*illegible the next line or two, from ruin of the paper; the words lost mean clearly, "That the Scots were to share our lands among them, and come to inhabit the conquered country:" a very high figure of rumour indeed!*]—which accordingly is done in part, there being a Transplantation of many women and children and of whole families in Westmoreland and Cumberland, as I am credibly informed [*for the moment!*]—Much more might be said; but I forbear. I offer it to your Lordships that Money may be 'sent' to pay the foot and horse to some equality. Some of those that are here seventy days before I marched from Windsor into Wales have not had any pay; and amongst the horse, my own Regiment and some others are much behind. I wish your Lordships may manage it for the best advantage, and not be wanting to yourselves in what is necessary: which is the end of my offering these things to you. My Lords, Money is not for Contingencies so as were to be wished; we have very many things to do which might be better done if we had wherewithal. Our Foot want Clothes, Shoes and Stockings; these ways and weather have shattered them all to pieces: that which was the great blow to our Horse was (beside the weather and incessant marches) our March ten miles to fight with the Enemy, and a Fight continuing four hours in as dirty a place as ever I saw horse stand in; and, upon the matter, the continuance of this Fight two days more together in our following the Enemy, and lying close by him in the mire—[*moths again and mildew* . . . . . until at length we broke him at a near . . . . . a great party of our horse having . . . . . miles towards Lancaster; who came up . . . . . to us, and were with us in all the Action].—These things I thought fit to intimate, not knowing what is fit to ask, because I know not how your Affairs stand, nor what you can supply.

I have sent Major-General Lambert, upon the day I received

the Enclosed, with above Two-Thousand horse and dragoons and about Fourteen-Thousand foot in prosecution of the Duke and the Nobility of Scotland with him; who will, I doubt not, have the blessing of God with him in the business. But indeed his horse are exceeding weak and weary.—I have sent to Yorkshire and to my Lord Grey to alarm all parts to a prosecution: and if they be not wanting to the work, I see not how many can escape. I am marched myself back to Preston;—and so on towards Monro or otherwise, as God shall direct.

As things fall out, I shall represent them to you; and rest, my Lords and Gentlemen, your most humble 'servant,'

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

No. 13.

LETTER TO THE DERBY-HOUSE COMMITTEE IN 1648.

[Vol. ii. p. 58.]

RECAPITULATING what is already known in the Text; finds its place here.

To the Right Honourable the Committee of Lords and Commons, at Derby House.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN, Norham, 20th Sept. 1648.

I did, from Alnwick, write to Sir William Armyn[1] an account of our condition; and recommended to him divers particular considerations about your affairs here in the North, —with a desire of particular things to be done by your Lordships' appointment, in order to the carrying-on of your affairs. I send you here a copy of the Summons that was sent to Berwick[2] when I was come as far as Alnwick; as also of a Letter written to the Committee of Estates of Scotland:[3]—I mean those who we did presume were convened as Estates, and were the men that managed the business of the War. But there being, as I learned since, none such; the Earl of Roxburgh

* Tanner MSS. lvii. (1.) 229. Original, signed inside and out by Cromwell: much injured by mildew and moths.

[1] Original Member for Grantham; one of the Committee, and from of old busy in those International concerns.

[2] Letter LXX. (vol. ii. p. 46.)

[3] Letter LXXII. (vol. ii. p. 48.)

and some others having deserted, so that they are not able to make a Committee;—I believe the said Letter is suppressed,[4] and retained in the hands of Colonel Bright and Mr. William Rowe. For whom we 'had' obtained a safe Convoy to go to the Estates of that Kingdom with our said Letter; the Governor of Berwick's Answer to our Summons leading us thereunto. By advantage whereof we did instruct them to give all assurances to the Marquis of Argyle and the Honest Party in Scotland,—who we heard were gathered together in a considerable Body about Edinburgh, to make opposition to the Earl of Lanark, Monro, and their Armies,—of our good affection to them. Wherewith they went the 16th of this month.

Upon the 17th of this month Sir Andrew Ker and Major Strahan, with divers other Scots Gentlemen, brought me this enclosed Letter, signed by the Lord Chancellor of Scotland, as your Lordships will see. They also showed me their Instructions, and a Paper containing the matter of their Treaty with Lanark and Monro; as also an Expostulation upon Lanark's breach with them,—in falling upon Argyle and his men, contrary to agreement, wherein the Marquis hardly escaped, they having hold of him, but Seven-hundred of his men were killed and taken.[5] These Papers I also send here enclosed to your Lordships.

So soon as those Gentlemen came to me, I called a Council of War; the result whereof was the Letter directed to the Lord Chancellor;[6] a Copy whereof your Lordships have here enclosed. Which I delivered to Sir Andrew Ker and Major Strahan; with which they returned upon the 18th, being the next day.

Upon private discourse with these Gentlemen, I do find the condition of their Affairs and their Army to be thus: The Earl of Lanark, the Earl of Crawford and Lindsay, Monro, and their Army, hearing of our advance, and understanding the condition and endeavours of their Adversaries,—marched with all speed to get possession of Stirling-Bridge; that so they might have three parts in four of Scotland at their backs, to raise men, and to enable themselves to carry on their designs. They were about 5,000 Foot, and 2,500 Horse. The Earl of Leven,

[4] Not 'suppressed;' though it cannot be received except unofficially (vol. ii. p. 50).
[5] Bishop Guthry's *Memoirs*.
[6] Letter LXXIII. (vol. ii. p. 51.)

who is chosen General; the Marquis of Argyle, with the Honest Lords and Gentlemen, David Lesley being the Lieutenant-General: 'these,' having about 7,000 Foot, but very weak in Horse,—lie about six miles this side the Enemy. I hear that their Infantry consists of men who come to them out of conscience; and are generally of the Godly People of that Nation, which they express by their piety and devotion in their quarters; and indeed I hear they are a very godly and honest body of men.

I think it is not unknown to your Lordships what directions I have received from you for the prosecution of our late Victory. Whereof I shall be bold to remember a clause of your Letter; which was, "That I should prosecute the remaining Party in "the North, and not leave any of them, wheresoever they go, "to be a beginning of a new Army; nor cease to pursue the "Victory till I finish and fully complete it with the rendition "of those Towns of Berwick and Carlisle, which most unjustly, "and against all obligations, and the Treaties then in force, "they surprised and garrisoned against us."

In order whereunto, I marched to the Borders of Scotland: where I found the whole Country so harassed and impoverished by Monro and the Forces with him, that the Country was no way able to bear us on the English side; but we must necessarily have ruined both your Army and the Subjects of this Kingdom, who would not have had bread for a day if we had continued among them. In prosecution of your Orders, and in answer to the neccssities of your friends in Scotland, and their desires; and considering the necessity of marching into Scotland, to prevent the Governor of Berwick from putting of provisions into his Garrisons on the Scots side, whereof he is at present in some want, as we are informed,—I marched a good part of the Army over Tweed yesterday about noon, the residue being to come after as conveniently as we may.

Thus have I given your Lordships an account of our present condition and engagement. And having done so, I must discharge my duty in remembering to your Lordships the Desires formerly expressed in my Letters to Sir William Armyn and Sir John Evelyn, for supplies; and in particular for that of Shipping to be upon these Coasts, who may furnish us with Ammunition or other necessaries wheresoever God shall lead

us; there being extreme difficulty to supply us by land, without great and strong convoys, which will weary-out and destroy our Horse, and cannot well come to us if the Tweed be up, without going very far about.

Having laid these things before you, I rest, your Lordships' most humble servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.

P.S. Whilst we are here, I wish there be no neglect of the Business in Cumberland and Westmoreland. I have sent Orders both into Lancashire and to the Horse before Pontefract. I should be glad your Lordships would second them, and those other considerations expressed in my Desires to Sir William Armyn thereabouts.*

No. 14.

LETTER ON BEHALF OF YOUNG CHOLMELY.

[Vol. ii. p. 71.]

WRITTEN on the march from Carlisle to Pontefract.

To the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the House of Commons: These.

SIR, Boroughbridge, 28th October 1648.

I do not often trouble you in particular businesses; but I shall be bold now, upon the desire of a worthy Gentleman, Lieutenant-Colonel Cholmely, to entreat your favour in his behalf.

The case stands thus. His son Major Cholmely, who was bold in the Fight against the Scots at Berwick,[1] was Custom-master at Carlisle;—the Gentleman 'had' merited well from you. Since his death, his aged Father, having lost this his Eldest Son in your service, did resolve to use his endeavours to procure the place for a Younger Son, who had likewise been in your service. And resolving to obtain my Letter to some friends about it, did acquaint an *undertenant* of the place for his Son with this his purpose To come to me to the borders of Scotland

* Old Pamphlet (in *Parliamentary History*, xvii. 481).

[1] Against Monro, I suppose, when he ended his maraudings in that quarter (vol. ii. p. 42).

to obtain the said Letter ;—which the said servant 'or undertenant' did say, Was very well.

And when the said Lieutenant-Colonel was come for my Letter, this tenant immediately hastens away to London; where he, in a very circumventing and deceitful way, prefers a Petition to the House of Commons; gets a reference to the Committee of the Navy; who approve of the said man, 'the undertenant,' by the mediation of some gentlemen :—but I hear there is a stop of it in the House.

My humble suit to you is, That if Colonel Morgan do wait upon you about this business,—I having given you this true information of the state of it, as I have received it,—you would be pleased to further his desire concerning Lieutenant-Colonel Cholmely's youngest Son, that *he* may have the place conferred upon him; and that you would acquaint some of my friends herewith.

By which you will very much oblige, your most humble servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.*

No. 15.

CORRESPONDENCE WITH THE MAYOR OF WATERFORD.

[Vol. ii. p. 192.]

PRESERVED in the anonymous Fragment of a Narrative, more than once referred to, are these Letters and Replies:

LETTER 1. *To the Mayor and Aldermen of the City of Waterford.*

GENTLEMEN, Kilbarry, near Waterford, 21st Nov. 1649.

I have received information that you hitherto refuse a Garrison of the Enemy to be imposed upon you; as also that some Factions in the Town are very active still, nothwithstanding your refusal, to persuade you to the contrary.

Being come into these parts, not to destroy people and places, but to save them, that men may live comfortably and happily by their trade, if the fault be not in themselves; and purposing also, by God's assistance, to reduce this City of Waterford

* Tanner MSS. (in Cary, ii. 46.)

to its due obedience, as He shall dispose the matter, by Force, or by Agreement with you upon Terms wherein your own good and happiness, and that of your wives, children and families may consist, notwithstanding 'what' some busy-headed persons may pretend to the contrary; 'and' knowing that if after all this you shall receive a Garrison, it will probably put you out of a capacity to make any such Accord for yourselves, which was the cause of the ruin of the Town and People of Wexford, —I thought fit to lay these things before you; leaving you to use your own judgment therein.

And if any shall have so much power upon you as to persuade you that these are the counsels of an enemy, I doubt it will hardly prove, in the end, that *they* gave you better. You did once live flourishingly under the power (*sic*) and in commerce with England. It shall be your own faults if you do not so again. I send these intimations timeously to you: weigh them well, it so behoves you. I rest, your loving friend,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

REPLY 1. "*For General Cromwell, General of the Parliament Forces in Ireland.*

"Waterford, 23d November 1649.

"MY LORD,—Your Letter of the 21st, directed to me and my Aldermen, "we have, by your Trumpet, received. Your Lordship's advice, as we do "all others, we weigh with the condition of our safety; and so far shall "make use thereof as it contributes to the same.

"For your intentions of reducing this City, by Force or Agreement:— "as we will by all possible means endeavour our natural defence against the "first, so happily will we not be averse to the latter,—if we shall find it not "dishonourable nor destructive. And for that purpose 'we' do desire your "Lordship will grant us a Cessation, for fifteen days, from all acts of hos- "tility; and send us Safe-conducts, with blanks for the men we shall em- "ploy, to treat with your Lordship; and in the interim bring your Army no "nearer this City than now it is.

"We have learned not to slight advice, if we find it wholesome, even "from an enemy's hand; nor to deny him such thanks as it merits. And "if your Lordship should deny us the time we look for, we doubt not, "—with the men we have already in Town, though we should receive "no more,—to make good this Place, till the Power of the Kingdom re- "lieves us.

"To signify which to your Lordship, the Council and Commons have "laid their commands on me, my Lord, your very loving friend,

"JOHN LYVETT, Mayor of Waterford."

LETTER 2. *For the Mayor, Aldermen, or other Governor or Governors of the City of Waterford.*

From my Camp before Waterford, 24th November 1649.

GENTLEMEN,

I expected to have heard from you before this, by my Trumpet; but he not coming to me, I thought fit to send, That I might have an account given me, how you have disposed of him. And to save farther trouble, I have thought fit—

Hereby to summon you To surrender the City and Fort into my hands, to the use of the State of England.

I expect to receive your answer to these things; and rest, your servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.

REPLY 2. "*For the Lieutenant-General Cromwell.*

"Waterford, 24th November 1649.

"My LORD,—Your Letter of the 24th I have received even now; in "which you desire an account of your Lordship's Trumpeter, sent with "a former Letter to us; and summon us to deliver your Lordship this City "and Fort.

"Your Lordship's former Letter by your Trumpeter we have answered "yesterday morning; and do doubt, by the Trumpeter's not coming to "you, he might have suffered some mischance by going the County-of-"Kilkenny way. We therefore now send you a Copy of that Answer;[1] to "which we desire your Lordship's resolution. Before we receive which, we "cannot make farther answer to the rest of your Letter.

"We therefore desire you will despatch the Safe-conduct desired, and "forbear acts of hostility during the Treaty;—and you shall be very soon "attended by Commissioners from, my Lord, your Lordship's servant,

"JOHN LYVETT, Mayor of Waterford."

LETTER. 3. *To the Mayor and Aldermen of the City of Waterford.*

SIRS,

'Before Waterford,' 24th Nov. 1649.

My first Trumpet not being yet come to me, makes me suspect that, as you say, he has suffered some mischance going by the way of the County of Kilkenny.

If I had received your Letter sooner, I should nevertheless, by the help of God, have marched up to this place as I have

[1] Reply 1; already given

done. And as for your desire of a Treaty, I am more willing to that way, for the prevention of blood and ruin, than to the other of Force;—although if necessitated thereunto, you and we are under the overruling Power of God, who will dispose of you and us as He pleaseth.

As to a Cessation for Fifteen Days, I shall not agree thereunto; because a far shorter time may bring this Business to a conclusion as well. But for Four or Five Days I am content that there be a Cessation of all acts of hostility betwixt your City and this Army:—provided you give me assurance That, in the mean time, no soldiers not now in your City be received into it, during the Cessation, nor for Twenty-four hours after.

I expect to have your present answer hereto: because, if this be agreed-to, I shall forbear any nearer approach during the said Cessation. Your servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.

I have by this Bearer returned a Safe-convoy, as you desire, for what Commissioners you think fit to send out to me.*

No. 16.

EXCHANGE OF PRISONERS: RENEGADO WOGAN.

[Vol. ii. p. 198.]

THE Narrative Fragment above cited has these words, in reference to the affair at Passage and its consequences: 'At that time, there being one 'Captain Caufield a prisoner at Clonmel, a stranger to the General, but 'being a prisoner on an English account, the Army concerned themselves 'for him, and at a Council of War certain Votes were passed,' which we shall soon read:

'*For Lieutenant-General Farrell, Governor of Clonmel.*

'Cork, 4th January 1649.'

"At the Council of War held at the City of Cork, the Fourth day of "January, Anno Domini 1649, whereat the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, "the Lord President of Munster,[1] Sir Hardress Waller knight, and divers "other chief Officers of the Army were present, it was resolved as fol-"loweth:

"1. That a Letter be sent, by Lieutenant-General Farrell's Trumpet,

* Fragment of Narrative: in Ayscough MSS. no. 4769, p. 95 et seqq.
[1] Ireton.

" to let him know, That for every private Foot-soldier of our party, prisoner " with him, whom he shall release, he shall have so many of his private " soldiers, prisoners with us, released for them; and for every Trooper of " ours which he shall release, he shall have Two private Foot-soldiers re- " leased for him.

" 2. That the Lord-Lieutenant is ready to release Officers of like quality " for such Officers of ours as are in their power; and that he will deliver " a Major of Foot for a Captain of Horse, and two Captains of Foot for a " Captain of Horse; and so proportionably.

" 3. Or that he will deliver Major-General Butler, the Earl of Ormond's " Brother, for those Officers of ours now in their custody."

SIR,

Having lately received an advertisement, that some of the principal Officers of the Irish Army did send menacing Orders to the Governor of Clonmel, to be communicated to the Lord Broghil, That if we did put to death Colonel Wogan, they were ready to put Captain Caufield to death,—I thought fit to offer to you the equal Exchanges before mentioned; leaving you to your election. Which when you perform, there shall be just and honest performance on my part. And withal to let you know, That if any shall think to put such conditions on me that I may not execute a Person so obnoxious as Wogan,—who did not only betray his trust in England, but counterfeited the General's hand, thereby to carry his men (whom he had seduced) into a Foreign Nation,[2] to invade England, under whom he had taken pay, and from whose service he was not discharged; and with the said Nation did invade England; and hath since, contrary to the said trust, taken up arms here:—That 'then, I say,' as I am willing to the Exchanges aforesaid; so, 'if' that equality be denied me, I would that all concerned should understand, That I am resolved to deal with Colonel Wogan as I shall see cause, and be satisfied in my conscience and judgment to do. And if anything thereupon shall be done to Captain Caufield as is menaced, I think fit to let you know, That I shall, as God shall enable me, put all those that are with me at mercy for life, into the same condition. Your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

[2] Scotland: to join Hamilton and his *Engagement*.

* Fragment of Narrative: in Ayscough MSS. no. 4769, ubi supra.

No. 17.

Ireland: Arrangements for the Administration of Justice there.

[Vol. ii. p. 199.]

For my very worthy Friend John Sadler, Esq., one of the Masters of the Chancery in England: These.

Sir, Cork, 31st December 1649.

To put a business of weight suddenly to your consideration may perhaps beget so much prejudice as may cause you either not to think of it at all, or to incline to the worser part when you resolve. The thing I have to offer hath been thought upon by us, as you will perceive by the reasons wherewith we enforce it; and we do willingly tender it to you; desiring God not you, may give us the answer.

That a Divine Presence hath gone along with us in the late great transactions in this Nation, I believe most good men are sensible of, and thankful to God for; and are persuaded that He hath a farther end; and that as by this dispensation He hath manifested His severity and justice, so there will be a time wherein He will manifest grace and mercy, in which He so much delights. To us who are employed as instruments in this work the contentment that appears is, That we are doing our Master's work; that we have His presence and blessing with us;—and that we live in hope to see Him cause wars to cease, and bringing in that Kingdom of Glory and Peace which He hath promised. This being so, as the hope thereof occasions our comfort, so the seeing some way made already cannot but 'raise' hope that goodness and mercy intends to visit this poor Island. Therefore in what we may as poor instruments, 'we' cannot but be endeavouring to answer the mind of God as any opportunity offers itself.

First let me tell you, in divers places where we come, we find the people very greedy after the Word, and flocking to Christian meetings; much of that prejudice that lies upon poor people in England being a stranger to their minds. And truly we have hoped much of it is done in simplicity; and I mind you the rather of this because it is a sweet symptom, if not an earnest, of the good we expect.

In the next place, our condition was such at our arrival here,—by reason of the War, and prevalency of the Enemy,—that there was a dissolution of the whole frame of Government; there being no visible authority residing in persons intrusted to act according to the forms of law, except in two corporations [*Dublin and Derry at our arrival*], in this whole Land. And although it hath pleased God to give us much territory, yet how to fall suddenly into that way again, I see not; nor is it for the present practicable. Wherefore I am constrained, of my own authority, to issue out Commissions to persons to hear and determine the present controversies that do arise, as they may.

Sir, it seems to me we have a great opportunity to set up, until the Parliament shall otherwise determine, a way of doing justice amongst these poor people, which, for the uprightness and cheapness of it, may exceedingly gain upon them,—who have been accustomed to as much injustice, tyranny and oppression from their landlords, the great men, and those that should have done them right, as (I believe) any people in that which we call Christendom. And indeed 'they' are accounted the bribing'st [*so to speak!*] people that are; they having been inured thereto. Sir, if justice were freely and impartially administered here, the foregoing darkness and corruption would make it look so much the more glorious and beautiful; and draw more hearts after it!—I am loath to write what the consequences might be, or what may be said upon this subject;—and therefore I shall let you know my desire in a word.

There uses to be a Chief-Justice in the Province of Munster, who having some others with him in assistance uses to hear and determine Causes depending there: you are desired by me to accept of that employment. I do believe that nothing will suit your mind better than having a standing Salary for the same; that so you may not be troubled within common allowances, which have been to others (I doubt) but a colour to their covetous practices. I dare assure you 'of' £1,000 a-year, half-yearly, to be paid by even parts, as your allowance;—and although this be more than hath usually been allowed, yet shall we have wherewith readily to make performance, if you accept.

I know not how far this desire of mine will be interpreted by you as a call: but sure I am I have not done anything with a clearer breast, nor wherein I do more approve my heart to

the Lord and His people in sincerity and uprightness;—the Lord direct you what to do. I desire a few things of you: let my Letter be as little seen as you may;—you know what constructions are usually put upon some men's actings; and (were it fit to be committed to paper) would 'be' if I should say That this business, by the blessing of God, might be so managed as might abate much superfluity. I desire you not to discourse of the allowance but to some choice friends. Next I could desire, if you have any acquaintance with Mr. Graves the Lawyer, you would move him to the acceptance of a place here, which should be honourable, and not to his outward disadvantage. And any other godly and able man you know of. Let me have your mind so soon as conveniently you may; and whether you have tried any as is desired, and whom, and what return they make.

Desiring your prayers, I rest, your affectionate friend and servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.*

Sadler did not go; John Cooke, Advocate famed in the King's trial, went. Of Graves I know nothing. Sadler has left some Books; indicating a strange corner of dreamy imaginativeness in his otherwise solid, lucid and pious mind. A man much esteemed by Hartlib, Milton's friend, and by the world legal and other. He continued one of the Masters in Oliver's new Chancery, when the number was reduced to six.

No. 18.

IRELAND: OPERATIONS IN TIPPERARY.

[Vol. ii. p. 230.]

COLONEL PHAYR is in Cork, 'with near Five-hundred foot,' since November last; Broghil, Fenton, and their relation to him, were also indicated in the Text.[1]

For Colonel Phayr, Governor of Cork: These. Haste, haste.

SIR, Fethard, 9th February 1649.

It hath pleased God to be very gracious to us hitherto, in the possessing of Cashel, Fethard and Roghill Castle, without

* *General Dictionary* (by Birch, Bernard, &c. London, 1739), vol. ix. pp. 19-20, § *Sadler* (materials furnished by 'Thos. Sadler, Deputy Clerk of the Pells,' a descendant of this Sadler's).

[1] Letters CXIV. CXV. vol. ii. pp. 181, 182.

any blood. Callan cost us at least four or five men; but we are possessed of it also, and of divers other places of good importance. We are in the very bowels of Tipperary; and hope, will lie advantageously (by the blessing of God) for farther attempts.

Many places take up our men: wherefore I must needs be earnest with you to spare us what you can. If you can send Two Companies more of your Regiment to Mallow,[2] do it. If not, One at the least; that so my Lord Broghil may spare us Two or Three of Colonel Ewers's, to meet him with the rest of his[3] Regiment at Fermoy.

Give Colonel Ewers what assistance you can in the Business I have sent to him about. Salute all my Friends with you. My service to Sir William Fenton. Pray for us. I rest, your very loving friend, OLIVER CROMWELL.

'P.S.' Sir, if you think that we draw you too low in men whilst we are inactive,—I presume you are in no danger; however, I desire you would make this use of it, To rid the Town of Cork of suspicious and ill-affected persons as fast as you can. And herein deal with effect.*

No. 19.

HASELRIG AND DUNBAR BATTLE.

[Vol. iii. p. 31.]

HERE, by the kindness of R. Ormston, Esq., Newcastle-on-Tyne, are now (for our *Third* and all other *Editions*) the Letters themselves. This Gentleman, Grandson of the 'Steward of the Haselrigs' mentioned in vol. iii. p. 47, possesses all the Four Cromwell Letters alluded to by Brand; and has now (May 1847) beneficently furnished an exact copy of them, privately printed. Letter CXXXIX. alone is autograph; the other Three are in a Clerk's hand. Letter CXXXIX., Letter CXLI., these and the Two which follow here, it appears, Mr. O.'s Grandfather 'begged from the fire, 'on a day when much destruction of old Letters and waste Papers was 'going on at Nosely Hall,'—Letter CXXXIX. and all England are somewhat obliged to him! Here are the other Two:

[2] 'Mayallo' in orig. [3] i. e. Colonel Ewers's.

* *Gentleman's Magazine* for March 1843, p. 266. Endorsed, by Phayr, 'The Lo. Leu't Letter to mee the ninth of Feb[i] 1649: About sending men.' By another hand there is also written on the outside 'Mallo posest,'—meaning, probably for Phayr's information, *Mallow possessed* (got, laid hold of).

1. *For the Honourable Sir Arthur Haselrig, Governor of Newcastle: These.*

SIR, Dunbar, 5th September 1650.

After much deliberation, we can find no way how to dispose of these Prisoners that will be consisting with these two ends (to wit, the not losing them and the not starving them, neither of which would we willingly incur) but by sending them into England; where the Council of State may exercise their wisdom and better judgment in so dispersing and disposing of them, as that they may not suddenly return to your prejudice.

We have despatched away near 5,000 poor wretches of them; very many of which, it's probable, will die of their wounds, or be rendered unserviceable for time to come by reason thereof. I have written to the Council of State, desiring them to direct how they shall be disposed of: and I make no question but you will hasten the Prisoners up Southwards, and second my desires with your own to the Council. I know you are a man of business. This, not being every-day's work, will willingly be performed by you; especially considering you have the commands of your Superior.

Sir, I judge it exceeding necessary you send us up what Horse and Foot you can, with all possible expedition; especially considering that indeed our men fall very sick; and if the Lord shall please to enable us effectually to prosecute this Business, to the which He hath opened so gracious a way, no man knows but that it may produce a Peace to England, and much security and comfort to God's People. Wherefore I pray you, continue to give what furtherance you can to this Work, by speeding such supplies to us as you can possibly spare.—Not having more at present, I rest, your affectionate friend and servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.*

2. *For the Honourable Sir Arthur Haselrig, Governor of Newcastle: These. Haste, haste.*

SIR, Edinburgh, 9th September 1650.

I cannot but hasten you in sending-up what Forces possibly you can. This enclosed was intended to you on Saturday, but could not come.

* Original in the possession of R. Ormston, Esq., Newcastle-on-Tyne.

We are not able to carry-on our business as we would, until we have wherewith to keep Edinburgh and Leith,—until we attempt, and are acting, forwards. We have not, in these parts, 'at such a season of the year,' above two months to keep the field. Therefore expedite what you can! And I desire you to send us free Masons;—you know not the importance of Leith.

I hope your Northern Guests are come to you, by this time. I pray you let humanity be exercised towards them; I am persuaded it will be comely. Let the Officers be kept at Newcastle, some sent to Lynn, some to Chester.

I have no more; but rest, your affectionate servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

I desire, as forces come up, I may hear from time to time what they are, how their marches are laid, and when I may expect them.

My service to the dear Lady.*

No. 20.

FOUR LETTERS TO THE SPEAKER, IN BEHALF OF INDIVIDUAL MILITARY GENTLEMEN, AND THEIR CLAIMS.

[Vol. iii. pp. 100, 131, 134, 135.]

Letter 1st, in behalf of Colonel Maleverer's Family (vol. iii. p. 100).

'*To the Right Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These.*'

RIGHT HONOURABLE, Edinburgh, 28th Dec. 1650.

It having pleased God to take away by death Colonel John Maleverer, a very useful member of this Army, I thought it requisite to move you on the behalf of his sad Widow and seven small Children.

I need not say much. His faithfulness in your service, and his cheerfulness to be spent in the same, is very well known. And truly, he had a spirit very much beyond his natural strength

* Original in the possession of R. Ormston, Esq., Newcastle-on-Tyne. Besides the Signature, "My service to the dear Lady" is also autograph.

of body, having undergone many fits of sickness during this hard service in your field, where he was constant and diligent in his charge; and, notwithstanding the weakness of his body, thought himself bound in conscience to continue to the utmost, preferring the Public service before his private relations. And (as I have been credibly informed) his losses by the Royal and Malignant Party have been very great; being occasioned by his appearing with the first in his Country for the Parliament.

I have therefore made bold to represent these things before you, that you may timely consider of those that he hath left behind him, and bestow some mark of favour and respect upon them towards their comfortable subsistence. I rest, your most humble servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.*

Letter 2d, in behalf of John Arundel of Trerice (vol. iii. p. 131).

Oliver is now in Scotland, busy enough with great matters; must not neglect the small either. Military Gentlemen, Ex-Royalist even, applying to the Lord-General in their distress, seem to be a frequent item just now. To whom how can he be deaf, if it is undeserved distress?—'This Enclosed'[1] is from an Ex-Royalist Gentleman, Mr. John Arundel of Trerice in Cornwall; and relates to what is now an old story, the Surrender of Pendennis Castle to Fairfax's people (August 1646); in which Mr. John, by the arbitrary conduct of a certain Parliamentary Official, suffers huge damage at this time, —a fine of no less than £10,000, 'quite ruinous to my poor estate,' and clear against bargain at the rendition of Pendennis, being now laid upon him by the arbitrary Parliamentary Official in those parts. As not only human justice, but the honour of the Army is concerned, Mr. John has written to the Lord General,—the Trerice Arundels, he alleges furthermore, having once 'had the honour to stand in some friendship, or even kinship, with your noble family.' Oliver, during that hurried first visit to Glasgow, writes in consequence:

'*To the Right Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These.*'

SIR, Glasgow, 25th April 1651.

Receiving this Enclosed, and finding the contents of it to expostulate for justice and faith-keeping, and the direction not improper to myself from the Party interested, forasmuch as it is the word and the faith of the Army engaged unto a performance; and understanding by what steps it hath proceeded,

* Tanner MSS. (in Cary, ii. 243.)

[1] Ibid. ii. 258.

which this enclosed Letter of the Gentleman's will make manifest unto you:—I make bold humbly to present the Business to the Parliament.

If he desires that which is not just and honourable for you to grant, I shall willingly bear blame for this trouble, and be glad to be denied: but if it be just and honourable, and tends to make good the faith of your servants, I take the boldness then to pray he may stand or fall according to that. And this desire, I hope, is in faithfulness to you; and will be so judged. I take leave; and rest, Sir, your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

Letter 3d, in behalf of Colonel Clayton (vol. iii. p. 134).

'*To the Right Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These.*'

SIR, Edinburgh, 10th May 1651.

I am very desirous to make an humble motion unto you on the behalf of Colonel Randall Clayton;—who, being taken prisoner[2] when I was in Ireland, was with some other Officers judged to die, as those that had formerly served the Parliament, but were then partakers with the Lord Inchiquin in his Revolt: and although the rest suffered, according to the sentence passed upon them, yet, with the advice of the chief Officers, I thought meet to give him, the said Colonel Randall Clayton, his life, as one that is furnished with large abilities for the service of his Country: and indeed there was the appearance of such remorse, and of a work of grace upon his spirit, that I am apt to believe he will hereafter prove an useful member unto the State, upon the best account.

Having thus given him his release, and observing his Christian candour, I then promised him to negotiate with the Parliament for the taking-off the sequestration that is upon his estate, which indeed is but very small. I do therefore humbly entreat you To pass such a special act of favour towards him, whereby he will be engaged and enabled to improve his interest the more vigorously, in his place, for the advantage of the Public.

I would not address such an overture to you, did I not

* Tanner MSS. (in Cary, ii. 270.)
[2] Supra, vol. ii. p. 245, and Whitlocke, p. 432.

suppose that the placing of this favour upon this person will be of very good use, and an act of much charity and tenderness. I rest, Sir, your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

Letter written (what may be noted) just in the beginning of that dangerous Fit of Sickness;—following Letter just about the end of it.

Letter 4th, in behalf of Colonel Borlace (vol. iii. p. 135).

'To the Right Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These.'

SIR, Edinburgh, 13th June 1651.

Having received the enclosed Petition and Letter from the Officers of a Court of War at Whitehall, representing unto me that the faith of the Army concerning the Articles of Truro,[3] in the particular case of Colonel Nicholas Borlace, is violated; and the Petitioner himself having come hither to Scotland, desiring me to be instrumental that the said Articles be performed, and that the faith of the Army thereupon given might be made good:—I do therefore humbly desire That the Parliament will take his case into consideration, and that his Business may receive a speedy hearing (he being already almost quite exhausted in the prosecution thereof); that so justice may be done unto him, and that the faith of the Army may be preserved.

I crave pardon for this trouble; and rest, Sir, your most humble servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.†

No. 20*.

[Vol. iii. p. 133.]

GENERAL HARRISON, with some force, is on the Border, keeping open our communications. Along with that Letter to Mrs. Cromwell goes another, dated the same day.

* Tanner MSS. (in Cary, ii. 272.)

[3] Hopton's Surrender, 14th March 1645-6 (antea, vol. i. p. 207); a hurried Treaty, which gave rise to much doubting and pleading, in other instances than this.

† Tanner MSS. (in Cary, ii. 276.)

For the Honourable Major-General Harrison: These.

DEAR HARRISON, Edinburgh, May 3d, 1651.

I received thine of the 23d of April. Thy Letters are always very welcome to me.

Although your new militia forces are so bad as you mention, yet I am glad that you are in the head of them; because I believe God will give you a heart to reform them; a principal means whereof will be, by placing good Officers over them, and putting out the bad; whereunto you will not want my best furtherance and concurrence. I have had much such stuff to deal withal, in those sent to me into Scotland; but, blessed be the Lord, we have 'been' and are reforming them daily, finding much encouragement from the Lord therein; only we do yet want some honest men to come to us to make Officers. And this is the grief, that this being the cause of God and of His people, so many saints should be in their security and ease, and not come out to the work of the Lord in this great day of the Lord.

I hear nothing of the men you promised me. Truly I think you should do well to write to friends in London and elsewhere, to quicken their sense in this great business. I have written this week to Sir Henry Vane, and given him a full account of your affairs. I hope it will not be in vain.

I think it will be much better for you to draw nigher to Carlisle, where 'are' twelve troops of horse; whereof six are old troops, and five or six of dragoons. Besides, the troops you mention upon the Borders will be ready upon a day's notice to fall into conjunction with you; so that if any parties should think to break into England (which, through the mercy of God, we hope to have an eye to), you will be, upon that conjunction, in a good posture to obviate 'them.' Truly I think that if you could be at Penrith and those parts, it would do very well. And I do therefore desire you, as soon as you can, to march thither. Whereby also you and we shall have the more frequent and constant correspondency one with another. And it will be better, if a party of the enemy should happen to make such an attempt, to fight him before he hath an opportunity to get far into our country.

I have offered a consideration also to our friend at London,

that you might have two regiments of foot sent too, 'of' which I am not without hope.

The Lord bless you and keep you, and increase the number of His faithful ones. Pray for us, and for him who assures you he is your affectionate faithful Friend, OLIVER CROMWELL.*

No. 21.

MARCH TO WORCESTER.

[Vol. iii. p. 149.]

OLIVER, in his swift March from Scotland towards Worcester, takes Ripon and Doncaster as stages: Provision for us must be 'in readiness against our coming.'

'*To the Mayor and Corporation of Doncaster: These.*'

GENTLEMEN, Ripon, 18th August 1651.

I intend, God willing, to be at Doncaster with the Army on Wednesday[1] night or Thursday morning; and forasmuch as the Soldiers will need a supply of victual, I desire you to give notice to the country, and to use your best endeavours to cause bread, butter, cheese and flesh to be brought in, and to be in readiness there against our coming; for which the country shall receive ready money. Not doubting of your care herein, I rest, your very loving friend, OLIVER CROMWELL.†

No. 22.

AFTER WORCESTER BATTLE: LETTERS TO THE SPEAKER.

[Vol. iii. p. 159.]

'*To the Right Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These.*'

SIR, Evesham, 8th September 1651.

The late most remarkable, seasonable, and signal Victory, which our good God (to whom alone be ascribed all

* Letter in possession of B. S. Elcock, Esq., of Prior-Park Buildings, Bath (*Note of* 1869).

[1] Wednesday is 20th.

† Original in the possession of Pudsey Dawson, Esq., Hornby Castle, Lancashire (communicated, 19th October 1850).

the glory) was pleased to vouchsafe your servants against the Scottish Army at Worcester, doth, as I conceive, justly engage me humbly to present in reference thereunto this consideration: That as the Lord appeared so wonderfully in His mercies towards you, so it will be very just to extend mercy to His people, our Friends that suffered in these parts upon this occasion; and that some reparation may be made them out of the Sequestration or Estates of such as abetted this Engagement against you. The town being entered by storm, some honest men, promiscuously and without distinction, suffered by your Soldier;—which could not at that time possibly be prevented, in the fury and heat of the battle.

I also humbly present to your charity the poor distressed Wife and Children of one William Guise, of the City of Worcester, who was barbarously put to death by the Enemy for his faithfulness to the Parliament. The man (as I am credibly informed) feared the Lord; and upon that account likewise deserveth more consideration. Really, Sir, I am abundantly satisfied, that divers honest men, both in city and country, suffered exceedingly (even to the ruin of their families), by these parts being the seat of the War: and it will be an encouragement to honest men, when they are not given over to be swallowed-up in the same destruction with enemies.

I hope the Commissioners of the Militia will be very careful and discerning in the distribution of your charity. I cannot but double my desires, that some speedy course may be taken herein.

I have sent the Mayor and Sheriff of Worcester to Warwick Castle, there to attend the pleasure of Parliament concerning their Trial; I having not opportunity to try them by Court Martial. I have also taken security of the other Aldermen who remained in the city, to be forthcoming when I shall require them.

It may be well worthy your consideration, That some severity be shown to some of those of this Country, as well of quality as meaner ones, who, having been engaged in the former War, did now again appear in arms against you. I rest, Sir, your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

* Tanner MSS. (in Cary, ii. 378).

'To the Right Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These.'

SIR, Chipping Norton, 8th September 1651.

I have sent this Bearer, Captain Orpyn, with the Colours taken in the late Fight;—at least as many of them as came to my hands, for I think very many of them have miscarried. I believe the number of these sent will be about an Hundred; the remainder also being Forty or Fifty, which were taken at the Engagement in Fife.[1] I ask pardon for troubling you herewith; and rest, Sir, your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

No. 23.

LETTER TO SISTER ELIZABETH.

[Vol. i. p. 18 note; iii. p. 177.]

BY accident, another curious glimpse into the Cromwell family. 'Sister Elizabeth,' of whom, except the date of her birth and that she died unmarried,[1] almost nothing is known, comes visibly to light here; 'living at Ely,' in very truth (as Noble had guessed she did); quietly boarded at some friendly Doctor's there, in the scene and among the people always familiar to her. She is six years older than Oliver; now and then hears from him, we are glad to see, and receives 'small tokens of his love' of a substantial kind. For the rest, sad news in this Letter! Son Ireton is dead of fever in Ireland; the tidings reached London just a week ago.

For my dear Sister Mrs. Elizabeth Cromwell, at Doctor Richard Stand[2] his house at Ely: These.

DEAR SISTER, 'Cockpit,' 15th December 1651.

I have received divers Letters from you; I must desire you to excuse my not writing so often as you expect: my burden is not ordinary, nor are my weaknesses a few to go through therewith; but I have hope in a better Strength.—I have herewith sent you Twenty Pounds as a small token of my

[1] Inverkeithing Fight in July: see Letter CLXXV.
* Tanner MSS. (in Cary, ii. 380).
[1] Antea, vol. i. p. 17. [2] Query, not *Hand*?

love. I hope I shall be mindful of you. I wish you and I may have our rest and satisfaction where all saints have theirs. What is of this world will be found transitory; a clear evidence whereof is my Son Ireton's death. I rest, dear Sister, your affectionate Brother,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

'P.S.'[3] My Mother, Wife, and your friends here remember their loves.

No. 24.

LETTER TO THE COMMITTEE FOR SEQUESTRATIONS, IN BEHALF OF MR. AND MRS. FINCHAM.

[Vol. iii. p. 181.]

THOMAS FINCHAM, Esquire, of Oatwell, Isle of Ely, is on the List of Delinquents: Oliver, as an old friend or at least neighbour, will do what he can for him.

To the Commissioners for Sequestration, at Goldsmiths' Hall: These.

GENTLEMEN, Cockpit, — December 1651.

I formerly recommended unto you the Petition of one Mr. Fincham and his Wife, desiring that if it were in your power to give remedy in their case, you would be pleased to hear them, according to the equity of their case. And forasmuch as they have waited long in Town for a hearing, to their great charge and expenses, which their present condition will not well bear, I again earnestly desire that you will grant them your favour of a speedy hearing of their business, and to relieve them according to the merits and justice of their case: whereby you will very much oblige, Gentlemen, your very loving friend,

OLIVER CROMWELL.†

* Original shown me, and copied for me (26th October 1853), by Mr. Puttick, Auctioneer, 191 Piccadilly,—who sold it, with another (Letter to *Dick*, *2d April* 1650, *Carrick*, our Letter CLXXXII.), next day, 'for 9 guineas, to Mr. Holloway, Bedford Street:' the *Dick*, a long letter, in very good keeping, went 'for 26 guineas, to Mr. John Young, 6 Size Lane, Bucklersbury.'

[3] On the margin.

† Composition Papers, in State-Paper Office.

No. 25.

To Oxford and Cambridge.

[Vol. iii. p. 183.]

From those nine months of 1652 remain certain other small vestiges or waymarks; relating, as it happens, to the Universities, of one of which Oliver was Chancellor. The first is a Letter to Oxford.

'Greenwood' we have already seen: 'Goodwin' is the famed Independent, at this time President of Magdalen College. Of 'Zachary Maine,' and his wishes and destinies, the reader can find an adequate account in Wood, with express allusion to the Letter which follows.[1] Zachary's desire was complied-with. A godly young man from Exeter City; not undeserving such a favour; who lived seven years in profitable communion with Goodwin, Owen and the others; then, at the Restoration, fell into troubles, into waverings; but ended peaceably as Master of the Free School of Exeter, the Mayor and Chamber favouring him there.

1. *To the Reverend my very loving Friend Dr. Greenwood, Vice-Chancellor of the University of Oxford.*

Sir, 'Cockpit,' 12th April 1652.

Mr. Thomas Goodwin hath recommended unto me one Zachary Maine, Demy of Magdalen College, to have the favour To be dispensed-with for the want of two or three terms in the taking of his Degree of Bachelor. I am assured that he is eminently godly, of able parts, and willing to perform all his exercises. Upon which account (if it will not draw along with it too great an inconvenience) I desire that he may have the particular favour to be admitted to the said Degree. Which I intend not to draw into a precedent, but shall be very sparing therein. I remain, Sir, your very loving friend,

Oliver Cromwell.*

The Second an official Protection to Cambridge:

2. *To all Officers, Soldiers under my command, and others whom it may concern.*

These are to charge and require you, upon sight hereof: Not to quarter any Officers or Soldiers in any of the Colleges

[1] *Athenæ*, iv. 411.

* From the Archives of Oxford University. Communicated by the Rev. Dr. Bliss.

Halls or other Houses belonging to the University of Cambridge; Nor to offer any injury or violence to any of the Students or Members of any of the Colleges or Houses of the said University. As you shall answer the contrary at your peril.

Given under my hand and seal, the First of July 1652.

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

Note. In the Archives of Trinity College Cambridge is a patent duly signeted, and superscribed "Oliver P.," of date "Whitehall, 21st October 1654;" appointing Richard Pratt, "who, as we are informed, is very poor and necessitous," a *Bedesman* (small pensioner for life) of that College. Which merely official Piece, as Richard Pratt too, except this of being poor, is without physiognomy for us, we do not insert here.[2]

The Third and Fourth are for Oxford again:

3. *By his Excellency the Lord General Cromwell, Chancellor of the University of Oxford.*

Whereas divers applications have been made unto me, from several of the Members of the University of Oxford, concerning differences which have arisen between the Members of the said University about divers matters which fall under my cognisance as Chancellor: And forasmuch as differences and complaints of the like nature may 'again' happen and arise between them: And considering that it would be very troublesome and chargeable to the parties concerned to attend me at this distance about the same: And the present burden of public affairs not permitting me so fully to hear and understand the same as to be able to give my judgment and determination therein:

I do hereby desire and authorise Mr. John Owen, now Vicechancellor of the University, and the Heads of the several Colleges and Halls there, or any Five or more of them (whereof the said Vicechancellor to be one), To hear and examine all such differences and complaints which have 'arisen,' or shall arise, between any of the said Members; giving them as full power and authority as in me lies to order and determine therein as, in their judgments, they shall think meet and agreeable to

* Cooper's *Annals of Cambridge*, iii. 452. [2] Copy *penes me*.

justice and equity. And this Power and Commission to continue during the space of Six Months now next ensuing.

Given under my hand and seal, the 16th day of October 1652. OLIVER CROMWELL.

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4. *By his Excellency the Lord General Cromwell, Chancellor of the University of Oxford.*

Whereas within the University of Oxford there frequently happen several things to be disposed, granted and confirmed, wherewith the Vicechancellor, Doctors-Regent, Masters and others of the said University, in their Delegacies and Convocations, cannot by their statutes dispense, grant or confirm, without the assent of their Chancellor: And forasmuch as the present weighty affairs of the Commonwealth do call for and engage me to reside, and give my personal attendance, in or near London; so that the Scholars of the said University and others are put to much charge and trouble by coming to London to obtain my assent in the cases before mentioned: Therefore, taking the premises into consideration, For the more ease and benefit of the said Scholars and University, and that I may with less avocation and diversion attend the councils and service of the Commonwealth:

I do by these presents ordain, authorise, appoint and delegate Mr. John Owen, Dean of Christchurch and Vicechancellor of the said University; Dr. Wilkins, Warden of Wadham College; Dr. Jonathan Goddard, Warden of Merton College; Mr. Thomas Goodwin, President of Magdalen College; and Mr. Peter French, Prebend of Christchurch, or any Three or more of them. To take into consideration all and every matter of dispensation, grant or confirmation whatsoever which requires my assent as Chancellor to the said University, and thereupon to dispense, grant, confirm, or otherwise dispose thereof, as to them them shall seem meet; and to certify the same to the Convocation. And all and every such dispensation, grant, confirmation or disposition made by the aforesaid Mr. John Owen, Dr. Wilkins, Dr. Jonathan Goddard, Mr. Thomas Goodwin, and Mr. Peter French, or any Three or more of them, shall be to all intents and purposes firm and valid, in as full, large and ample manner as if to every such particular act they had my assent in writing under my hand and seal, or I had been per-

sonally present and had given my voice and suffrage thereunto.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal, the 16th day of October 1652. OLIVER CROMWELL.*

No. 26.

LETTER TO LORD WHARTON ABOUT HENRY CROMWELL'S MARRIAGE.

[Vol. iii. p. 151.]

'POOR foolish Mall,' whom we guessed in the Text to be on a visit at Winchington, was then busy there, it would seem, and is now again busy, on a very important matter: scheme of marriage between her brother Henry, now in Ireland, and her fair Friend here, Lord Wharton's Daughter,—the Lady Elizabeth, his eldest, as may be clearly inferred from the genealogies.[1] The Lord General approves; match most honourable; shall not fail for want of money on his part. Unless, indeed, 'the just scruples of the Lady' prove unsurmountable? Which, apparently, they did. Both parties afterwards married: the Lady Elizabeth to 'the third Earl Lindsay;' Henry Cromwell a 'Russel of Chippenham;' on which latter event, the 'Dalby and Broughton,' here mentioned, were actually settled upon Henry. Burleigh and Pakham went to his brother Richard.

'*For the Right Honourable the Lord Wharton: These.*'

MY DEAR LORD, 'Cockpit,' 30th June 1652.

Indeed I durst not suddenly make up any judgment what would be fit for me to do or desire, in the Business you know of. But being engaged to give you an account upon our last conference, I shall be bold to do that, and add a word or two therewith.

For the Estate I mentioned, I cannot now (by reason my Steward is not here) be so exact as I would: but the Lands I design for this occasion are Burleigh, Oakham, and two other little things not far distant; in all about 1900*l.* per annum. Moreover Dalby 'and' Broughton, 1600*l.* per annum. Burleigh hath some charge upon it, which will in convenient time be

* From the Archives of Oxford University. Communicated by the Rev. Dr. Bliss.

[1] Lipscomb's *History and Antiquities of Buckinghamshire* (London, 1847), i. 544

removed. This is near twice as much as I intended my Son: yet all is unworthy of the honourable Person.

My Lord, give me leave to doubt that the Lady hath so many just scruples, which if not very freely reconciled may be too great a tentation to her spirit, and also have after-inconveniences. And although I know your Lordship so really,[2] yet I believe you may have your share of difficulties to conflict with; which may make the Business uneasy:—wherefore, good my Lord, I beg it, If there be not freedom and cheerfulness in the noble Person, let this Affair slide easily off, and not a word more be spoken about it,—as your Lordship's 'own' thoughts are. So hush all, and save the labour of little Mall's fooling,—lest she incur the loss of a good Friend indeed. My Lord, I write my heart plainly to you, as becomes, my Lord, your most affectionate servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.*

No. 27.

SCRAPS FROM 1653.

[Vol. iii. p. 235.]

1. IN a volume of the *Annual Register* are given certain Letters or Petitions concerning the printing of Dr. Walton's Polyglott Bible. At the end of the Petitions is the following:

'Whitehall,' 16th May 1653.

I think fit that this work of printing the Bible in the Original and other Languages go on without any let or interruption.

OLIVER CROMWELL.†

'By favour of whose Government,' as Walton in his Preface furthermore records, 'we had our paper free of duty, *quorum favore chartam a vectigalibus immunem habuimus*,'—with perhaps other furtherances. See Irwell's *Life of Pocock* (reprint. London, 1816), pp. 209-211.

2. Here, lest any one should be again sent hunting through 'Pegge's Manuscripts,' take the following highly insignificant Official Note. Date, four weeks after the Dismissal of the Rump; when the 'Committee of the

[2] 'reallilye' in orig.

* Original in Bodleian Library; endorsed by Lord Wharton, "My Lord Generall to mee about his Sonne." Printed in *Illustrated London News*, 7th November 1856.

† *Annual Register*, xxxvi. 373-4.

Army,' and Oliver 'Commander of all the Forces raised and to be raised,' are naturally desirous to know the state of the Army-Accounts. Where Mitchell commands at present, I do not know; nor whether he might be the 'Captain Mitchell' who was known some years ago in a disagreeable transaction with the Lord-General's Secretary,[1] and whose Accounts may be rather specially a matter of interest.

For Lieutenant-Colonel Mitchell.

SIR, Whitehall, 18th May 1653.

You are desired with all expedition to prepare and send to the Committee for the Army an Account of all Moneys by you received upon their Warrants between the Fifteenth of January 1647 and the Twentieth of October 1651, for the use of the Forces within the time aforesaid under your command, or for the use of any other Regiment, Troop or Company, by or for whom you were intrusted or appointed to receive any money.

And in case you cannot perfect your Account, and send the same, as you are hereby directed, before the Seventh of June next, you are desired by that time at the farthest to send in writing under your hand to the said Committee, What Moneys by you received as aforesaid do remain in your hands.

Hereof you are not to fail. OLIVER CROMWELL.*

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3. Among the State-Papers in Paris there have lately been found Three small Notes to Mazarin, not of much, if indeed of almost any moment, but worth preserving since they are here. Two of them belong to this Section. The first, which exists only in French, apparently as translated for Mazarin's reading, would not be wholly without significance if we had it in the original. It is dated just three days after that Summons to the Puritan Notables;[2]—and the Lord General, we see, struggles to look upon himself as a man that has done with Political Affairs.

'A Son Eminence, Monsieur le Cardinal Mazarin.'

MONSIEUR, De Westminster, ce 9-19 Juin 1653.

J'ai été surpris de voir que votre Eminence ait voulu penser à une personne si peu considérable que moi, vivant

[1] Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 61), 22d-29th June 1649.
* Pegge's MSS. (in the College of Arms, London), vii. 425.
[2] Antea, vol. iii. p. 198.

en quelque façon rétiré du reste du monde. Cet honneur a fait avec juste raison une si forte impression sur moi, que je me sens obligé de servir votre Eminence en toutes occasions; et comme je m'estimerai heureux de les pouvoir rencontrer, j'espère que M. de Bourdeaux en facilitera les moyens à celui qui est, Monsieur, de votre Eminence le très-humble serviteur,

*Oliver Cromwell.**

Of which take this Version:

"Westminster, 9th June 1653.

"Sir,—I have been surprised that your Eminency was pleased to re-
" member a person so inconsiderable as myself, living, as it were, withdrawn
" from the rest of the world. This honour has justly such a resentment
" with me that I feel myself bound, by all opportunities, to be serviceable
" to your Eminency; and as I shall be happy to meet with such, so I hope
" M. de Bourdeaux," the Ambassador, "will help to procure them to, Sir,
" your Eminency's most humble servant,

"Oliver Cromwell."

Nay here now (*Edition* 1857) is the Original itself; politely forwarded to me, three years ago, by the Translator of M. Guizot's *English Commonwealth*, where doubtless it has since appeared in print:

Westminster, the 9th of June 1653.

It's surprise to me that your Eminence should take notice of a person so inconsiderable as myself, living, as it were, separate from the world. This honour has, as it ought, 'made' a very deep impression upon me, and does oblige 'me' to serve your Eminency upon all occasions: and as I shall be happy to find out 'such,' so I trust that very honourable person, Monsieur Burdoe, will therein be helpful to, your Eminency's thrice-humble servant,

O. Cromwell.

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4. The negotiations with Whitlocke for going on that perilous Embassy to Sweden have left for us the following offhand specimen of an Official Note from Oliver. Oliver and Pickering had already been earnestly dealing with the learned man that he would go: at their subsequent interview, Oliver observed to Whitlocke, "Sir Gilbert" Pickering "would needs write a
" very fine Letter; and when he had done, did not like it himself. I then
" took pen and ink, and straightway wrote that to you:"

* From the Archives du Ministère des Affaires Etrangères, at Paris. Communicated by Thomas Wright, Esq. F.S.A. &c.

'*To Sir Bulstrode Whitlocke, Lord Commissioner of the Great Seal.*'

MY LORD, Whitehall, 2d September 1653.

The Council of State having thoughts of putting your Lordship to the trouble of being Extraordinary Ambassador to the Queen of Swedeland, did think fit not to impose that service upon you without first knowing your own freedom thereunto. Wherefore they were pleased to command our service to make this address to your Lordship; and hereby we can assure you of a very large confidence in your honour and abilities for this employment. To which we begging your answer, do rest, my Lord, your humble servants,

OLIVER CROMWELL.
GILBERT PICKERING.*

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5. The Little Parliament has now dismissed itself, and Oliver has henceforth a new Signature.

'*To his Eminency Cardinal Mazarin.*'

MY LORD, 'Whitehall,' 26th January 1653.

Monsieur de Baas[3] hath delivered me the Letter which your Eminency hath been pleased to write to me; and also communicated by word of mouth your particular affections and good disposition towards me, and the affairs of these Nations as now constituted. Which I esteem a very great honour; and hold myself obliged, upon the return of this Gentleman to you, to send my thanks to your Eminency for so singular a favour; my just resentment whereof I shall upon all occasions really demonstrate; and be ready to express the great value I have of your person and merits, as your affairs and interest shall require from, your very affectionate friend to serve you, OLIVER P.†

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6. 'The Corporation of Lynn Regis,' it appears, considered that the navigation of their Port would be injured by the works now going on for

* From Whitlocke's Account of his Embassy (quoted in Forster, iv. 319).

[3] The new Envoy, or Agent; of whom in the next No.

† From the Archives du Ministère des Affaires Etrangères, at Paris. Communicated by Thomas Wright, Esq. F.S.A. &c.

Draining the great Bedford Level of the Fens. They addressed the Protector on the subject; and this is his Letter in answer thereto. Nothing came of it farther.

To the Mayor and Aldermen of Lynn Regis.

GENTLEMEN, Whitehall, 30th January 1653.

I received yours; and cannot but let you know the good resentments I have of your respects;—assuring you that I shall be always ready to manifest a tender love and care of you and your welfare, and in particular of that concernment of yours relating to navigation.

Commending you to the grace of God, I remain, your loving friend, OLIVER P.*

No. 28.

From 1654–1655: VOWEL'S PLOT; RECTORY OF HOUGHTON CONQUEST; PENRUDDOCK'S PLOT; LETTER TO THE POET WALLER; NEW ENGLAND.

[Vol. iv. pp. 14, 113, 121.]

1. ANOTHER wholly insignificant Official Note to Mazarin, in regard to Vowel's Plot, and the dismissal of M. de Baas for his complicity in it. De Baas, whom some call Le Baas, or rightly Le Bas, was a kind of subsidiary Agent despatched by Mazarin early in the Spring of 1653-4 'to congratulate the new Protector,'—that is, to assist Bourdeaux, who soon after got the regular title of Ambassador, in ascertaining how a Treaty could be made with the new Protector, or, on the whole, what was to be done with England and him. Hitherto, during the Dutch War and other vicissitudes, there had been a mixed undefinable relation between the two Countries, rather hostile than neutral. The 'Treaty and firm Amity,' as we know, had its difficulties, its delays; in the course of which it occurred to M. Le Bas that perhaps the Restoration of Charles Stuart, by Vowel and Company, might be a shorter cut to the result. Examination of Witnesses in consequence; examination of Le Bas himself by the Protector and Council, in consequence; mild hint to Le Bas that he must immediately go home again.[1]

* *History of the Ancient and Present State of the Navigation of the Port of King's Lynn and of Cambridge* (London, fol. 1766), p. 55.

[1] Depositions concerning him (April, May, 1654), Thurloe, ii. 309, 351-3: notice of his first arrival (February 1653-4), ib. 113. See also ib. 379, 437.

'*Eminentissimo Cardinali Mazarino.*'

EMINENTISSIME CARDINALIS,

In Litteris Nostris ad Regem datis, causas et rationes recensuimus quare Dominum De Baas ex hâc Republicâ excedere jussimus, et Majestatem Suam certam fecimus, Nos, non obstante hâc dicti de Baas machinatione, cujus culpam ei solummodo imputamus, in eâdem adhuc sententiâ perstare, firmam arctamque Pacem et Amicitiam cum Galliâ colendi et paciscendi. Atque hâc occasione gratum nobis est priora illa propensæ nostræ erga vos et res vestras voluntatis indicia et testimonia renovare; quam etiam, datâ subinde occasione, palam facere et luculenter demonstrare parati erimus. Interea Eminentiam vestram Divinæ benignitatis præsidio commendamus.

Dab. ex Albâ Aulâ, vicesimo nono Junii an. 1654.

*OLIVERIUS P.**

Of which, if it be worth translating, this is the English:

"MOST EMINENT CARDINAL,—In our Letter to the King we have "set forth the grounds and occasions moving us to order M. de Baas to "depart from this Commonwealth; and have assured his Majesty, that "notwithstanding this deceit of the said De Baas, the blame of which is "imputed to him alone, we persist as heretofore in the same purpose of "endeavouring and obtaining a firm and intimate Peace and Amity with "France. And it gives us pleasure, on this occasion, to renew those former "testimonies of our good inclination towards you and your interests; which "also, as opportunity offers, we shall in future be ready to manifest and "clearly demonstrate. In the mean while, we commend your Eminency "to the keeping of the Almighty, OLIVER P.

"Whitehall, 29th June 1654."

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2. PRESENTATION TO THE RECTORY OF HOUGHTON CONQUEST.

'*Communicated to me*' (Thomas Baker, the Cambridge Antiquary) '*by my worthy friend Brown Willis Esq. of Whaddon Hall in Com. Bucks, from the original Presentation, in the hands of a friend of his.*'

OLIVER P.

Oliver, Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England, Scotland and Ireland, and the Dominions thereunto belong-

* From the Archives du Ministère des Affaires Etrangères, at Paris. Communicated by Thomas Wright, Esq. F.S.A. &c.

ing, to the Commissioners authorised by a late Ordinance for Approbation of Public Preachers, or 'to' any five of them, greeting. We present John Pointer to the Rectory of Houghton Conquest in the county of Bedford, void by the death of the late Incumbent, and to our presentation belonging; to the end he may be approved-of by them, and admitted thereunto, with all its rights, members and appurtenances whatsoever, according to the tenor of the aforesaid Ordinance.

Given at Whitehall, the 29th of September 1654.*

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3. Design against the Spanish West Indies.

[Vol. iv. pp. 74, 119.]

Our great Design against the Spaniards in the West Indies is still called only 'a Design by Sea,' and kept very secret. Proper, however, as the rumours probably are loud, to give the Parliament, now sitting, some hint of it. Hence this Letter; of no moment otherwise. Unluckily 'the right-hand border of the Paper is now much worn away;' so that several words are wanting,—conjecturally supplied here, *in italics*.

To Our right trusty and well-beloved William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament.

Mr. Speaker, Whitehall, 22d September 1654.

I have, by advice of the Council, undertaken a Design by Sea, very much (as we hope and judge) for the honour and advantage of the Commonwealth; and have already made the preparations requisite for such an undertaking. But before I proceed to the execution thereof, the Parliament being now convened, I thought it agreeable to my trust to communicate to them the aforesaid resolution, and not to desire the delay thereof any longer (although I suppose you may be engaged, at the present, in matters of greater weight); because many *miscarriages* will fall out in this Business through delay, as well in *providing* of the charge as otherwise; the well-timing of such a *Design* being as considerable as anything about it. And the*refore I* desire you to take your first opportunity to acquaint *the House* with the contents of this

* Harl. mss. no. 7053, f. 153.

Letter, wherein I have *foreborne* to be more particular, because there are severed *persons* in Parliament who know this whole Business, and *can inform* the House of all particulars, if the House do judge *it to be* consistent with the nature of the Design to have it of*fered* to them particularly:—which I refer to their consideration; and rest, your assured friend,

OLIVER P.*

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4. NEW APPOINTMENTS; ANNOUNCEMENT OF THEM TO THE PARLIAMENT.

OLIVER P.

To Our right trusty and right well-beloved William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament.

RIGHT TRUSTY AND RIGHT WELL-BELOVED,

We greet you well. It being expressed in the Thirty-fourth Article of the Government, That the Chancellor, Keeper or Commissioners of the Great Seal, the Treasurer, Admiral, Chief Governors of Ireland and Scotland, and the Chief Justices of both the Benches, shall be chosen by the approbation of Parliament, and in the intervals of Parliament by the approbation of the major part of the Council,—to be afterwards approved by the Parliament; and several Persons of integrity and ability having been appointed by Me (with the Council's approbation) for some of those Services before the meeting of the Parliament;—I have thought it necessary to transmit unto you, in the enclosed Schedule, the names of those Persons, to the end that the resolution of the Parliament may be known concerning them: which I desire may be with such speed as the other public occasions of the Commonwealth will admit. And so I bid you heartily farewell.

Given at Whitehall, this Fifth day of October 1654.†

Enclosure is endorsed: "The Schedule inclosed in his

* 'Autograph Letter throughout.' Copy *penes me*; reference (Tanner MSS. no doubt) is unfortunately lost. See *Commons Journals*, vii. 369 (22d September 1654), for the Return made.

† Original, with the Great Seal attached, in Tanner MSS., lii. 135. See *Commons Journals*, vii. 378 (24th October 1654).

Highness Letter of y^e^ 5th of October 1654."—"Read October 5th, 1654; and again, 6th Oct."

CHARLES FLEETWOOD, Esquire . . .	Deputy of Ireland.
BULSTRODE WHITLOCKE, Esquire . .	Commissioners of the Great Seal of England.
SIR THOMAS WIDDRINGTON, Knt. . .	
JOHN LISLE, Esquire	
The Three Commissioners of the Great Seal above-named	Commissioners of the Treasury.
THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE ROLLE . .	
THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE ST. JOHN . .	
EDWARD MONTAGUE, Esquire	
WILLIAM SYDENHAM, Esquire	
HENRY ROLLE	Chief Justice of the Court of Upper Bench.
OLIVER ST. JOHN	Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas.

5 and 6. The following Two Letters, one of which is clearly of Thurloe's composition, have an evident reference to Penruddock's affair: they find their place here.

Sergeant Wilde, now more properly Lord Chief Baron Wilde, is a Worcester man; sat in the Long Parliament for that City, very prominent all along in Law difficulties and officialities,—in particular, directly on the heel of the Second Civil War, Autumn 1648, he rode circuit, and did justice on offenders, without asking his Majesty's opinion on the subject; which was thought a great feat on his part.[2] Shortly after which he was made Chief Baron, and so continues,—holding even now the Spring Assizes at Worcester, I think. Thurloe, as we said, appears to have shaped this Letter into words; only the signature and meaning can be taken as Oliver's. Unluckily too, either Mrs. Warner the Editress must have misread the date '25th' for 24th, or else Thurloe himself in his haste have miswritten, forgetting that it was New Year's Day overnight, that it is not now 1654 but 1655. We will take the former hypothesis; and correct Mrs. Warner's '25th,' which in this case makes a whole year of difference.

For Sir John Wilde, Sergeant-at-Law, and the rest of the Justices of Peace for the County of Worcester, or any of them,

[2] Thanked by the Parliament (*Commons Journals*, vi. 49, 10th October 1648).

to be communicated to the rest; or, in his absence, to Nicholas Lechmere, Esq., Worcester.

GENTLEMEN, Whitehall, 24th March 1654.

We doubt not but you have heard before this time of the hand of God going along with us, in defeating the late rebellious Insurrection. And we hope that, through His blessing upon our labours, an effectual course will be taken for the total disappointment of the whole Design. Yet knowing the resolution of the common Enemy to involve this Nation in new calamities, we conceive ourselves, and all others intrusted with preserving the peace of the Nation, obliged to endeavour in their places to prevent and defeat the Enemy's intentions: and therefore, as a measure especially conducing to that end,

We do earnestly recommend to you To take order that diligent Watches (such as the Law hath appointed) be daily kept, for taking a strict account of all strangers in the Country. Which will not only be a means to suppress all loose and idle persons; but may probably cause some of those who come from abroad to kindle fires here, to be apprehended and seized-upon,—especially if care be taken to secure all them that cannot give a good account of their business;—and may also break all dangerous meetings and assemblings together. Herein we do require, and shall expect, your effectual endeavours; knowing that, if what by Law ought to be done were done with diligence in this respect, the contrivance of such dangerous Designs as these would be frustrated in their bud, or kept from growing to a maturity. I rest, your affectionate friend, OLIVER P.*

This second Letter, to the Gloucester Authorities, on the same subject, we judge by the style of it to be mostly or altogether the Protector's own.

For Major Wade, Major Creed, and the Mayor and Aldermen of the City of Gloucester.

GENTLEMEN, Whitehall, 24th March 1654.

We doubt not but you have heard before this time of the good hand of God going along with us in defeating

* Rebecca Warner's *Epistolary Curiosities*, First Series (Bath, 1818), pp. 51-3.

the late rebellious Insurrection; so that, as we have certain intelligence from all parts, the Risings are everywhere suppressed and dissolved, and some hundreds of prisoners in custody, and daily more are discovered and secured. And we hope that, through the blessing of God upon our labours, an effectual course will be taken for the total disappointment of the whole Design.

The readiness of the Honest People to appear hath been a great encouragement to us, and of no less discouragement to the Enemy; who, had he prevailed, would, without doubt, have made us the most miserable and harassed Nation in the world. And therefore we hold ourselves obliged to return you our hearty thanks for your zeal and forwardness in so readily appearing and contributing your assistance; wherein, although your Country and your own particular as to outward and inward happiness were concerned, yet we are fully persuaded that a more general Principle respecting the glory of God, and the good of all these Nations, hath been the motive to incite you: and therefore your action goes upon the higher and more noble account.

You have desired that we would consider of ways how to find money to carry-on this work. If the Business had not been allayed, we *must* have found out a way and means to allay that want. But otherwise indeed we make it, as we hope we ever shall, our design to ease this Nation, and not to burden it; and are tender,—as we conceive yourselves have been,—of putting the good people thereof to any unnecessary charge. And therefore, as you shall have fitting opportunity, you may recommend our thankfulness to your honest willing Countrymen, as we hereby do to yourselves, for this their forwardness; and let them know That when any danger shall approach, as we shall be watchful to observe the Enemy's stirrings, we will give you timely notice thereof: and we trust those good hearts will be ready, 'on' being called out by you, to appear upon all such occasions. In the mean time they may continue at their homes, blessing God for His mercy, and enjoying the fruit and comfort of this happy deliverance, and the other benefits of Peace.

And I do hereby let you know that Letters are directed to the Justices of Peace of several Counties,[3] That Watches be

[3] Foregoing Letter, To Wilde, for one.

kept, such as the Law hath appointed for taking a strict account of all strangers, especially near the Coast. Which will not only be a means to suppress all loose and idle persons, but may probably cause some of those that come from abroad 'in order' to kindle fires here, to be apprehended and seized, —especially if care be taken to secure all them that cannot give a good account; and may also break all dangerous meetings and assemblings together. And indeed if what by Law ought to be done were done with diligence in this respect, the continuance of such dangerous Designs as these would be frustrated in the birth, or kept from growing to maturity.

Having said this,—with remembrance of my hearty love to you, I rest, your very affectionate friend, OLIVER P.*

Of the same date, the same Letter (with insignificant variations), bearing the address, *For Colonel Humphrey Brewster and the rest of the Commissioners for the Militia for the County of Suffolk*, and dated as well as signed in Oliver's hand, is now in the possession of Charles Meadows, Esq., Great Bealings, Woodbridge, a kinsman or representative of this Humphrey Brewster.

The one considerable variation is as follows. Paragraph second, of the Copy given here, and the first two sentences of paragraph third, are suppressed in Brewster's Copy, and there stands instead,—after 'Design:' 'And now forasmuch as it hath pleased God thus to allay this Business; 'and making it, as we hope we soon (*sic*) shall, our design to ease this 'Nation:' &c.—after and before which the two Copies almost exactly correspond. (MS. *penes me.*)

By the City Records just cited from, it appears that, on the eve of the Battle of Worcester, in 1651, 'Eighteen Gloucester Bakers had sent to 'Tewkesbury for the Lord General Cromwell's Army, Thirteen-hundred 'and odd Dozens of Bread at a Shilling the dozen, amounting to £66. 5*s.*; 'and that the Mayor and others, on the 1st September 1651, sent Forty 'barrels of strong Beer to the Lord General, "praying your favourable 'acceptance thereof, as an argument of the good affection of this Corpora-'tion, who doth congratulate your seasonable coming into these parts, for 'the relief thereof against the violence of the common Enemy, and wish 'prosperous success to you and your Army."'[4]

Furthermore, that on the 11th October 1651, directly after the said Battle, Gloucester did itself the honour of appointing the Lord General Oliver Cromwell, 'in consideration of the singular favour and benevolence

* *Bibliotheca Gloucestrensis* (Gloucester, 1825;—see antea, vol. i. p. 145), p. 412;—from the City Records of Gloucester.

[4] Ib. p. 406.

which his Excellency hath manifested to us and to this City,' High Steward of the same, 'with an annual rent of 100 shillings, issuing out of our Manors;'—for at least one payment of which there exists the Lord General's receipt, in this form:

23 Novemb 1652.

	£	s.	d.
Recd of the Maior and Burg[s] of Glouc[r] by the hands of Mr. Dorney Townclerke of the said City, the day and year aboves[d] the some of ffive pounds as being a fee due to me as Lord High Steward of the said Citty, I say Recd	05	00	00

O. CROMWELL.*

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7. The following brief Note to the Poet Waller, which has latterly turned up, has a certain peculiar interest, on two grounds: *first*, to all readers, as offering some momentary glimpse, momentary but unique and indisputable, of Oliver's feeling on reading the Poet's noble "*Panegyric to my Lord Protector*;" and *secondly*, to antiquarian people, as fixing what was hitherto left vague, the approximate date of that celebrated Piece.[5] To an audacious guesser it might almost seem, these Verses had reached Oliver, by messenger, a day or two before; and the 'unhappy mistake' were Oliver's, in sending, on the morrow, to have an interview with Waller, and finding him to be at Northampton instead!—

For my very loving Friend Edmund[6] *Waller, Esq., Northampton: Haste, haste.*

SIR, 'Whitehall,' 13th June 1655.

Let it not trouble you that, by so unhappy a mistake, you are, as I hear, at Northampton. Indeed I am passionately affected with it.

I have no guilt upon me unless it be to be revenged for your so willingly mistaking me in your Verses.[7] This action 'of mine' will put you to redeem me from yourself, as you have already from the world. Ashamed, I am, your friend and servant,

OLIVER P.†

* *Bibliotheca Gloucestrensis*, p. 411.

5 Fenton, *Works of Edmund Waller* (London 1730), gives the *Panegyric* (pp. 113-121): and (ib. p. cix) his Note upon it, in which all he can say as to date is, 'about the year 1654.'

6 Copy has "Edward" as yet.

7 Fenton's *Waller*, pp. 113 and cix.

† In the *Waller* Archives, Beaconsfield; copied by a 'Rev. L. B. Larking,' Cousin of the now Waller;—printed in *Notes-and-Queries* Newspaper, 2d Jan. 1858. (*Note of* 1869.)

8 and 9. Two poor American scraps, which our New-England friends ought to make more lucent for us; worth their paper and ink in this place.

To Our trusty and well-beloved the President, Assistants and Inhabitants of Rhode Island, together with the rest of the Providence Plantations, in the Narragansett Bay in New England.

GENTLEMEN, 'Whitehall,' 29th March 1655.

Your Agent here hath presented unto us some particulars concerning your Government, which you judge necessary to be settled by us here. But by reason of the other great and weighty affairs of this Commonwealth, we have been necessitated to defer the consideration of them to a farther opportunity.

In the mean while we were willing to let you know, That you are to proceed in your Government according to the tenor of your Charter formerly granted on that behalf; taking care of the peace and safety of these Plantations, that neither through any intestine commotions, or foreign invasions, there do arise any detriment or dishonour to this Commonwealth or yourselves, as far as you by your care and diligence can prevent. And as for the things which are before us, they shall, as soon as the other occasions will permit, receive a just and fitting determination.

And so we bid you farewell; and rest, your very loving friend, OLIVER P.*

Towards the end of the Dutch War, during that undefinable relation with France, 'hostile rather than neutral,' which did not end in Treaty till October 1655,[8] Oliver's Major Sedgwick, whom we have since known in Jamaica, had laid hold of certain 'French Forts,' and indeed of a whole French region, the region now called *Nova Scotia*, then called *Acadie;* of which Forts and of the region they command, it is Oliver's purpose, for the behoof of his New-Englanders, to retain possession;[9]—as the following small document will testify:

* Original in the Rhode-Island Archives: Printed in Hutchinson's *Collection*, and elsewhere.

[8] Thurloe, iv. 75.

[9] In Bancroft's *History of the United States* (Boston, 1837), i. 445, is some faint and not very exact notice of the affair.

To Captain John Leverett, Commander of the Forts lately taken from the French in America.

We have received an account from Major Sedgwick of his taking several Forts from the French in America, and that he hath left you to command and secure them for Us and this Commonwealth: And although We make no doubt of your fidelity and diligence in performance of your trust, yet We have thought it necessary to let you know of how great consequence it is, that you use your utmost care and circumspection, as well to defend and keep the Forts abovesaid, as also to improve the regaining of them into Our hands to the advantage of Us and this State, by such ways and means as you shall judge conducible thereunto. And as We shall understand from you the state and condition of those places, We shall from time to time give such directions as shall be necessary.

Given at Whitehall, this 3d of April 1655.

OLIVER P.*

To which there are now, from this side of the Water, the following small Excerpts to be added:

Grant of Privy Seal: '6th June 1655, to Major Robert Sedgwick, '£1,793. 7*s.* 8*d.*, in full of his Account for service done against the French.' And

Ditto, '28th July 1656, to Captain John Leverett, £4,482. 3*s.* 11½*d.*, in 'full satisfaction of all sums of money due to him upon Account of his 'receipts and disbursements about the Forts taken from the French in 'America, and of his Salary for 760 days, at 15*s. per diem*.'[10]

Oliver kept his Forts and his *Acadie*, through all French Treaties, for behoof of his New-Englanders: not till after the Restoration did the country become French again, and continue such for a century or so.

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10. Is a small domestic matter:

* Original in the possession of the Massachusetts Historical Society: Printed in their *Third Series*, vii. 121.——In vol. ii. of the same Work (Boston, 1820), pp. 323-364, is an elaborate Notice of certain fragmentary MS. *Records of the Long Parliament* still extant at New York,—which Notice ought to be cancelled in subsequent editions! The amazingly curious 'Records' at New York turn-out to be nothing but some odd volumes of the *Commons Journals* of that period; the entire Set of which, often enough copied in *manuscript*, was *printed* here about fifty years ago, and is very common indeed, in the Buttershops and elsewhere!

[10] *Fourth Report of Deputy Keeper of the Public Records* (London, 1843), Appendix ii. p. 192; *Fifth Report* (London, 1844), Appendix ii. p. 260.

For Colonel Alban Cox, in Hertfordshire.

SIR, Whitehall, 24th April 1655.

Having occasion to speak with you upon some Affairs relating to the Public, I would have you, as soon as this comes to your hands, to repair up hither; and upon your coming, you shall be acquainted with the particular reasons of my sending for you. I rest, your loving friend,

OLIVER P.*

At Blackdown House in Sussex, now and for long past the residence of a family named Yaldwin, are preserved two Letters Patent signed 'Oliver P.,' of date 3d December 1656, appointing 'William Yaldwin Esq.' High Sheriff of Sussex. Printed in Dallaway's *Rape of Arundel* (p. 363); need not be reprinted here.

No. 29.

SUFFOLK YEOMANRY.

[Vol. iv. p. 137.]

THE Suffolk Commission for a select mounted County-Militia, still remains; one remaining out of many that have perished. Addressed to the Humphrey Brewster whom we have occasionally met with before.[1]

Instructions unto Colonel Humphrey Brewster, commissionated by his Highness the Lord Protector to be Captain of a Troop of Horse to be raised within the County of Suffolk, for the service of his Highness and the Commonwealth.

1. You shall forthwith raise, enlist, and have in readiness under your command as Captain, and such Lieutenant, Cornet and Quarter-Master as his Highness shall commissionate for that purpose, One-hundred able Soldiers, the three Corporals included, well mounted for service, and armed with one good sword and case of pistols, holsters, saddle, bridle, and other furniture fit for war, to serve as a Troop of Horse in the service of the Commonwealth, as is hereafter required.

* *Gentleman's Magazine* (London, 1788), lviii. 379.

[1] Antea, p. 230.

2. You shall use your utmost endeavour that the said Troops shall be men of good life and conversation; and before their being listed shall promise that they will be true and faithful to his Highness the Lord Protector and the Commonwealth, against all who shall design or attempt anything against his Highness's Person, or endeavour to disturb the Public Peace. And the like engagement shall be taken by the Lieutenant, Cornet and Quarter-Master of the said Troop.

3. You shall be ready to draw forth and muster the said Troop, armed and fitted as aforesaid, upon the 25th day of December next ensuing, from which time the said Troop, Officers and Soldiers, shall be deemed to be in the actual service of his Highness and the Commonwealth, and be paid accordingly. And you shall also draw forth the said Troops four times in every year within the county of Suffolk, completely furnished as before mentioned, to be raised and mustered by such persons as shall from time to time be appointed by the Protector.

4. You shall also at all other times have the said Troops in all readiness as aforesaid at forty-eight hours' warning, or sooner if it may be, whensoever his Highness, or such as he shall appoint for that purpose, shall require the same for the suppressing of any invasion, rebellion, insurrection, or tumult, or performing of any other service within England and Wales. And in case that any of the said service shall continue above the space of Twenty-eight days in one year, the said Officers and Soldiers shall, after the expiration of the said Twenty-eight days, be paid according to the establishment of the Army then in force, over and besides what is agreed to be paid unto them by these presents, for so long as they shall continue in the said service.

5. That in case any shall make default in appearance, without just and sufficient cause, or shall not be mounted, armed and provided as aforesaid, or shall offend against good manners or the laws of war; that every person so offending shall be liable to such punishment as the Captain or chief Officer present with the Troops, with advice of the persons appointed to take the said musters, shall think fit: provided the said punishment extends no farther than loss of place or one year's pay.

6. That in consideration of the service to be performed as

aforesaid, you shall receive for the use of the said Troop the sum of One-thousand pounds per annum, to be paid out of the public revenue by quarterly payments, to be distributed according to the proportions following: To yourself, as Captain, one-hundred pounds per annum; to the Lieutenant fifty pounds per annum; to the Cornet twenty-five pounds per annum; to the Quarter-Master thirteen pounds six shillings and eight-pence per annum; to each of the three Corporals, two pounds 'additional' per annum; one Trumpet, five pounds six shillings and four-pence per annum; and to each Soldier eight pounds per annum. OLIVER P.*

Whitehall, 26th October 1655.

No. 30.

SPEECH SHOULD-BE 'XV.'

[Vol. iv. p. 71.]

FINAL Speech on that matter of-the Kingship (concerning *which* it is gracefully altogether silent); that is to say, Speech on *accepting* the Humble Petition and Advice, with the Title of King withdrawn, and that of Protector substituted as he had required: Painted Chamber, Monday 25th May 1657.[1]

MR. SPEAKER,—I desire to offer a word or two unto you; which shall be but a word. I did well bethink myself, before I came hither this day, that I came not as to a triumph, but with the most serious thoughts that ever I had in all my life, to undertake one of the greatest tasks that ever was laid upon the back of a human creature. And I make no question but you will, and so will all men, readily agree with me that without the support of the Almighty I shall necessarily sink under the burden of it; not only with shame and reproach to myself, but with that that is more a thousand times, and in comparison of which I and my family are not worthy to be mentioned, —with the loss and prejudice of these Three Nations. And, that being so, I must ask your help, and the help of all those that fear God, that by their prayers I may receive assistance

* In the possession of Charles Meadows, Esq., Great Bealings, Woodbridge; a descendant of Brewster's.

[1] *Commons Journals*, vii. 539, 537 (last entry there).

from the hand of God. His presence, going along, will enable to the discharge of so great a duty and trust as this is: and nothing else 'will.'

Howbeit, I have some other things to desire you, I mean of the Parliament:—That seeing this is but, as it were, an introduction to the carrying-on of the government of these Nations, and forasmuch as there are many things which cannot be supplied, for the enabling to the carrying-on of this work, without your help and assistance, I think it is my duty to ask your help in them. Not that I doubted; for I believe the same spirit that hath led you to this will easily suggest the rest to you. The truth is, and I can say 'it' in the presence of God, that nothing would have induced me to have undertaken this insupportable burden to flesh and blood, had it not been that I have seen in this Parliament all along a care of doing all those things that might truly and really answer the ends that have been engaged: for you have satisfied[2] your forwardness and readiness therein very fully already.

I thought it my duty, when your Committee which you were pleased to send to me to give the grounds and reasons of your proceedings to help my conscience and judgment,—I was then bold to offer to them several considerations: which were received by them, and have been presented to you. In answer to which, the Committee did bring several resolves of yours, which I have by me. I think those are not yet made so authentic and authoritative as was desired; and therefore, though I cannot doubt it, yet I thought it my duty to ask it of you, that there may be a perfecting of those things. Indeed, as I said before, I have my witness in the sight of God, that nothing would have been an argument to me, howsoever desirable great places may seem to be to other men; I say, nothing would have been an argument to me to have undertaken this; but, as I said before, I saw such things determined by you as makes clearly for the liberty of the Nations, and for the liberty and interest and preservation of all such as fear God,—of all that fear God under various forms. And if God make not these Nations thankful to you for your care therein, it will fall as a sin on their heads. And therefore I say, that hath been one main encouragement.

I confess there are other things that tend to reformation,

[2] Query, testified?

to the discountenancing of vice, to the encouragement of good men and virtue, and the completing of those things also,—concerning some of which you have not yet resolved anything; save to let me know by your Committee that you would not be wanting in anything for the good of these Nations. Nor do I speak it as in the least doubting it; but I do earnestly and heartily desire, to the end God may crown your work and bless you and this Government, that in your own time, and with what speed you judge fit, these things may be provided-for.*

No. 31.

From 1657. Last Royalist Plot.

[Vol. iv. p. 125.]

1. *To Our trusty and well-beloved the Vice-chancellor and Convocation of our University of Oxford.*

OLIVER P.

Trusty and well-beloved,—We greet you well. Amongst the many parts of that Government which is intrusted to us, we do look upon the Universities as meriting very much of our care and thoughts: And finding that the place of Chancellor of our University of Oxford is at present in Ourself; and withal judging that the continuance thereof in our hands may not be so consistent with the present constitution of affairs,—

We have therefore thought fit to resign the said Office, as we hereby do; and to leave you at freedom to elect some such other person thereunto, as you shall conceive meet for the execution thereof.

Our will and pleasure therefore is, That you do proceed to the election of a Chancellor with your first conveniency. Not doubting but you will, in your choice, have a just regard to the advancement and encouragement of Piety and Learning, and to the continuing and farther settling of good Order and Government amongst you; which you may easily find yourselves

* *Commons Journals*, vii. 439-40.

obliged to have principally in your consideration and design, whether you respect the University itself, or the good of the Commonwealth upon which it hath so great an influence. And although our relation to you may by this means in some sort be changed, yet you may be confident we shall still retain a real affection to you, and be ready upon all occasions to seek and promote your good.

Given at Whitehall, this 3d day of July 1657.*

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2. *To Our trusty and well-beloved the Bailiffs and Free Burgesses of our Town of Oswestry: These.*

OLIVER P.

TRUSTY and well-beloved,—We, being informed that the Free School of our Town of Oswestry is now void of a Head Schoolmaster settled there, by reason of the delinquency and ejection of Edward Paine late Schoolmaster thereof,

Have thought fit to recommend unto you Mr. John Evans, the son of Matthew Evans late of Penegos in the County of Montgomery, as a fit person, both for piety and learning, to be Head Schoolmaster of the said School; and That, so far as in yourselves 'is,' the said Mr. Evans may be forthwith settled and invested there accordingly.

Which Act of yours we shall be ready to confirm, if it be adjudged requisite and proper for us. And not doubting of the performance of this our pleasure, we commit you to God.

Given at Whitehall, this 13th day of July 1657.†

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3. *To Our trusty and well-beloved the Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Council of our City of Gloucester: These.*

OLIVER P.

TRUSTY and well-beloved,—We greet you well. I do hear on all hands that the Cavalier party are designing to put us

* Archives of Oxford University. Communicated by the Rev. Dr. Bliss.
† *Endowed Grammar-Schools*, by N. Carlisle (London, 1818), ii. 369, art. Salop.

into blood. We are, I hope, taking the best care we can, by the blessing of God, to obviate this danger; but our intelligence on all hands being, that they have a design upon your City, we could not but warn you thereof, and give you authority, as we do hereby.

To put yourselves into the best posture you can for your own defence, by raising your Militia by virtue of your Commissioners formerly sent to you, and putting them in a readiness for the purpose aforesaid. Letting you also know that, for your better encouragement herein, you shall have a troop of horse sent you to quarter in or near your Town.

We desire you to let us hear from you, from time to time, what occurs to you touching the Malignant party: and so we bid you farewell.

Given at Whitehall, this 2d of December 1657.*

A Paper of the same date, of precisely the same purport, directed to the Authorities at Bristol, has come to us; another out of many then sent; but of course only one, if even one, requires to be inserted here.

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4. Letter written directly on dissolving the Parliament; probably one of many, to the like effect, despatched that day:

For Colonel Fox, Captain of the Militia Troop in our County of Hertford: These. For our special service.

To be left with the Postmaster of St. Albans: to be speedily sent.

SIR, Whitehall, 4th February 1657.

By our last Letters to you, we acquainted you what danger the Commonwealth was then in from the old Cavalier Party (who were designing new insurrections within us, whilst their Head and Master was contriving to invade us from abroad);—and thereupon desired your care and vigilancy for preserving the peace, and apprehending all dangerous persons.

Our intelligence of that kind still continues. And we are more assured of their resolutions to put in execution their

* City Records of Gloucester (in *Bibliotheca Gloucestrensis*, p. 419).

designs aforesaid within a very short time; 'they' being much encouraged from some late actings of some turbulent and unquiet spirits, as well in this Town as elsewhere, who, to frustrate and render vain and fruitless all those good hopes of Settlement which we had conceived from the proceedings of Parliament before their Adjournment in June last, framed a treasonable Petition to the House of Commons, by the name of the "Parliament of the Commonwealth of England;" designing thereby not only the overthrow of the late *Petition and Advice* of the Parliament, but of all that hath been done these seven years; hoping thereby to bring all things into confusion;—and were in a very tumultuous manner procuring subscriptions thereunto, giving out that they were encouraged to it by some Members of the House of Commons.

And the truth is, the Debates that have been in that House since their last meeting have had a tendency to the stirring-up and cherishing such humours;—having done nothing in fourteen days but debate Whether they should own the Government of these Nations, as it is contained in the *Petition and Advice*, which the Parliament at their former sitting had invited us to accept of, and had sworn us unto; they themselves also having taken an Oath upon it before they went into the House. And we, judging these things to have in them very dangerous consequences to the Peace of this Nation, and to the loosening all the bonds of Government; and being hopeless of obtaining supplies of money, for answering the exigencies of the Nation, from such men as are not satisfied with the Foundation we stand upon,—thought it of absolute necessity to dissolve this present Parliament;—which I have done this day:—And to give you notice thereof; that you, with your Troop, may be most vigilant for the suppressing of any disturbance which may arise from any party whatsoever. And if you can hear of any persons who have been active to promote the aforesaid treasonable Petition, that you apprehend them, and give an account thereof to us forthwith. And we do farther let you know, That we are sensible of your want of pay for yourself and Troop; and do assure you that effectual care shall be taken therein, and that without delay. And so I rest, your loving friend, OLIVER P.*

* *Gentleman's Magazine* (London, 1788), lviii. 313.

5. *For the Commanders of the Militia of the City of Gloucester: These.*

GENTLEMEN, Whitehall, 11th March 1657.

We are informed that the Enemy from Flanders intend to invade us very suddenly, and to that purpose have Twenty-two Ships of War ready in the Harbour of Ostend, and are preparing others also which they have bought in Holland, and some men are ready to be put on board them. And at the same time an Insurrection is intended in this Nation. And the time for the executing these designs is intended by them to be very sudden.

We have therefore thought fit to give you notice hereof; and to signify to you our pleasure, That you put yourselves into the best posture you can for the securing the City of Gloucester, and put the arms into such hands as are true and faithful to us and this Commonwealth. We desire you to be very careful, and to let us hear from you of the receipt of this, and what you shall do in pursuance of this Letter. I rest, your very assured friend,

OLIVER P.*

No. 32.

TWO MANDATES TO CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY.

[Vol. iv. p. 138.]

1. THAT John Castle be made Master of Arts:

To Our trusty and well-beloved the Vice-chancellor and Senate of Our University of Cambridge.

OLIVER P.

TRUSTY and well-beloved,—Whereas by our appointment several Students in our University of Cambridge have been invited abroad to preach the Gospel in our Fleet, and for their encouragement have been by us assured that they should not suffer any prejudice in the University by reason of their ab-

* City Records of Gloucester (in *Bibliotheca Gloucestrensis*, p. 421).

sence in the said service: And whereas a petition hath been exhibited on the behalf of Mr. John Castle of Trinity College, showing that whilst he was abroad as Minister in the Newcastle Frigate, he was disappointed of taking his degree of Master of Arts (as by course he ought), and that he cannot now, since his return, commence without the loss of one year's seniority, by reason of a statute of the University denying degrees to any non-resident:

In performance of our said promise, and for the future encouragement of others in the like service, We do hereby signify unto you, That it is our will and pleasure that the said John Castle be by you created Master of Arts, and allowed the same seniority which, according to the custom of your University, he had enjoyed had he been resident at the usual time of taking degrees.

Given at Whitehall, the 22d day of June 1658.*

Castle, the Books indicate, had entered Trinity at the same time, and been under the same Tutor, with a very famous person, '*John Driden Northampt. admissus Pens.*'—both, namely, were admitted 'Pensioners,' in Sept. 1649.

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2. That Benjamin Rogers be made Bachelor of Music,—'a Form of Oliver Cromwell's Mandats,' says Baker, who has excerpted this one.

To Our trusty and well-beloved the Vice-chancellor and Senate of Our University of Cambridge.

OLIVER P.

TRUSTY and well-beloved,—We greet you well. Whereas we are informed that you cannot, by the statutes and according to the customs of your University, admit any to the degree of Bachelor of Music unless he had some years before 'been' admitted in a college: And whereas we are also certified that Benjamin Rogers hath attained to eminency and skill in that faculty:—We, willing to give all encouragement to the studies and abilities of men in that or any other ingenuous faculty, have thought fit to declare our will and pleasure,

* Cambridge Archives, 'Grace-Book H. p. 181.' Communicated by Rev. J. Edleston, Fellow of Trinity College.

by these our letters, that, notwithstanding your statutes and customs, you cause Benjamin Rogers to be admitted and created Bachelor in Music, in some one or more of your congregations assembled in that our University; he paying such dues as are belonging to that degree, and giving some proof of his accomplishments and skill in music. And for so doing, these our letters shall be your warrant.

Given at Whitehall, the 28th day of May 1658.*

* Copy in Harl. MSS. no. 7053, f. 152 (Baker MSS. x. 373);—and as before, in 'Grace-Book H. p. 180.'— —The Originals will never turn up. In the same Register of 'Graces,' or Decrees of Senate, is one (of date 1661) for *burning* whatsoever Mandates or Missives there are from Cromwell; whereby doubtless the Originals (with small damage to *them*, and some satisfaction to the Heads of Houses) were destroyed.

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ON

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AND

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ON

HEROES, HERO-WORSHIP,

AND

THE HEROIC IN HISTORY.

LECTURE I.

THE HERO AS DIVINITY. ODIN. PAGANISM: SCANDINAVIAN MYTHOLOGY.

[Tuesday, 5th May 1840.]

We have undertaken to discourse here for a little on Great Men, their manner of appearance in our world's business, how they have shaped themselves in the world's history, what ideas men formed of them, what work they did;—on Heroes, namely, and on their reception and performance; what I call Hero-worship and the Heroic in human affairs. Too evidently this is a large topic; deserving quite other treatment than we can expect to give it at present. A large topic; indeed, an illimitable one; wide as Universal History itself. For, as I take it, Universal History, the history of what man has accomplished in this world, is at bottom the History of the Great Men who have worked here. They were the leaders of men, these great ones; the modellers, patterns, and in a wide sense creators, of whatsoever the general mass of men contrived to do or to attain; all things that we see standing accomplished in the world are properly the outer material result, the practical realisation and embodiment, of Thoughts that dwelt in the Great Men sent

into the world: the soul of the whole world's history, it may justly be considered, were the history of these. Too clearly it is a topic we shall do no justice to in this place!

One comfort is, that Great Men, taken up in any way, are profitable company. We cannot look, however imperfectly, upon a great man, without gaining something by him. He is the living light-fountain, which it is good and pleasant to be near. The light which enlightens, which has enlightened the darkness of the world; and this not as a kindled lamp only, but rather as a natural luminary shining by the gift of Heaven; a flowing light-fountain, as I say, of native original insight, of manhood and heroic nobleness;—in whose radiance all souls feel that it is well with them. On any terms whatsoever, you will not grudge to wander in such neighbourhood for a while. These Six classes of Heroes, chosen out of widely-distant countries and epochs, and in mere external figure differing altogether, ought, if we look faithfully at them, to illustrate several things for us. Could we see *them* well, we should get some glimpses into the very marrow of the world's history. How happy, could I but, in any measure, in such times as these, make manifest to you the meanings of Heroism; the divine relation (for I may well call it such) which in all times unites a Great Man to other men; and thus, as it were, not exhaust my subject, but so much as break ground on it! At all events, I must make the attempt.

It is well said, in every sense, that a man's religion is the chief fact with regard to him. A man's, or a nation of men's. By religion I do not mean here the church-creed which he professes, the articles of faith which he will sign and, in words or otherwise, assert; not this wholly, in many cases not this at all. We see men of all kinds of professed creeds attain to almost all degrees of worth or worthlessness under each or any of them. This is not what I call religion, this profession and assertion; which is often only a profession and assertion from the outworks of the man, from the mere argumentative region of him, if even so deep as that. But the thing a man does practically believe (and this is often enough *without* asserting it even to himself, much less to others); the thing a

man does practically lay to heart, and know for certain, concerning his vital relations to this mysterious Universe, and his duty and destiny there, that is in all cases the primary thing for him, and creatively determines all the rest. That is his *religion;* or, it may be, his mere scepticism and *no-religion:* the manner it is in which he feels himself to be spiritually related to the Unseen World or No-World; and I say, if you tell me what that is, you tell me to a very great extent what the man is, what the kind of things he will do is. Of a man or of a nation we inquire, therefore, first of all, What religion they had? Was it Heathenism,—plurality of gods, mere sensuous representation of this Mystery of Life, and for chief recognised element therein Physical Force? Was it Christianism; faith in an Invisible, not as real only, but as the only reality; Time, through every meanest moment of it, resting on Eternity; Pagan empire of Force displaced by a nobler supremacy, that of Holiness? Was it Scepticism, uncertainty and inquiry whether there was an Unseen World, any Mystery of Life except a mad one;—doubt as to all this, or perhaps unbelief and flat denial? Answering of this question is giving us the soul of the history of the man or nation. The thoughts they had were the parents of the actions they did; their feelings were parents of their thoughts: it was the unseen and spiritual in them that determined the outward and actual;—their religion, as I say, was the great fact about them. In these Discourses, limited as we are, it will be good to direct our survey chiefly to that religious phasis of the matter. That once known well, all is known. We have chosen as the first Hero in our series, Odin the central figure of Scandinavian Paganism; an emblem to us of a most extensive province of things. Let us look for a little at the Hero as Divinity, the oldest primary form of Heroism.

Surely it seems a very strange-looking thing this Paganism; almost inconceivable to us in these days. A bewildering, inextricable jungle of delusions, confusions, falsehoods and absurdities, covering the whole field of Life! A thing that fills us with astonishment, almost, if it were possible, with incredulity,—for truly it is not easy to understand that sane men could ever calmly, with their eyes open, believe and live by such a

set of doctrines. That men should have worshipped their poor fellow-man as a God, and not him only, but stocks and stones, and all manner of animate and inanimate objects; and fashioned for themselves such a distracted chaos of hallucinations by way of Theory of the Universe: all this looks like an incredible fable. Nevertheless it is a clear fact that they did it. Such hideous inextricable jungle of misworships, misbeliefs, men, made as we are, did actually hold by, and live at home in. This is strange. Yes, we may pause in sorrow and silence over the depths of darkness that are in man; if we rejoice in the heights of purer vision he has attained to. Such things were and are in man; in all men; in us too.

Some speculators have a short way of accounting for the Pagan religion: mere quackery, priestcraft, and dupery, say they; no sane man ever did believe it,—merely contrived to persuade other men, not worthy of the name of sane, to believe it! It will be often our duty to protest against this sort of hypothesis about men's doings and history; and I here, on the very threshold, protest against it in reference to Paganism, and to all other *isms* by which man has ever for a length of time striven to walk in this world. They have all had a truth in them, or men would not have taken them up. Quackery and dupery do abound; in religions, above all in the more advanced decaying stages of religions, they have fearfully abounded: but quackery was never the originating influence in such things; it was not the health and life of such things, but their disease, the sure precursor of their being about to die! Let us never forget this. It seems to me a most mournful hypothesis, that of quackery giving birth to any faith even in savage men. Quackery gives birth to nothing; gives death to all things. We shall not see into the true heart of anything, if we look merely at the quackeries of it; if we do not reject the quackeries altogether; as mere diseases, corruptions, with which our and all men's sole duty is to have done with them, to sweep them out of our thoughts as out of our practice. Man everywhere is the born enemy of lies. I find Grand Lamaism itself to have a kind of truth in it. Read the candid, clear-sighted, rather sceptical Mr. Turner's *Account of his Embassy* to that country, and see. They have their belief, these poor Thibet people,

that Providence sends down always an Incarnation of Himself into every generation. At bottom some belief in a kind of Pope! At bottom still better, belief that there is a *Greatest* Man; that *he* is discoverable; that, once discovered, we ought to treat him with an obedience which knows no bounds! This is the truth of Grand Lamaism; the 'discoverability' is the only error here. The Thibet priests have methods of their own of discovering what Man is Greatest, fit to be supreme over them. Bad methods: but are they so much worse than our methods, — of understanding him to be always the eldest-born of a certain genealogy? Alas, it is a difficult thing to find good methods for!——We shall begin to have a chance of understanding Paganism, when we first admit that to its followers it was, at one time, earnestly true. Let us consider it very certain that men did believe in Paganism; men with open eyes, sound senses, men made altogether like ourselves; that we, had we been there, should have believed in it. Ask now, What Paganism could have been?

Another theory, somewhat more respectable, attributes such things to Allegory. It was a play of poetic minds, say these theorists; a shadowing-forth, in allegorical fable, in personification and visual form, of what such poetic minds had known and felt of this Universe. Which agrees, add they, with a primary law of human nature, still everywhere observably at work, though in less important things, That what a man feels intensely, he struggles to speak-out of him, to see represented before him in visual shape, and as if with a kind of life and historical reality in it. Now doubtless there is such a law, and it is one of the deepest in human nature; neither need we doubt that it did operate fundamentally in this business. The hypothesis which ascribes Paganism wholly or mostly to this agency, I call a little more respectable; but I cannot yet call it the true hypothesis. Think, would *we* believe, and take with us as our life-guidance, an allegory, a poetic sport? Not sport but earnest is what we should require. It is a most earnest thing to be alive in this world; to die is not sport for a man. Man's life never was a sport to him; it was a stern reality, altogether a serious matter to be alive!

I find, therefore, that though these Allegory theorists are

on the way towards truth in this matter, they have not reached it either. Pagan Religion is indeed an Allegory, a Symbol of what men felt and knew about the Universe; and all Religions are symbols of that, altering always as that alters : but it seems to me a radical perversion, and even *in*version, of the business, to put that forward as the origin and moving cause, when it was rather the result and termination. To get beautiful allegories, a perfect poetic symbol, was not the want of men ; but to know what they were to believe about this Universe, what course they were to steer in it ; what, in this mysterious Life of theirs, they had to hope and to fear, to do and to forbear doing. The *Pilgrim's Progress* is an Allegory, and a beautiful, just and serious one: but consider whether Bunyan's Allegory could have *preceded* the Faith it symbolises ! The Faith had to be already there, standing believed by everybody ;—of which the Allegory could *then* become a shadow ; and, with all its seriousness, we may say a *sportful* shadow, a mere play of the Fancy, in comparison with that awful Fact and scientific certainty which it poetically strives to emblem. The Allegory is the product of the certainty, not the producer of it ; not in Bunyan's nor in any other case. For Paganism, therefore, we have still to inquire, Whence came that scientific certainty, the parent of such a bewildered heap of allegories, errors and confusions? How was it, what was it?

Surely it were a foolish attempt to pretend 'explaining,' in this place, or in any place, such a phenomenon as that far-distant distracted cloudy imbroglio of Paganism,—more like a cloudfield than a distant continent of firm land and facts ! It is no longer a reality, yet it was one. We ought to understand that this seeming cloudfield was once a reality; that not poetic allegory, least of all that dupery and deception was the origin of it. Men, I say, never did believe idle songs, never risked their soul's life on allegories : men in all times, especially in early earnest times, have had an instinct for detecting quacks, for detesting quacks. Let us try if, leaving out both the quack theory and the allegory one, and listening with affectionate attention to that far-off confused rumour of the Pagan ages, we cannot ascertain so much as this at least, That there was a kind of fact at the heart of them ; that they too were not

mendacious and distracted, but in their own poor way true and sane!

You remember that fancy of Plato's, of a man who had grown to maturity in some dark distance, and was brought on a sudden into the upper air to see the sun rise. What would his wonder be, his rapt astonishment at the sight we daily witness with indifference! With the free open sense of a child, yet with the ripe faculty of a man, his whole heart would be kindled by that sight, he would discern it well to be Godlike, his soul would fall down in worship before it. Now, just such a childlike greatness was in the primitive nations. The first Pagan Thinker among rude men, the first man that began to think, was precisely this child-man of Plato's. Simple, open as a child, yet with the depth and strength of a man. Nature had as yet no name to him; he had not yet united under a name the infinite variety of sights, sounds, shapes and motions, which we now collectively name Universe, Nature, or the like, —and so with a name dismiss it from us. To the wild deep-hearted man all was yet new, not veiled under names or formulas; it stood naked, flashing-in on him there, beautiful, awful, unspeakable. Nature was to this man, what to the Thinker and Prophet it forever is, *preter*natural. This green flowery rock-built earth, the trees, the mountains, rivers, many-sounding seas;—that great deep sea of azure that swims overhead; the winds sweeping through it; the black cloud fashioning itself together, now pouring out fire, now hail and rain; what *is* it? Ay, what? At bottom we do not yet know; we can never know at all. It is not by our superior insight that we escape the difficulty; it is by our superior levity, our inattention, our *want* of insight. It is by *not* thinking that we cease to wonder at it. Hardened round us, encasing wholly every notion we form, is a wrappage of traditions, hearsays, mere *words*. We call that fire of the black thunder-cloud 'electricity,' and lecture learnedly about it, and grind the like of it out of glass and silk: but *what* is it? What made it? Whence comes it? Whither goes it? Science has done much for us; but it is a poor science that would hide from us the great deep sacred infinitude of Nescience, whither we can never penetrate,

on which all science swims as a mere superficial film. This world, after all our science and sciences, is still a miracle; wonderful, inscrutable, *magical* and more, to whosoever will *think* of it.

That great mystery of TIME, were there no other; the illimitable, silent, never-resting thing called Time, rolling, rushing on, swift, silent, like an all-embracing ocean-tide, on which we and all the Universe swim like exhalations, like apparitions which *are*, and then *are not*: this is forever very literally a miracle; a thing to strike us dumb,—for we have no word to speak about it. This Universe, ah me—what could the wild man know of it; what can we yet know? That it is a Force, and thousandfold Complexity of Forces; a Force which is *not we*. That is all; it is not we, it is altogether different from *us*. Force, Force, everywhere Force; we ourselves a mysterious Force in the centre of that. 'There is not a leaf rotting on the highway but has Force in it: how else could it rot?' Nay surely, to the Atheistic Thinker, if such a one were possible, it must be a miracle too, this huge illimitable whirlwind of Force, which envelops us here; never-resting whirlwind, high as Immensity, old as Eternity. What is it? God's creation, the religious people answer; it is the Almighty God's! Atheistic science babbles poorly of it, with scientific nomenclatures, experiments and what-not, as if it were a poor dead thing, to be bottled-up in Leyden jars and sold over counters: but the natural sense of man, in all times, if he will honestly apply his sense, proclaims it to be a living thing,—ah, an unspeakable, godlike thing; towards which the best attitude for us, after never so much science, is awe, devout prostration and humility of soul; worship if not in words, then in silence.

But now I remark farther: What in such a time as ours it requires a Prophet or Poet to teach us, namely, the stripping-off of those poor undevout wrappages, nomenclatures and scientific hearsays,—this, the ancient earnest soul, as yet uncncumbered with these things, did for itself. The world, which is now divine only to the gifted, was then divine to whosoever would turn his eye upon it. He stood bare before it face to face. 'All was Godlike or God:'—Jean Paul still finds it so; the giant Jean Paul, who has power to escape out of hearsays.

but there then were no hearsays. Canopus shining-down over the desert, with its blue diamond brightness (that wild blue spirit-like brightness, far brighter than we ever witness here), would pierce into the heart of the wild Ishmaelitish man, whom it was guiding through the solitary waste there. To his wild heart, with all feelings in it, with no *speech* for any feeling, it might seem a little eye, that Canopus, glancing-out on him from the great deep Eternity; revealing the inner Splendour to him. Cannot we understand how these men *worshipped* Canopus; became what we call Sabeans, worshipping the stars? Such is to me the secret of all forms of Paganism. Worship is transcendent wonder; wonder for which there is now no limit or measure; that is worship. To these primeval men, all things and everything they saw exist beside them were an emblem of the Godlike, of some God.

And look what perennial fibre of truth was in that. To us also, through every star, through every blade of grass, is not a God made visible, if we will open our minds and eyes? We do not worship in that way now: but is it not reckoned still a merit, proof of what we call a 'poetic nature,' that we recognise how every object has a divine beauty in it; how every object still verily is 'a window through which we may look into Infinitude itself'? He that can discern the loveliness of things, we call him Poet, Painter, Man of Genius, gifted, lovable: These poor Sabeans did even what he does,—in their own fashion. That they did it, in what fashion soever, was a merit: better than what the entirely stupid man did, what the horse and camel did,—namely, nothing!

But now if all things whatsoever that we look upon are emblems to us of the Highest God, I add that more so than any of them is man such an emblem. You have heard of St. Chrysostom's celebrated saying in reference to the Shekinah, or Ark of Testimony, visible Revelation of God, among the Hebrews: "The true Shekinah is Man!" Yes, it is even so: this is no vain phrase; it is veritably so. The essence of our being, the mystery in us that calls itself "I,"—ah, what words have we for such things?—is a breath of Heaven; the Highest Being reveals himself in man. This body, these faculties, this life of ours, is it not all as a vesture for that Unnamed? 'There

'is but one Temple in the Universe,' says the devout Novalis, 'and that is the Body of Man. Nothing is holier than that 'high form. Bending before men is a reverence done to this 'Revelation in the Flesh. We touch Heaven when we lay our 'hand on a human body!' This sounds much like a mere flourish of rhetoric; but it is not so. If well meditated, it will turn out to be a scientific fact; the expression, in such words as can be had, of the actual truth of the thing. *We* are the miracle of miracles,—the great inscrutable mystery of God. We cannot understand it, we know not how to speak of it; but we may feel and know, if we like, that it is verily so.

Well; these truths were once more readily felt than now. The young generations of the world, who had in them the freshness of young children, and yet the depth of earnest men, who did not think that they had finished-off all things in Heaven and Earth by merely giving them scientific names, but had to gaze direct at them there, with awe and wonder: they felt better what of divinity is in man and Nature;—they, without being mad, could *worship* Nature, and man more than anything else in Nature. Worship, that is, as I said above, admire without limit: this, in the full use of their faculties, with all sincerity of heart, they could do. I consider Hero-worship to be the grand modifying element in that ancient system of thought. What I called the perplexed jungle of Paganism sprang, we may say, out of many roots: every admiration, adoration of a star or natural object, was a root or fibre of a root; but Hero-worship is the deepest root of all; the tap-root, from which in a great degree all the rest were nourished and grown.

And now if worship even of a star had some meaning in it, how much more might that of a Hero! Worship of a Hero is transcendent admiration of a Great Man. I say great men are still admirable; I say there is, at bottom, nothing else admirable! No nobler feeling than this of admiration for one higher than himself dwells in the breast of man. It is to this hour, and at all hours, the vivifying influence in man's life. Religion I find stand upon it; not Paganism only, but far higher and truer religions,—all religion hitherto known. Hero-worship, heartfelt prostrate admiration, submission, burning, boundless, for a noblest godlike Form of Man,—is not that

the germ of Christianity itself? The greatest of all Heroes is One—whom we do not name here! Let sacred silence meditate that sacred matter; you will find it the ultimate perfection of a principle extant throughout man's whole history on earth.

Or coming into lower, less *un*speakable provinces, is not all Loyalty akin to religious Faith also? Faith is loyalty to some inspired Teacher, some spiritual Hero. And what therefore is loyalty proper, the life-breath of all society, but an effluence of Hero-worship, submissive admiration for the truly great? Society is founded on Hero-worship. All dignities of rank, on which human association rests, are what we may call a *Hero*archy (Government of Heroes),—or a Hierarchy, for it is 'sacred' enough withal! The Duke means *Dux*, Leader; King is *Kön-ning*, *Kan-ning*, Man that *knows* or *cans*. Society everywhere is some representation, not *in*supportably inaccurate, of a graduated Worship of Heroes;—reverence and obedience done to men really great and wise. Not *in*supportably inaccurate, I say! They are all as bank-notes, these social dignitaries, all representing gold;—and several of them, alas, always are *forged* notes. We can do with some forged false notes; with a good many even; but not with all, or the most of them forged! No: there have to come revolutions then; cries of Democracy, Liberty and Equality, and I know not what:—the notes being all false, and no gold to be had for *them*, people take to crying in their despair that there is no gold, that there never was any!—'Gold,' Hero-worship, *is* nevertheless, as it was always and everywhere, and cannot cease till man himself ceases.

I am well aware that in these days Hero-worship, the thing I call Hero-worship, professes to have gone out, and finally ceased. This, for reasons which it will be worth while some time to inquire into, is an age that as it were denies the existence of great men; denies the desirableness of great men. Show our critics a great man, a Luther for example, they begin to what they call 'account' for him; not to worship him, but take the dimensions of him,—and bring him out to be a little kind of man! He was the 'creature of the Time,' they say; the Time called him forth, the Time did everything, he nothing—but what we the little critic could have done too! This seems

to me but melancholy work. The Time call forth? Alas, we have known Times *call* loudly enough for their great man; but not find him when they called! He was not there; Providence had not sent him; the Time, *calling* its loudest, had to go down to confusion and wreck because he would not come when called.

For if we will think of it, no Time need have gone to ruin, could it have *found* a man great enough, a man wise and good enough: wisdom to discern truly what the Time wanted, valour to lead it on the right road thither; these are the salvation of any Time. But I liken common languid Times, with their unbelief, distress, perplexity, with their languid doubting characters and embarrassed circumstances, impotently crumbling-down into ever worse distress towards final ruin;—all this I liken to dry dead fuel, waiting for the lightning out of Heaven that shall kindle it. The great man, with his free force direct out of God's own hand, is the lightning. His word is the wise healing word which all can believe in. All blazes round him now, when he has once struck on it, into fire like his own. The dry mouldering sticks are thought to have called him forth. They did want him greatly; but as to calling him forth—!—Those are critics of small vision, I think, who cry: "See, is it not the sticks that made the fire?" No sadder proof can be given by a man of his own littleness than disbelief in great men. There is no sadder symptom of a generation than such general blindness to the spiritual lightning, with faith only in the heap of barren dead fuel. It is the last consummation of unbelief. In all epochs of the world's history, we shall find the Great Man to have been the indispensable saviour of his epoch;—the lightning, without which the fuel never would have burnt. The History of the World, I said already, was the Biography of Great Men.

Such small critics do what they can to promote unbelief and universal spiritual paralysis: but happily they cannot always completely succeed. In all times it is possible for a man to arise great enough to feel that they and their doctrines are chimeras and cobwebs. And what is notable, in no time whatever can they entirely eradicate out of living men's hearts a certain altogether peculiar reverence for Great Men; genuine

admiration, loyalty, adoration, however dim and perverted it may be. Hero-worship endures forever while man endures. Boswell venerates his Johnson, right truly even in the Eighteenth century. The unbelieving French believe in their Voltaire; and burst-out round him into very curious Hero-worship, in that last act of his life when they 'stifle him under roses.' It has always seemed to me extremely curious this of Voltaire. Truly, if Christianity be the highest instance of Hero-worship, then we may find here in Voltaireism one of the lowest! He whose life was that of a kind of Antichrist, does again on this side exhibit a curious contrast. No people ever were so little prone to admire at all as those French of Voltaire. *Persiflage* was the character of their whole mind; adoration had nowhere a place in it. Yet see! The old man of Ferney comes up to Paris; an old, tottering, infirm man of eighty-four years. They feel that he too is a kind of Hero; that he has spent his life in opposing error and injustice, delivering Calases, unmasking hypocrites in high places;—in short that *he* too, though in a strange way, has fought like a valiant man. They feel withal that, if *persiflage* be the great thing, there never was such a *persifleur*. He is the realised ideal of every one of them; the thing they are all wanting to be; of all Frenchmen the most French. *He* is properly their god,—such god as they are fit for. Accordingly all persons, from the Queen Antoinette to the Douanier at the Porte St. Denis, do they not worship him? People of quality disguise themselves as tavern-waiters. The Maître de Poste, with a broad oath, orders his Postillion, "*Va bon train;* thou art driving M. de Voltaire." At Paris his carriage is 'the nucleus of a comet, whose train fills whole streets.' The ladies pluck a hair or two from his fur, to keep it as a sacred relic. There was nothing highest, beautifulest, noblest in all France, that did not feel this man to be higher beautifuler, nobler.

Yes, from Norse Odin to English Samuel Johnson, from the divine Founder of Christianity to the withered Pontiff of Encyclopedism, in all times and places, the Hero has been worshipped. It will ever be so. We all love great men; love, venerate and bow down submissive before great men: nay can we honestly bow down to anything else? Ah, does not every

true man feel that he is himself made higher by doing reverence to what is really above him? No nobler or more blessed feeling dwells in man's heart. And to me it is very cheering to consider that no sceptical logic, or general triviality, insincerity and aridity of any Time and its influences can destroy this noble inborn loyalty and worship that is in man. In times of unbelief, which soon have to become times of revolution, much down-rushing, sorrowful decay and ruin is visible to everybody. For myself in these days, I seem to see in this indestructibility of Hero-worship the everlasting adamant lower than which the confused wreck of revolutionary things cannot fall. The confused wreck of things crumbling and even crashing and tumbling all round us in these revolutionary ages, will get down so far; *no* farther. It is an eternal corner-stone, from which they can begin to build themselves up again. That man, in some sense or other, worships Heroes; that we all of us reverence and must ever reverence Great Men: this is, to me, the living rock amid all rushings-down whatsoever;—the one fixed point in modern revolutionary history, otherwise as if bottomless and shoreless.

So much of truth, only under an ancient obsolete vesture, but the spirit of it still true, do I find in the Paganism of old nations. Nature is still divine, the revelation of the workings of God; the Hero is still worshipable: this, under poor cramped incipient forms, is what all Pagan religions have struggled, as they could, to set forth. I think Scandinavian Paganism, to us here, is more interesting than any other. It is, for one thing, the latest; it continued in these regions of Europe till the eleventh century: eight-hundred years ago the Norwegians were still worshippers of Odin. It is interesting also as the creed of our fathers; the men whose blood still runs in our veins, whom doubtless we still resemble in so many ways Strange: they did believe that, while we believe so differently. Let us look a little at this poor Norse creed, for many reasons. We have tolerable means to do it; for there is another point of interest in these Scandinavian mythologies: that they have been preserved so well.

In that strange island Iceland,—burst-up, the geologists

say, by fire from the bottom of the sea; a wild land of barrenness and lava; swallowed many months of every year in black tempests, yet with a wild gleaming beauty in summertime; towering up there, stern and grim, in the North Ocean; with its snow jokuls, roaring geysers, sulphur-pools and horrid volcanic chasms, like the waste chaotic battle-field of Frost and Fire;—where of all places we least looked for Literature or written memorials, the record of these things was written down. On the seaboard of this wild land is a rim of grassy country where cattle can subsist, and men by means of them and of what the sea yields; and it seems they were poetic men these, men who had deep thoughts in them, and uttered musically their thoughts. Much would be lost, had Iceland not been burst-up from the sea, not been discovered by the Northmen! The old Norse Poets were many of them natives of Iceland.

Sæmund, one of the early Christian Priests there, who perhaps had a lingering fondness for Paganism, collected certain of their old Pagan songs, just about becoming obsolete then,—Poems or Chants of a mythic, prophetic, mostly all of a religious character: that is what Norse critics call the *Elder* or Poetic *Edda*. *Edda*, a word of uncertain etymology, is thought to signify *Ancestress*. Snorro Sturleson, an Iceland gentleman, an extremely notable personage, educated by this Sæmund's grandson, took in hand next, near a century afterwards, to put together, among several other books he wrote, a kind of Prose Synopsis of the whole Mythology; elucidated by new fragments of traditionary verse. A work constructed really with great ingenuity, native talent, what one might call unconscious art; altogether a perspicuous clear work, pleasant reading still: this is the *Younger* or Prose *Edda*. By these and the numerous other *Sagas*, mostly Icelandic, with the commentaries, Icelandic or not, which go on zealously in the North to this day, it is possible to gain some direct insight even yet; and see that old Norse system of Belief, as it were, face to face. Let us forget that it is erroneous Religion; let us look at it as old Thought, and try if we cannot sympathise with it somewhat.

The primary characteristic of this old Northland Mythology I find to be Impersonation of the visible workings of Nature.

Earnest simple recognition of the workings of Physical Nature, as a thing wholly miraculous, stupendous and divine. What we now lecture of as Science, they wondered at, and fell down in awe before, as Religion. The dark hostile Powers of Nature they figure to themselves as '*Jötuns*,' Giants, huge shaggy beings of a demonic character. Frost, Fire, Sea-tempest; these are Jötuns. The friendly Powers again, as Summer-heat, the Sun, are Gods. The empire of this Universe is divided between these two; they dwell apart, in perennial internecine feud. The Gods dwell above in Asgard, the Garden of the Asen, or Divinities; Jötunheim, a distant dark chaotic land, is the home of the Jötuns.

Curious all this; and not idle or inane, if we will look at the foundation of it! The power of *Fire*, or *Flame*, for instance, which we designate by some trivial chemical name, thereby hiding from ourselves the essential character of wonder that dwells in it as in all things, is with these old Northmen, Loke, a most swift subtle *Demon*, of the brood of the Jötuns. The savages of the Ladrones Islands too (say some Spanish voyagers) thought Fire, which they never had seen before, was a devil or god, that bit you sharply when you touched it, and that lived upon dry wood. From us too no Chemistry, if it had not Stupidity to help it, would hide that Flame is a wonder. What *is* Flame?—*Frost* the old Norse Seer discerns to be a monstrous hoary Jötun, the Giant *Thrym*, *Hrym;* or *Rime*, the old word now nearly obsolete here, but still used in Scotland to signify hoar-frost. *Rime* was not then as now a dead chemical thing, but a living Jötun or Devil; the monstrous Jötun *Rime* drove home his Horses at night, sat 'combing their manes,'—which Horses were *Hail-Clouds*, or fleet *Frost-Winds*. His Cows—No, not his, but a kinsman's, the Giant Hymir's Cows are *Icebergs:* this Hymir 'looks at the rocks' with his devil-eye, and they *split* in the glance of it.

Thunder was not then mere Electricity, vitreous or resinous; it was the God Donner (Thunder) or Thor,—God also of beneficent Summer-heat. The thunder was his wrath; the gathering of the black clouds is the drawing-down of Thor's angry brows; the fire-bolt bursting out of Heaven is the all-rending Hammer flung from the hand of Thor: he urges his

loud chariot over the mountain-tops,—that is the peal; wrathful he 'blows in his red beard,'—that is the rustling stormblast before the thunder begin. Balder again, the White God, the beautiful, the just and benignant (whom the early Christian Missionaries found to resemble Christ), is the Sun,—beautifulest of visible things; wondrous too, and divine still, after all our Astronomies and Almanacs! But perhaps the notablest god we hear tell-of is one of whom Grimm the German Etymologist finds trace: the God *Wünsch*, or Wish. The God *Wish;* who could give us all that we *wished!* Is not this the sincerest and yet rudest voice of the spirit of man? The *rudest* ideal that man ever formed; which still shows itself in the latest forms of our spiritual culture. Higher considerations have to teach us that the God *Wish* is not the true God.

Of the other Gods or Jötuns I will mention only for etymology's sake, that Sea-tempest is the Jötun *Aegir*, a very dangerous Jötun;—and now to this day, on our river Trent, as I learn, the Nottingham bargemen, when the River is in a certain flooded state (a kind of backwater, or eddying swirl it has, very dangerous to them), call it *Eager;* they cry out, "Have a care, there is the *Eager* coming!" Curious; that word surviving, like the peak of a submerged world! The *oldest* Nottingham bargemen had believed in the God Aegir. Indeed our English blood too in good part is Danish, Norse; or rather, at bottom, Danish and Norse and Saxon have no distinction, except a superficial one,—as of Heathen and Christian, or the like. But all over our Island we are mingled largely with Danes proper,—from the incessant invasions there were: and this, of course, in a greater proportion along the east coast; and greatest of all, as I find, in the North Country. From the Humber upwards, all over Scotland, the Speech of the common people is still in a singular degree Icelandic; its Germanism has still a peculiar Norse tinge. They too are 'Normans,' Northmen,—if that be any great beauty!—

Of the chief god, Odin, we shall speak by and by. Mark at present so much; what the essence of Scandinavian and indeed of all Paganism is: a recognition of the forces of Nature as godlike, stupendous, personal Agencies,—as Gods and

Demons. Not inconceivable to us. It is the infant Thought of man opening itself, with awe and wonder, on this ever-stupendous Universe. To me there is in the Norse System something very genuine, very great and manlike. A broad simplicity, rusticity, so very different from the light gracefulness of the old Greek Paganism, distinguishes this Scandinavian System. It is Thought; the genuine Thought of deep, rude, earnest minds, fairly opened to the things about them; a face-to-face and heart-to-heart inspection of the things,—the first characteristic of all good Thought in all times. Not graceful lightness, half-sport, as in the Greek Paganism; a certain homely truthfulness and rustic strength, a great rude sincerity, discloses itself here. It is strange, after our beautiful Apollo statues and clear smiling mythuses, to come down upon the Norse Gods 'brewing ale' to hold their feast with Aegir, the Sea-Jötun; sending out Thor to get the caldron for them in the Jötun country; Thor, after many adventures, clapping the Pot on his head, like a huge hat, and walking off with it,—quite lost in it, the ears of the Pot reaching down to his heels! A kind of vacant hugeness, large awkward gianthood, characterises that Norse System; enormous force, as yet altogether untutored, stalking helpless with large uncertain strides. Consider only their primary mythus of the Creation. The Gods, having got the Giant Ymer slain, a Giant made by 'warm wind,' and much confused work, out of the conflict of Frost and Fire,—determined on constructing a world with him. His blood made the Sea; his flesh was the Land, the Rocks his bones; of his eyebrows they formed Asgard their Gods'-dwelling; his skull was the great blue vault of Immensity, and the brains of it became the Clouds. What a Hyper-Brobdignagian business! Untamed Thought, great, giantlike, enormous;—to be tamed in due time into the compact greatness, not giantlike, but godlike and stronger than gianthood, of the Shakspeares, the Goethes!—Spiritually as well as bodily these men are our progenitors.

I like, too, that representation they have of the Tree Igdrasil. All Life is figured by them as a Tree. Igdrasil, the Ash-tree of Existence, has its roots deep-down in the kingdoms of Hela or Death; its trunk reaches up heaven-high,

spreads its boughs over the whole Universe: it is the Tree of Existence. At the foot of it, in the Death-kingdom, sit Three *Nornas*, Fates,—the Past, Present, Future; watering its roots from the Sacred Well. Its 'boughs,' with their buddings and disleafings,—events, things suffered, things done, catastrophes, —stretch through all lands and times. Is not every leaf of it a biography, every fibre there an act or word? Its boughs are Histories of Nations. The rustle of it is the noise of Human Existence, onwards from of old. It grows there, the breath of Human Passion rustling through it;—or stormtost, the stormwind howling through it like the voice of all the gods. It is Igdrasil, the Tree of Existence. It is the past, the present, and the future; what was done, what is doing, what will be done; 'the infinite conjugation of the verb *To do*.' Considering how human things circulate, each inextricably in communion with all,—how the word I speak to you today is borrowed, not from Ulfila the Mœsogoth only, but from all men since the first man began to speak,—I find no similitude so true as this of a Tree. Beautiful; altogether beautiful and great. The '*Machine* of the Universe,'—alas, do but think of that in contrast!

Well, it is strange enough this old Norse view of Nature; different enough from what we believe of Nature. Whence it specially came, one would not like to be compelled to say very minutely! One thing we may say: It came from the thoughts of Norse men;—from the thought, above all, of the *first* Norse man who had an original power of thinking. The First Norse 'man of genius,' as we should call him! Innumerable men had passed by, across this Universe, with a dumb vague wonder, such as the very animals may feel; or with a painful, fruitlessly inquiring wonder, such as men only feel;—till the great Thinker came, the *original* man, the Seer; whose shaped spoken Thought awakes the slumbering capability of all into Thought. It is ever the way with the Thinker, the spiritual Hero. What he says, all men were not far from saying, were longing to say. The Thoughts of all start up, as from painful enchanted sleep, round his Thought; answering to it, Yes, even so! Joyful to men as the dawning of day from night;—*is* it not, indeed, the

awakening for them from no-being into being, from death into life? We still honour such a man; call him Poet, Genius, and so forth: but to these wild men he was a very magician, a worker of miraculous unexpected blessing for them; a Prophet, a God!—Thought once awakened does not again slumber; unfolds itself into a System of Thought; grows, in man after man, generation after generation,—till its full stature is reached, and *such* System of Thought can grow no farther, but must give place to another.

For the Norse people, the Man now named Odin, and Chief Norse God, we fancy, was such a man. A Teacher, and Captain of soul and of body; a Hero, of worth *im*measurable; admiration for whom, transcending the known bounds, became adoration. Has he not the power of articulate Thinking; and many other powers, as yet miraculous? So, with boundless gratitude, would the rude Norse heart feel. Has he not solved for them the sphinx-enigma of this Universe; given assurance to them of their own destiny there? By him they know now what they have to do here, what to look for hereafter. Existence has become articulate, melodious by him; he first has made Life alive!—We may call this Odin, the origin of Norse Mythology: Odin, or whatever name the First Norse Thinker bore while he was a man among men. His view of the Universe once promulgated, a like view starts into being in all minds; grows, keeps ever growing, while it continues credible there. In all minds it lay written, but invisibly, as in sympathetic ink; at his word it starts into visibility in all. Nay, in every epoch of the world, the great event, parent of all others, is it not the arrival of a Thinker in the world!—

One other thing we must not forget; it will explain, a little, the confusion of these Norse Eddas. They are not one coherent System of Thought; but properly the *summation* of several successive systems. All this of the old Norse Belief which is flung-out for us, in one level of distance in the Edda, like a picture painted on the same canvas, does not at all stand so in the reality. It stands rather at all manner of distances and depths, of successive generations since the Belief first began. All Scandinavian thinkers, since the first of them, contributed to that Scandinavian System of Thought; in ever-new elabora-

tion and addition, it is the combined work of them all. What history it had, how it changed from shape to shape, by one thinker's contribution after another, till it got to the full final shape we see it under in the *Edda*, no man will now ever know: *its* Councils of Trebisond, Councils of Trent, Athanasiuses, Dantes, Luthers, are sunk without echo in the dark night! Only that it had such a history we can all know. Wheresoever a thinker appeared, there in the thing he thought-of was a contribution, accession, a change or revolution made. Alas, the grandest 'revolution' of all, the one made by the man Odin himself, is not this too sunk for us like the rest! Of Odin what history? Strange rather to reflect that he *had* a history! That this Odin, in his wild Norse vesture, with his wild beard and eyes, his rude Norse speech and ways, was a man like us; with our sorrows, joys, with our limbs, features;—intrinsically all one as we: and did such a work! But the work, much of it, has perished; the worker, all to the name. "*Wednes*day," men will say tomorrow; Odin's day! Of Odin there exists no history; no document of it; no guess about it worth repeating.

Snorro indeed, in the quietest manner, almost in a brief business style, writes down, in his *Heimskringla*, how Odin was a heroic Prince, in the Black-Sea region, with Twelve Peers, and a great people straitened for room. How he led these *Asen* (Asiatics) of his out of Asia; settled them in the North parts of Europe, by warlike conquest; invented Letters, Poetry and so forth,—and came by and by to be worshipped as Chief God by these Scandinavians, his Twelve Peers made into Twelve Sons of his own, Gods like himself: Snorro has no doubt of this. Saxo Grammaticus, a very curious Northman of that same century, is still more unhesitating; scruples not to find out a historical fact in every individual mythus, and writes it down as a terrestrial event in Denmark or elsewhere. Torfæus, learned and cautious, some centuries later, assigns by calculation a *date* for it: Odin, he says, came into Europe about the Year 70 before Christ. Of all which, as grounded on mere uncertainties, found to be untenable now, I need say nothing. Far, very far beyond the Year 70! Odin's date, adventures, whole terrestrial history, figure and environment are sunk from us forever into unknown thousands of years.

Nay Grimm, the German Antiquary, goes so far as to deny that any man Odin ever existed. He proves it by etymology. The word *Wuotan*, which is the original form of *Odin*, a word spread, as name of their chief Divinity, over all the Teutonic Nations everywhere; this word, which connects itself, according to Grimm, with the Latin *vadere*, with the English *wade* and suchlike,—means primarily *Movement*, Source of Movement, Power; and is the fit name of the highest god, not of any man. The word signifies Divinity, he says, among the old Saxon, German and all Teutonic Nations; the adjectives formed from it all signify *divine*, *supreme*, or something pertaining to the chief god. Like enough! We must bow to Grimm in matters etymological. Let us consider it fixed that *Wuotan* means *Wading*, force of *Movement*. And now still, what hinders it from being the name of a Heroic Man and *Mover*, as well as of a god? As for the adjectives, and words formed from it,—did not the Spaniards in their universal admiration for Lope, get into the habit of saying 'a Lope flower,' 'a Lope *dama*,' if the flower or woman were of surpassing beauty? Had this lasted, *Lope* would have grown, in Spain, to be an adjective signifying *godlike* also. Indeed, Adam Smith, in his *Essay on Language*, surmises that all adjectives whatsoever were formed precisely in that way: some very green thing, chiefly notable for its greenness, got the appellative name *Green*, and then the next thing remarkable for that quality, a tree for instance, was named the *green* tree,—as we still say 'the *steam* coach,' 'four-horse coach,' or the like. All primary adjectives, according to Smith, were formed in this way; were at first substantives and things. We cannot annihilate a man for etymologies like that! Surely there was a First Teacher and Captain; surely there must have been an Odin, palpable to the sense at one time; no adjective, but a real Hero of flesh and blood! The voice of all tradition, history or echo of history, agrees with all that thought will teach one about it, to assure us of this.

How the man Odin came to be considered a *god*, the chief god?—that surely is a question which nobody would wish to dogmatise upon. I have said, his people knew no *limits* to their admiration of him; they had as yet no scale to measure ad-

miration by. Fancy your own generous heart's-love of some greatest man expanding till it *transcended* all bounds, till it filled and overflowed the whole field of your thought! Or what if this man Odin,—since a great deep soul, with the afflatus and mysterious tide of vision and impulse rushing on him he knows not whence, is ever an enigma, a kind of terror and wonder to himself,—should have felt that perhaps *he* was divine; that *he* was some effluence of the 'Wuotan,' '*Movement*.' Supreme Power and Divinity, of whom to his rapt vision all Nature was the awful Flame-image; that some effluence of *Wuotan* dwelt here in him! He was not necessarily false; he was but mistaken, speaking the truest he knew. A great soul, any sincere soul, knows not *what* he is,—alternates between the highest height and the lowest depth; can, of all things, the least measure—Himself! What others take him for, and what he guesses that he may be; these two items strangely act on one another, help to determine one another. With all men reverently admiring him; with his own wild soul full of noble ardours and affections, of whirlwind chaotic darkness and glorious new light; a divine Universe bursting all into godlike beauty round him, and no man to whom the like ever had befallen, what could he think himself to be? "Wuotan?" All men answered, "Wuotan!"—

And then consider what mere Time will do in such cases; how if a man was great while living, he becomes tenfold greater when dead. What an enormous *camera-obscura* magnifier is Tradition! How a thing grows in the human Memory, in the human Imagination, when love, worship and all that lies in the human Heart, is there to encourage it. And in the darkness, in the entire ignorance; without date or document, no book, no Arundel-marble; only here and there some dumb monumental cairn. Why, in thirty or forty years, were there no books, any great man would grow *mythic*, the contemporaries who had seen him, being once all dead. And in three-hundred years, and in three-thousand years—!—To attempt *theorising* on such matters would profit little: they are matters which refuse to be *theoremed* and diagramed; which Logic ought to know that she *cannot* speak of. Enough for us to discern, far in the uttermost distance, some gleam as of a small real light

shining in the centre of that enormous camera-obscura image; to discern that the centre of it all was not a madness and nothing, but a sanity and something.

This light, kindled in the great dark vortex of the Norse mind, dark but living, waiting only for light; this is to me the centre of the whole. How such light will then shine out, and with wondrous thousandfold expansion spread itself, in forms and colours, depends not on *it*, so much as on the National Mind recipient of it. The colours and forms of your light will be those of the *cut-glass* it has to shine through.—Curious to think how, for every man, any the truest fact is modelled by the nature of the man! I said, The earnest man, speaking to his brother men, must always have stated what seemed to him a *fact*, a real Appearance of Nature. But the way in which such Appearance or fact shaped itself,—what sort of *fact* it became for him,—was and is modified by his own laws of thinking; deep, subtle, but universal, ever-operating laws. The world of Nature, for every man, is the Phantasy of Himself; this world is the multiplex 'Image of his own Dream.' Who knows to what unnameable subtleties of spiritual law all these Pagan Fables owe their shape! The number *Twelve*, divisiblest of all, which could be halved, quartered, parted into three, into six, the most remarkable number,—this was enough to determine the *Signs of the Zodiac*, the number of Odin's *Sons*, and innumerable other Twelves. Any vague rumour of number had a tendency to settle itself into Twelve. So with regard to every other matter. And quite unconsciously too,—with no notion of building-up 'Allegories'! But the fresh clear glance of those First Ages would be prompt in discerning the secret relations of things, and wholly open to obey these. Schiller finds in the *Cestus of Venus* an everlasting æsthetic truth as to the nature of all Beauty; curious:—but he is careful not to insinuate that the old Greek Mythists had any notion of lecturing about the 'Philosophy of Criticism'!——On the whole, we must leave those boundless regions. Cannot we conceive that Odin was a reality? Error indeed, error enough: but sheer falsehood, idle fables, allegory aforethought,—we will not believe that our Fathers believed in these.

Odin's *Runes* are a significant feature of him. Runes, and the miracles of 'magic' he worked by them, make a great feature in tradition. Runes are the Scandinavian Alphabet; suppose Odin to have been the inventor of Letters, as well as 'magic,' among that people! It is the greatest invention man has ever made, this of marking-down the unseen thought that is in him by written characters. It is a kind of second speech, almost as miraculous as the first. You remember the astonishment and incredulity of Atahualpa the Peruvian King; how he made the Spanish Soldier who was guarding him scratch *Dios* on his thumb-nail, that he might try the next soldier with it, to ascertain whether such a miracle was possible. If Odin brought Letters among his people, he might work magic enough!

Writing by Runes has some air of being original among the Norsemen: not a Phœnician Alphabet, but a native Scandinavian one. Snorro tells us farther that Odin invented Poetry; the music of human speech, as well as that miraculous runic marking of it. Transport yourselves into the early childhood of nations; the first beautiful morning-light of our Europe, when all yet lay in fresh young radiance as of a great sunrise, and our Europe was first beginning to think, to be! Wonder, hope; infinite radiance of hope and wonder, as of a young child's thoughts, in the hearts of these strong men! Strong sons of Nature; and here was not only a wild Captain and Fighter; discerning with his wild flashing eyes what to do, with his wild lion-heart daring and doing it; but a Poet too, all that we mean by a Poet, Prophet, great devout Thinker and Inventor,—as the truly Great Man ever is. A Hero is a Hero at all points; in the soul and thought of him first of all. This Odin, in his rude semi-articulate way, had a word to speak. A great heart laid open to take in this great Universe, and man's Life here, and utter a great word about it. A Hero, as I say, in his own rude manner; a wise, gifted, noble-hearted man. And now, if we still admire such a man beyond all others, what must these wild Norse souls, first awakened into thinking, have made of him! To them, as yet without names for it, he was noble and noblest; Hero, Prophet, God; *Wuotan*, the greatest of all. Thought is Thought, however it speak or spell itself. Intrinsically, I conjecture, this Odin must have

been of the same sort of stuff as the greatest kind of men. A great thought in the wild deep heart of him! The rough words he articulated, are they not the rudimental roots of those English words we still use? He worked so, in that obscure element. But he was as a *light* kindled in it; a light of Intellect, rude Nobleness of heart, the only kind of lights we have yet; a Hero, as I say: and he had to shine there, and make his obscure element a little lighter,—as is still the task of us all.

We will fancy him to be the Type Norseman; the finest Teuton whom that race had yet produced. The rude Norse heart burst-up into *boundless* admiration round him; into adoration. He is as a root of so many great things; the fruit of him is found growing, from deep thousands of years, over the whole field of Teutonic Life. Our own Wednesday, as I said, is it not still Odin's Day? Wednesbury, Wansborough, Wanstead, Wandsworth: Odin grew into England too, these are still leaves from that root! He was the Chief God to all the Teutonic Peoples; their Pattern Norseman;—in such way did *they* admire their Pattern Norseman; that was the fortune he had in the world.

Thus if the man Odin himself have vanished utterly, there is this huge Shadow of him which still projects itself over the whole History of his People. For this Odin once admitted to be God, we can understand well that the whole Scandinavian Scheme of Nature, or dim No-scheme, whatever it might before have been, would now begin to develop itself altogether differently, and grow thenceforth in a new manner. What this Odin saw into, and taught with his runes and his rhymes, the whole Teutonic People laid to heart and carried forward. His way of thought became their way of thought:—such, under new conditions, is the history of every great thinker still. In gigantic confused lineaments, like some enormous camera-obscura shadow thrown upwards from the dead deeps of the Past, and covering the whole Northern Heaven, is not that Scandinavian Mythology in some sort the Portraiture of this man Odin? The gigantic image of *his* natural face, legible or not legible there, expanded and confused in that manner! Ah, Thought, I say, is always Thought. No great man lives in

vain. The History of the world is but the Biography of great men.

To me there is something very touching in this primeval figure of Heroism; in such artless, helpless, but hearty entire reception of a Hero by his fellow-men. Never so helpless in shape, it is the noblest of feelings, and a feeling in some shape or other perennial as man himself. If I could show in any measure, what I feel deeply for a long time now, That it is the vital element of manhood, the soul of man's history here in our world,—it would be the chief use of this discoursing at present. We do not now call our great men Gods, nor admire *without* limit; ah no, *with* limit enough! But if we have no great men, or do not admire at all,—that were a still worse case.

This poor Scandinavian Hero-worship, that whole Norse way of looking at the Universe, and adjusting oneself there, has an indestructible merit for us. A rude childlike way of recognising the divineness of Nature, the divineness of Man; most rude, yet heartfelt, robust, giantlike; betokening what a giant of a man this child would yet grow to!—It was a truth, and is none. Is it not as the half-dumb stifled voice of the long-buried generations of our own Fathers, calling out of the depths of ages to us, in whose veins their blood still runs: "This then, this is what *we* made of the world: this is all the image and notion we could form to ourselves of this great mystery of a Life and Universe. Despise it not. You are raised high above it, to large free scope of vision; but you too are not yet at the top. No, your notion too, so much enlarged, is but a partial, imperfect one; that matter is a thing no man will ever, in time or out of time, comprehend; after thousands of years of ever-new expansion, man will find himself but struggling to comprehend again a part of it: the thing is larger than man, not to be comprehended by him; an Infinite thing!"

The essence of the Scandinavian, as indeed of all Pagan Mythologies, we found to be recognition of the divineness of Nature; sincere communion of man with the mysterious invisible Powers visibly seen at work in the world round him. This, I should say, is more sincerely done in the Scandinavian

than in any Mythology I know. Sincerity is the great characteristic of it. Superior sincerity (far superior) consoles us for the total want of old Grecian grace. Sincerity, I think, is better than grace. I feel that these old Northmen were looking into Nature with open eye and soul: most earnest, honest; childlike, and yet manlike; with a great-hearted simplicity and depth and freshness, in a true, loving, admiring, unfearing way. A right valiant, true old race of men. Such recognition of Nature one finds to be the chief element of Paganism: recognition of Man, and his Moral Duty, though this too is not wanting, comes to be the chief element only in purer forms of religion. Here, indeed, is a great distinction and epoch in Human Beliefs; a great landmark in the religious development of Mankind. Man first puts himself in relation with Nature and her Powers, wonders and worships over those; not till a later epoch does he discern that all Power is Moral, that the grand point is the distinction for him of Good and Evil, of *Thou shalt* and *Thou shalt not.*

With regard to all these fabulous delineations in the *Edda*, I will remark, moreover, as indeed was already hinted, that most probably they must have been of much newer date; most probably, even from the first, were comparatively idle for the old Norsemen, and as it were a kind of Poetic sport. Allegory and Poetic Delineation, as I said above, cannot be religious Faith; the Faith itself must first be there, then Allegory enough will gather round it, as the fit body round its soul. The Norse Faith, I can well suppose, like other Faiths, was most active while it lay mainly in the silent state, and had not yet much to say about itself, still less to sing.

Among those shadowy *Edda* matters, amid all that fantastic congeries of assertions, and traditions, in their musical Mythologies, the main practical belief a man could have was probably not much more than this: of the *Valkyrs* and the *Hall of Odin;* of an inflexible *Destiny;* and that the one thing needful for a man was *to be brave.* The *Valkyrs* are Choosers of the Slain: a Destiny inexorable, which it is useless trying to bend or soften, has appointed who is to be slain; this was a fundamental point for the Norse believer;—as indeed it is for all earnest men everywhere, for a Mahomet, a Luther, for

a Napoleon too. It lies at the basis this for every such man; it is the woof out of which his whole system of thought is woven. The *Valkyrs;* and then that these *Choosers* lead the brave to a heavenly *Hall of Odin;* only the base and slavish being thrust elsewhither, into the realms of Hela the Death-goddess: I take this to have been the soul of the whole Norse Belief. They understood in their heart that it was indispensable to be brave; that Odin would have no favour for them, but despise and thrust them out, if they were not brave. Consider too whether there is not something in this! It is an everlasting duty, valid in our day as in that, the duty of being brave. *Valour* is still *value.* The first duty for a man is still that of subduing *Fear.* We must get rid of Fear; we cannot act at all till then. A man's acts are slavish, not true but specious; his very thoughts are false, he thinks too as a slave and coward, till he have got Fear under his feet. Odin's creed, if we disentangle the real kernel of it, is true to this hour. A man shall and must be valiant; he must march forward, and quit himself like a man, —trusting imperturbably in the appointment and *choice* of the upper Powers; and, on the whole, not fear at all. Now and always, the completeness of his victory over Fear will determine how much of a man he is.

It is doubtless very savage that kind of valour of the old Northmen. Snorro tells us they thought it a shame and misery not to die in battle; and if natural death seemed to be coming on, they would cut wounds in their flesh, that Odin might receive them as warriors slain. Old kings, about to die, had their body laid into a ship; the ship sent forth, with sails set and slow fire burning it; that, once out at sea, it might blaze-up in flame, and in such manner bury worthily the old hero, at once in the sky and in the ocean! Wild bloody valour; yet valour of its kind; better, I say, than none. In the old Sea-kings too, what an indomitable rugged energy! Silent, with closed lips, as I fancy them, unconscious that they were specially brave; defying the wild ocean with its monsters, and all men and things;—progenitors of our own Blakes and Nelsons! No Homer sang these Norse Sea-kings; but Agamemnon's was a small audacity, and of small fruit in the world, to some of them;—to Hrolf's of Normandy, for instance! Hrolf,

or Rollo Duke of Normandy, the wild Sea-king, has a share in governing England at this hour.

Nor was it altogether nothing, even that wild sea-roving and battling, through so many generations. It needed to be ascertained which was the *strongest* kind of men; who were to be ruler over whom. Among the Northland Sovereigns, too, I find some who got the title *Wood-cutter;* Forest-felling Kings. Much lies in that. I suppose at bottom many of them were forest-fellers as well as fighters, though the Skalds talk mainly of the latter,—misleading certain critics not a little; for no nation of men could ever live by fighting alone; there could not produce enough come out of that! I suppose the right good fighter was oftenest also the right good forest-feller,—the right good improver, discerner, doer and worker in every kind; for true valour, different enough from ferocity, is the basis of all. A more legitimate kind of valour that; showing itself against the untamed Forests and dark brute Powers of Nature, to conquer Nature for us. In the same direction have not we their descendants since carried it far? May such valour last forever with us!

That the man Odin, speaking with a Hero's voice and heart, as with an impressiveness out of Heaven, told his People the infinite importance of Valour, how man thereby became a god; and that his People, feeling a response to it in their own hearts, believed this message of his, and thought it a message out of Heaven, and him a Divinity for telling it them: this seems to me the primary seed-grain of the Norse Religion, from which all manner of mythologies, symbolic practices, speculations, allegories, songs and sagas would naturally grow. Grow,—how strangely! I called it a small light shining and shaping in the huge vortex of Norse darkness. Yet the darkness itself was *alive;* consider that. It was the eager inarticulate uninstructed Mind of the whole Norse People, longing only to become articulate, to go on articulating ever farther! The living doctrine grows, grows;—like a Banyan-tree; the first *seed* is the essential thing: any branch strikes itself down into the earth, becomes a new root; and so, in endless complexity, we have a whole wood, a whole jungle, one seed the parent of it all. Was not the whole Norse

Religion, accordingly, in some sense, what we called 'the enormous shadow of this man's likeness'? Critics trace some affinity in some Norse mythuses, of the Creation and suchlike, with those of the Hindoos. The Cow Adumbla, 'licking the rime from the rocks,' has a kind of Hindoo look. A Hindoo Cow, transported into frosty countries. Probably enough; indeed we may say undoubtedly, these things will have a kindred with the remotest lands, with the earliest times. Thought does not die, but only is changed. The first man that began to think in this Planet of ours, he was the beginner of all. And then the second man, and the third man;—nay, every true Thinker to this hour is a kind of Odin, teaches men *his* way of thought, spreads a shadow of his own likeness over sections of the History of the World.

Of the distinctive poetic character or merit of this Norse Mythology I have not room to speak; nor does it concern us much. Some wild Prophecies we have, as the *Völuspa* in the *Elder Edda;* of a rapt, earnest, sibylline sort. But they were comparatively an idle adjunct of the matter, men who as it were but toyed with the matter, these later Skalds; and it is *their* songs chiefly that survive. In later centuries, I suppose, they would go on singing, poetically symbolising, as our modern Painters paint, when it was no longer from the innermost heart, or not from the heart at all. This is everywhere to be well kept in mind.

Gray's fragment's of Norse Lore, at any rate, will give one no notion of it;—any more than Pope will of Homer. It is no square-built gloomy palace of black ashlar marble, shrouded in awe and horror, as Gray gives it us: no; rough as the North rocks, as the Iceland deserts, it is; with a heartiness, homeliness, even a tint of good humour and robust mirth in the middle of these fearful things. The strong old Norse heart did not go upon theatrical sublimities; they had not time to tremble. I like much their robust simplicity; their veracity, directness of conception. Thor 'draws down his brows' in a veritable Norse rage; 'grasps his hammer till the *knuckles grow white.*' Beautiful traits of pity too, an honest pity. Balder 'the white God' dies; the beautiful, benignant;

he is the Sungod. They try all Nature for a remedy; but he is dead. Frigga, his mother, sends Hermoder to seek or see him: nine days and nine nights he rides through gloomy deep valleys, a labyrinth of gloom; arrives at the Bridge with its gold roof: the Keeper says, "Yes, Balder did pass here; but the Kingdom of the Dead is down yonder, far towards the North." Hermoder rides on; leaps Hell-gate, Hela's gate; does see Balder, and speak with him: Balder cannot be delivered. Inexorable! Hela will not, for Odin or any God, give him up. The beautiful and gentle has to remain there. His Wife had volunteered to go with him, to die with him. They shall forever remain there. He sends his ring to Odin; Nanna his wife sends her *thimble* to Frigga, as a remembrance—Ah me!—

For indeed Valour is the fountain of Pity too;—of Truth, and all that is great and good in man. The robust homely vigour of the Norse heart attaches one much, in these delineations. Is it not a trait of right honest strength, says Uhland, who has written a fine *Essay* on Thor, that the old Norse heart finds its friend in the Thunger-god? That it is not frightened away by his thunder; but finds that Summer-heat, the beautiful noble summer, must and will have thunder withal! The Norse heart *loves* this Thor and his hammer-bolt; sports with him. Thor is Summer-heat; the god of Peaceable Industry as well as Thunder. He is the Peasant's friend; his true henchman and attendant is Thialfi, *Manual Labour*. Thor himself engages in all manner of rough manual work, scorns no business for its plebeianism; is ever and anon travelling to the country of the Jötuns, harrying those chaotic Frost-monsters, subduing them, at least straitening and damaging them. There is a great broad humour in some of these things.

Thor, as we saw above, goes to Jötun-land, to seek Hymir's Caldron, that the Gods may brew beer. Hymir the huge Giant enters, his gray beard all full of hoar-frost; splits pillars with the very glance of his eye; Thor, after much rough tumult, snatches the Pot, claps it on his head; the 'handles of it reach down to his heels.' The Norse Skald has a kind of loving sport with Thor. This is the Hymir whose cattle, the critics have discovered, are Icebergs. Huge untutored Brobdignag

genius,—needing only to be tamed-down; into Shakspeares, Dantes, Goethes! It is all gone now, that old Norse work,—Thor the Thunder-god changed into Jack the Giant-killer: but the mind that made it is here yet. How strangely things grow, and die, and do not die! There are twigs of that great world-tree of Norse Belief still curiously traceable. This poor Jack of the Nursery, with his miraculous shoes of swiftness, coat of darkness, sword of sharpness, he is one. *Hynde Etin*, and still more decisively *Red Etin of Ireland*, in the Scottish Ballads, these are both derived from Norseland; *Etin* is evidently a *Jötun*. Nay, Shakspeare's *Hamlet* is a twig too of this same world-tree; there seems no doubt of that. Hamlet, *Amleth*, I find, is really a mythic personage; and his Tragedy, of the poisoned Father, poisoned asleep by drops in his ear, and the rest, is a Norse mythus! Old Saxo, as his wont was, made it a Danish history; Shakspeare, out of Saxo, made it what we see. That is a twig of the world-tree that has *grown*, I think;—by nature or accident that one has grown!

In fact, these old Norse songs have a *truth* in them, an inward perennial truth and greatness,—as, indeed, all must have that can very long preserve itself by tradition alone. It is a greatness not of mere body and gigantic bulk, but a rude greatness of soul. There is a sublime uncomplaining melancholy traceable in these old hearts. A great free glance into the very deeps of thought. They seem to have seen, these brave old Northmen, what Meditation has taught all men in all ages, That this world is after all but a show,—a phenomenon or appearance, no real thing. All deep souls see into that,—the Hindoo Mythologist, the German Philosopher,—the Shakspeare, the earnest Thinker, wherever he may be:

'We are such stuff as Dreams are made of!'

One of Thor's expeditions, to Utgard (the *Outer* Garden, central seat of Jötun-land), is remarkable in this respect. Thialfi was with him, and Loke. After various adventures, they entered upon Giant-land; wandered over plains, wild uncultivated places, among stones and trees. At nightfall they noticed a house; and as the door, which indeed formed one whole side of the house, was open, they entered. It was a simple

habitation; one large hall, altogether empty. They stayed there. Suddenly in the dead of the night loud noises alarmed them. Thor grasped his hammer; stood in the door, prepared for fight. His companions within ran hither and thither in their terror, seeking some outlet in that rude hall; they found a little closet at last, and took refuge there. Neither had Thor any battle: for, lo, in the morning it turned-out that the noise had been only the *snoring* of a certain enormous but peaceable Giant, the Giant Skrymir, who lay peaceably sleeping near by; and this that they took for a house was merely his *Glove*, thrown aside there; the door was the Glove-wrist; the little closet they had fled into was the Thumb! Such a glove;—I remark too that it had not fingers as ours have, but only a thumb, and the rest undivided: a most ancient, rustic glove!

Skrymir now carried their portmanteau all day; Thor, however, had his own suspicions, did not like the ways of Skrymir; determined at night to put an end to him as he slept. Raising his hammer, he struck down into the Giant's face a right thunderbolt blow, of force to rend rocks. The Giant merely awoke; rubbed his cheek, and said, Did a leaf fall? Again Thor struck, so soon as Skrymir again slept; a better blow than before; but the Giant only murmured, Was that a grain of sand? Thor's third stroke was with both his hands (the 'knuckles white' I suppose), and seemed to dint deep into Skrymir's visage; but he merely checked his snore, and remarked, There must be sparrows roosting in this tree, I think; what is that they have dropt?—At the gate of Utgard, a place so high that you had to 'strain your neck bending back to see the top of it,' Skrymir went his ways. Thor and his companions were admitted; invited to take share in the games going on. To Thor, for his part, they handed a Drinking-horn; it was a common feat, they told him, to drink this dry at one draught. Long and fiercely, three times over, Thor drank; but made hardly any impression. He was a weak child, they told him: could he lift that Cat he saw there? Small as the feat seemed, Thor with his whole godlike strength could not; he bent-up the creature's back, could not raise its feet off the ground, could at the utmost raise one foot. Why, you are no man, said the Utgard people; there is an Old Woman that will wrestle you!

Thor, heartily ashamed, seized this haggard Old Woman; but could not throw her.

And now, on their quitting Utgard, the chief Jötun, escorting them politely a little way, said to Thor: "You are beaten then:—yet be not so much ashamed; there was deception of appearance in it. That Horn you tried to drink was the *Sea;* you did make it ebb; but who could drink that, the bottomless! The Cat you would have lifted,—why, that is the *Midgard-snake,* the Great World-serpent, which, tail in mouth, girds and keeps-up the whole created world; had you torn that up, the world must have rushed to ruin! As for the Old Woman, she was *Time,* Old Age, Duration: with her what can wrestle? No man nor no god with her; gods or men, she prevails over all! And then those three strokes you struck,—look at these *three valleys;* your three strokes made these!" Thor looked at his attendant Jötun: it was Skrymir;—it was, say Norse critics, the old chaotic rocky *Earth* in person, and that glove-*house* was some Earth-cavern! But Skrymir had vanished; Utgard with its skyhigh gates, when Thor grasped his hammer to smite them, had gone to air; only the Giant's voice was heard mocking: "Better come no more to Jötunheim!"—

This is of the allegoric period, as we see, and half play, not of the prophetic and entirely devout: but as a mythus is there not real antique Norse gold in it? More true metal, rough from the Mimer-stithy, than in many a famed Greek Mythus *shaped* far better! A great broad Brobdignag grin of true humour is in this Skrymir; mirth resting on earnestness and sadness, as the rainbow on black tempest: only a right valiant heart is capable of that. It is the grim humour of our own Ben Jonson, rare old Ben; runs in the blood of us, I fancy; for one catches tones of it, under a still other shape, out of the American Backwoods.

That is also a very striking conception that of the *Ragnarök,* Consummation, or *Twilight of the Gods.* It is in the *Völuspa* Song; seemingly a very old, prophetic idea. The Gods and Jötuns, the divine Powers and the chaotic brute ones, after long contest and partial victory by the former, meet at last in universal world-embracing wrestle and duel; World-serpent against Thor, strength against strength; mutually extinctive:

and ruin, 'twilight' sinking into darkness, swallows the created Universe. The old Universe with its Gods is sunk; but it is not final death: there is to be a new Heaven and a new Earth; a higher supreme God, and Justice to reign among men. Curious: this law of mutation, which also is a law written in man's inmost thought, had been deciphered by these old earnest Thinkers in their rude style; and how, though all dies, and even gods die, yet all death is but a phœnix fire-death, and new-birth into the Greater and the Better! It is the fundamental Law of Being for a creature made of Time, living in this Place of Hope. All earnest men have seen into it; may still see into it.

And now, connected with this, let us glance at the *last* mythus of the appearance of Thor; and end there. I fancy it to be the latest in date of all these fables; a sorrowing protest against the advance of Christianity,—set forth reproachfully by some Conservative Pagan. King Olaf has been harshly blamed for his over-zeal in introducing Christianity; surely I should have blamed him far more for an under-zeal in that! He paid dear enough for it;. he died by the revolt of his Pagan people, in battle, in the year 1033, at Stickelstad, near that Drontheim, where the chief Cathedral of the North has now stood for many centuries, dedicated gratefully to his memory as *Saint* Olaf. The mythus about Thor is to this effect. King Olaf, the Christian Reform King, is sailing with fit escort along the shore of Norway, from haven to haven; dispensing justice, or doing other royal work: on leaving a certain haven, it is found that a stranger, of grave eyes and aspect, red beard, of stately robust figure, has stept in. The courtiers address him; his answers surprise by their pertinency and depth: at length he is brought to the King. The stranger's conversation here is not less remarkable, as they sail along the beautiful shore; but after some time, he addresses King Olaf thus: "Yes, King Olaf, it is all beautiful, with the sun shining on it there; green, fruitful, a right fair home for you; and many a sore day had Thor, many a wild fight with the rock Jötuns, before he could make it so. And now you seem minded to put away Thor. King Olaf, have a care!" said the stranger, drawing-down his brows;—and when they looked again, he was nowhere to be

found.—This is the last appearance of Thor on the stage of this world!

Do we not see well enough how the Fable might arise, without unveracity on the part of any one? It is the way most Gods have come to appear among men: thus, if in Pindar's time 'Neptune was seen once at the Nemean Games,' what was this Neptune too but a 'stranger of noble grave aspect,'—*fit* to be 'seen'! There is something pathetic, tragic for me in this last voice of Paganism. Thor is vanished, the whole Norse world has vanished; and will not return ever again. In like fashion to that pass away the highest things. All things that have been in this world, all things that are or will be in it, have to vanish: we have our sad farewell to give them.

That Norse Religion, a rude but earnest, sternly impressive *Consecration of Valour* (so we may define it), sufficed for these old valiant Northmen. Consecration of Valour is not a *bad* thing! We will take it for good, so far as it goes. Neither is there no use in *knowing* something about this old Paganism of our Fathers. Unconsciously, and combined with higher things, it is in *us* yet, that old Faith withal! To know it consciously, brings us into closer and clearer relation with the Past,—with our own possessions in the Past. For the whole Past, as I keep repeating, is the possession of the Present; the Past had always something *true*, and is a precious possession. In a different time, in a different place, it is always some other *side* of our common Human Nature that has been developing itself. The actual True is the *sum* of all these; not any one of them by itself constitutes what of Human Nature is hitherto developed. Better to know them all than misknow them. "To which of these Three Religions do you specially adhere?" inquires Meister of his Teacher. "To all the Three!" answers the other: "To all the Three; for they by their union first constitute the True Religion."

LECTURE II.

THE HERO AS PROPHET. MAHOMET: ISLAM.

[Friday, 8th May 1840.]

FROM the first rude times of Paganism among the Scandinavians in the North, we advance to a very different epoch of religion, among a very different people: Mahometanism among the Arabs. A great change; what a change and progress is indicated here, in the universal condition and thoughts of men!

The Hero is not now regarded as a God among his fellow-men; but as one God-inspired, as a Prophet. It is the second phasis of Hero-worship: the first or oldest, we may say, has passed away without return; in the history of the world there will not again be any man, never so great, whom his fellow-men will take for a god. Nay we might rationally ask, Did any set of human beings ever really think the man they *saw* there standing beside them a god, the maker of this world? Perhaps not: it was usually some man they remembered, or *had* seen. But neither can this any more be. The Great Man is not recognised henceforth as a god any more.

It was a rude gross error, that of counting the Great Man a god. Yet let us say that it is at all times difficult to know *what* he is, or how to account of him and receive him! The most significant feature in the history of an epoch is the manner it has of welcoming a Great Man. Ever, to the true instincts of men, there is something godlike in him. Whether they shall take him to be a god, to be a prophet, or what they shall take him to be? that is ever a grand question; by their way of answering that, we shall see, as through a little window, into the very heart of these men's spiritual condition. For at

bottom the Great Man, as he comes from the hand of Nature, is ever the same kind of thing: Odin, Luther, Johnson, Burns; I hope to make it appear that these are all originally of one stuff; that only by the world's reception of them, and the shapes they assume, are they so immeasurably diverse. The worship of Odin astonishes us,—to fall prostrate before the Great Man, into *deliquium* of love and wonder over him, and feel in their hearts that he was a denizen of the skies, a god! This was imperfect enough: but to welcome, for example, a Burns as we did, was that what we can call perfect? The most precious gift that Heaven can give to the Earth; a man of 'genius' as we call it; the Soul of a Man actually sent down from the skies with a God's-message to us,—this we waste away as an idle artificial firework, sent to amuse us a little, and sink it into ashes, wreck and ineffectuality: *such* reception of a Great Man I do not call very perfect either! Looking into the heart of the thing, one may perhaps call that of Burns a still uglier phenomenon, betokening still sadder imperfections in mankind's ways, than the Scandinavian method itself! To fall into mere unreasoning *deliquium* of love and admiration, was not good; but such unreasoning, nay irrational supercilious no-love at all is perhaps still worse!—It is a thing forever changing, this of Hero-worship: different in each age, difficult to do well in any age. Indeed, the heart of the whole business of the age, one may say, is to do it well.

We have chosen Mahomet not as the most eminent Prophet; but as the one we are freest to speak of. He is by no means the truest of Prophets; but I do esteem him a true one. Farther, as there is no danger of our becoming, any of us, Mahometans, I mean to say all the good of him I justly can. It is the way to get at his secret: let us try to understand what *he* meant with the world; what the world meant and means with him, will then be a more answerable question. Our current hypothesis about Mahomet, that he was a scheming Impostor, a Falsehood incarnate, that his religion is a mere mass of quackery and fatuity, begins really to be now untenable to any one. The lies, which well-meaning zeal has heaped round this man, are disgraceful to ourselves only. When Pococke inquired of Grotius, Where the proof was of that story of the

pigeon, trained to pick peas from Mahomet's ear, and pass for an angel dictating to him? Grotius answered that there was no proof! It is really time to dismiss all that. The word this man spoke has been the life-guidance now of a hundred-and-eighty millions of men these twelve-hundred years. These hundred-and-eighty millions were made by God as well as we. A greater number of God's creatures believe in Mahomet's word at this hour than in any other word whatever. Are we to suppose that it was a miserable piece of spiritual legerdemain, this which so many creatures of the Almighty have lived by and died by? I, for my part, cannot form any such supposition. I will believe most things sooner than that. One would be entirely at a loss what to think of this world at all, if quackery so grew and were sanctioned here.

Alas, such theories are very lamentable. If we would attain to knowledge of anything in God's true Creation, let us disbelieve them wholly! They are the product of an Age of Scepticism; they indicate the saddest spiritual paralysis, and mere death-life of the souls of men: more godless theory, I think, was never promulgated in this Earth. A false man found a religion? Why, a false man cannot build a brick house! If he do not know and follow *truly* the properties of mortar, burnt clay and what else he works in, it is no house that he makes, but a rubbish-heap. It will not stand for twelve centuries, to lodge a hundred-and-eighty millions; it will fall straightway. A man must conform himself to Nature's laws, *be* verily in communion with Nature and the truth of things, or Nature will answer him, No, not at all! Speciosities are specious—ah me!—a Cagliostro, many Cagliostros, prominent world-leaders, do prosper by their quackery, for a day. It is like a forged bank-note; they get it passed out of *their* worthless hands: others, not they, have to smart for it. Nature bursts-up in fire-flames, French Revolutions and such-like, proclaiming with terrible veracity that forged notes are forged.

But of a Great Man especially, of him I will venture to assert that it is incredible he should have been other than true. It seems to me the primary foundation of him, and of all that can lie in him, this. No Mirabeau, Napoleon, Burns, Crom-

well, no man adequate to do anything, but is first of all in right earnest about it; what I call a sincere man. I should say *sincerity*, a deep, great, genuine sincerity, is the first characteristic of all men in any way heroic. Not the sincerity that calls itself sincere; ah no, that is a very poor matter indeed; —a shallow braggart conscious sincerity; oftenest self-conceit mainly. The Great Man's sincerity is of the kind he cannot speak of, is not conscious of: nay, I suppose, he is conscious rather of *in*sincerity; for what man can walk accurately by the law of truth for one day? No, the Great Man does not boast himself sincere, far from that; perhaps does not ask himself if he is so: I would say rather, his sincerity does not depend on himself; he cannot help being sincere! The great Fact of Existence is great to him. Fly as he will, he cannot get out of the awful presence of this Reality. His mind is so made; he is great by that, first of all. Fearful and wonderful, real as Life, real as Death, is this Universe to him. Though all men should forget its truth, and walk in a vain show, he cannot. At all moments the Flame-image glares-in upon him; undeniable, there, there!—I wish you to take this as my primary definition of a Great Man. A little man may have this, it is competent to all men that God has made: but a Great Man cannot be without it.

Such a man is what we call an *original* man; he comes to us at first-hand. A messenger he, sent from the Infinite Unknown with tidings to us. We may call him Poet, Prophet, God;—in one way or other, we all feel that the words he utters are as no other man's words. Direct from the Inner Fact of things;—he lives, and has to live, in daily communion with that. Hearsays cannot hide it from him; he is blind, homeless, miserable, following hearsays; *it* glares-in upon him. Really his utterances, are they not a kind of 'revelation;'—what we must call such for want of some other name? It is from the heart of the world that he comes; he is portion of the primal reality of things. God has made many revelations: but this man too, has not God made him, the latest and newest of all? The 'inspiration of the Almighty giveth *him* understanding:' we must listen before all to him.

This Mahomet, then, we will in no wise consider as an Inanity and Theatricality, a poor conscious ambitious schemer; we cannot conceive him so. The rude message he delivered was a real one withal; an earnest confused voice from the unknown Deep. The man's words were not false, nor his workings here below; no Inanity and Simulacrum; a fiery mass of Life cast-up from the great bosom of Nature herself. To *kindle* the world; the world's Maker had ordered it so. Neither can the faults, imperfections, insincerities even, of Mahomet, if such were never so well proved against him, shake this primary fact about him.

On the whole, we make too much of faults; the details of the business hide the real centre of it. Faults? The greatest of faults, I should say, is to be conscious of none. Readers of the Bible above all, one would think, might know better. Who is called there 'the man according to God's own heart'? David, the Hebrew King, had fallen into sins enough; blackest crimes; there was no want of sins. And thereupon the unbelievers sneer and ask, Is this your man according to God's heart? The sneer, I must say, seems to me but a shallow one. What are faults, what are the outward details of a life; if the inner secret of it, the remorse, temptations, true, often-baffled, never-ended struggle of it, be forgotten? 'It is not in man that walketh to direct his steps.' Of all acts, is not, for a man, *repentance* the most divine? The deadliest sin, I say, were that same supercilious consciousness of no sin;—that is death; the heart so conscious is divorced from sincerity, humility and fact; is dead: it is 'pure' as dead dry sand is pure. David's life and history, as written for us in those Psalms of his, I consider to be the truest emblem ever given of a man's moral progress and warfare here below. All earnest souls will ever discern in it the faithful struggle of an earnest human soul towards what is good and best. Struggle often baffled, sore baffled, down as into entire wreck; yet a struggle never ended; ever, with tears, repentance, true unconquerable purpose, begun anew. Poor human nature! Is not a man's walking, in truth, always that: 'a succession of falls'? Man can do no other. In this wild element of a Life, he has to struggle onwards; now fallen, deep-abased; and ever, with tears, repentance, with bleeding

heart, he has to rise again, struggle again still onwards. That his struggle *be* a faithful unconquerable one: that is the question of questions. We will put-up with many sad details, if the soul of it were true. Details by themselves will never teach us what it is. I believe we misestimate Mahomet's faults even as faults: but the secret of him will never be got by dwelling there. We will leave all this behind us; and assuring ourselves that he did mean some true thing, ask candidly what it was or might be.

These Arabs Mahomet was born among are certainly a notable people. Their country itself is notable; the fit habitation for such a race. Savage inaccessible rock-mountains, great grim deserts, alternating with beautiful strips of verdure: wherever water is, there is greenness, beauty; odoriferous balm-shrubs, date-trees, frankincense-trees. Consider that wide waste horizon of sand, empty, silent, like a sand-sea, dividing habitable place from habitable. You are all alone there, left alone with the Universe; by day a fierce sun blazing down on it with intolerable radiance; by night the great deep Heaven with its stars. Such a country is fit for a swift-handed, deep-hearted race of men. There is something most agile, active, and yet most meditative, enthusiastic in the Arab character. The Persians are called the French of the East; we will call the Arabs Oriental Italians. A gifted noble people; a people of wild strong feelings, and of iron restraint over these: the characteristic of noblemindedness, of genius. The wild Bedouin welcomes the stranger to his tent, as one having right to all that is there; were it his worst enemy, he will slay his foal to treat him, will serve him with sacred hospitality for three days, will set him fairly on his way;—and then, by another law as sacred, kill him if he can. In words too, as in action. They are not a loquacious people, taciturn rather; but eloquent, gifted when they do speak. An earnest, truthful kind of men. They are, as we know, of Jewish kindred: but with that deadly terrible earnestness of the Jews they seem to combine something graceful, brilliant, which is not Jewish. They had 'Poetic contests' among them before the time of Mahomet. Sale says, at Ocadh, in the South of Arabia, there were yearly fairs, and there, when

the merchandising was done, Poets sang for prizes :—the wild people gathered to hear that.

One Jewish quality these Arabs manifest ; the outcome of many or of all high qualities : what we may call religiosity. From of old they had been zealous worshippers, according to their light. They worshipped the stars, as Sabeans ; worshipped many natural objects,—recognised them as symbols, immediate manifestations, of the Maker of Nature. It was wrong ; and yet not wholly wrong. All God's works are still in a sense symbols of God. Do we not, as I urged, still account it a merit to recognise a certain inexhaustible significance, 'poetic beauty' as we name it, in all natural objects whatsoever ? A man is a poet, and honoured, for doing that, and speaking or singing it,—a kind of diluted worship. They had many Prophets, these Arabs ; Teachers each to his tribe, each according to the light he had. But indeed, have we not from of old the noblest of proofs, still palpable to every one of us, of what devoutness and noblemindedness had dwelt in these rustic thoughtful peoples ? Biblical critics seem agreed that our own *Book of Job* was written in that region of the world. I call that, apart from all theories about it, one of the grandest things ever written with pen. One feels, indeed, as if it were not Hebrew ; such a noble universality, different from noble patriotism or sectarianism, reigns in it. A noble Book ; all men's Book ! It is our first, oldest statement of the never-ending Problem,—man's destiny, and God's ways with him here in this earth. And all in such free flowing outlines ; grand in its sincerity, in its simplicity ; in its epic melody, and repose of reconcilement. There is the seeing eye, the mildly understanding heart. So *true* everyway ; true eyesight and vision for all things ; material things no less than spiritual : the Horse,—'hast thou clothed his neck with *thunder ?*'—he '*laughs* at the shaking of the spear !' Such living likenesses were never since drawn. Sublime sorrow, sublime reconciliation ; oldest choral melody as of the heart of mankind ;—so soft, and great ; as the summer midnight, as the world with its seas and stars ! There is nothing written, I think, in the Bible or out of it, of equal literary merit.—

To the idolatrous Arabs one of the most ancient universal

objects of worship was that Black Stone, still kept in the building called Caabah at Mecca. Diodorus Siculus mentions this Caabah in a way not to be mistaken, as the oldest, most honoured temple in his time; that is, some half-century before our Era. Silvestre de Sacy says there is some likelihood that the Black Stone is an aerolite. In that case, some man might *see* it fall out of Heaven! It stands now beside the Well Zemzem; the Caabah is built over both. A Well is in all places a beautiful affecting object, gushing out like life from the hard earth; —still more so in those hot dry countries, where it is the first condition of being. The Well Zemzem has its name from the bubbling sound of the waters, *zem-zem;* they think it is the Well which Hagar found with her little Ishmael in the wilderness: the aerolite and it have been sacred now, and had a Caabah over them, for thousands of years. A curious object, that Caabah! There it stands at this hour, in the black cloth-covering the Sultan sends it yearly; 'twenty-seven cubits high;' with circuit, with double circuit of pillars, with festoon-rows of lamps and quaint ornaments: the lamps will be lighted again *this* night,—to glitter again under the stars. An authentic fragment of the oldest Past. It is the *Keblah* of all Moslem: from Delhi all onwards to Morocco, the eyes of innumerable praying men are turned towards *it*, five times, this day and all days: one of the notablest centres in the Habitation of Men.

It had been from the sacredness attached to this Caabah Stone and Hagar's Well, from the pilgrimings of all tribes of Arabs thither, that Mecca took its rise as a Town. A great town once, though much decayed now. It has no natural advantage for a town; stands in a sandy hollow amid bare barren hills, at a distance from the sea; its provisions, its very bread, have to be imported. But so many pilgrims needed lodgings: and then all places of pilgrimage do, from the first, become places of trade. The first day pilgrims meet, merchants have also met: where men see themselves assembled for one object, they find that they can accomplish other objects which depend on meeting together. Mecca became the Fair of all Arabia. And thereby indeed the chief staple and warehouse of whatever Commerce there was between the Indian and the Western coun-

tries, Syria, Egypt, even Italy. It had at one time a population of 100,000; buyers, forwarders of those Eastern and Western products; importers for their own behoof of provisions and corn. The government was a kind of irregular aristocratic republic, not without a touch of theocracy. Ten Men of a chief tribe, chosen in some rough way, were Governors of Mecca, and Keepers of the Caabah. The Koreish were the chief tribe in Mahomet's time; his own family was of that tribe. The rest of the Nation, fractioned and cut-asunder by deserts, lived under similar rude patriarchal governments by one or several: herdsmen, carriers, traders, generally robbers too; being oftenest at war one with another, or with all: held together by no open bond, if it were not this meeting at the Caabah, where all forms of Arab Idolatry assembled in common adoration;—held mainly by the *inward* indissoluble bond of a common blood and language. In this way had the Arabs lived for long ages, unnoticed by the world; a people of great qualities, unconsciously waiting for the day when they should become notable to all the world. Their Idolatries appear to have been in a tottering state; much was getting into confusion and fermentation among them. Obscure tidings of the most important Event ever transacted in this world, the Life and Death of the Divine Man in Judea, at once the symptom and cause of immeasurable change to all people in the world, had in the course of centuries reached into Arabia too; and could not but, of itself, have produced fermentation there.

It was among this Arab people, so circumstanced, in the year 570 of our Era, that the man Mahomet was born. He was of the family of Hashem, of the Koreish tribe as we said; though poor, connected with the chief persons of his country. Almost at his birth he lost his Father; at the age of six years his Mother too, a woman noted for her beauty, her worth and sense: he fell to the charge of his Grandfather, an old man, a hundred years old. A good old man: Mahomet's Father, Abdallah, had been his youngest favourite son. He saw in Mahomet, with his old life-worn eyes, a century old, the lost Abdallah come back again, all that was left of Abdallah. He loved the little orphan Boy greatly; used to say, They must

take care of that beautiful little Boy, nothing in their kindred was more precious than he. At his death, while the boy was still but two years old, he left him in charge to Abu Thaleb the eldest of the Uncles, as to him that now was head of the house. By this Uncle, a just and rational man as everything betokens, Mahomet was brought-up in the best Arab way.

Mahomet, as he grew up, accompanied his Uncle on trading journeys and suchlike; in his eighteenth year one finds him a fighter following his Uncle in war. But perhaps the most significant of all his journeys is one we find noted as of some years' earlier date: a journey to the Fairs of Syria. The young man here first came in contact with a quite foreign world,—with one foreign element of endless moment to him: the Christian Religion. I know not what to make of that 'Sergius, the Nestorian Monk,' whom Abu Thaleb and he are said to have lodged with; or how much any monk could have taught one still so young. Probably enough it is greatly exaggerated, this of the Nestorian Monk. Mahomet was only fourteen; had no language but his own: much in Syria must have been a strange unintelligible whirlpool to him. But the eyes of the lad were open; glimpses of many things would doubtless be taken-in, and lie very enigmatic as yet, which were to ripen in a strange way into views, into beliefs and insights one day. These journeys to Syria were probably the beginning of much to Mahomet.

One other circumstance we must not forget: that he had no school-learning; of the thing we call school-learning none at all. The art of writing was but just introduced into Arabia; it seems to be the true opinion that Mahomet never could write! Life in the Desert, with its experiences, was all his education. What of this infinite Universe he, from his dim place, with his own eyes and thoughts, could take in, so much and no more of it was he to know. Curious, if we will reflect on it, this of having no books. Except by what he could see for himself, or hear of by uncertain rumour of speech in the obscure Arabian Desert, he could know nothing. The wisdom that had been before him or at a distance from him in the world, was in a manner as good as not there for him. Of the great brother souls, flame-beacons through so many lands and times, no one directly communicates with this great soul. He is alone there,

deep down in the bosom of the Wilderness; has to grow up so, —alone with Nature and his own Thoughts.

But, from an early age, he had been remarked as a thoughtful man. His companions named him '*Al Amin*, The Faithful.' A man of truth and fidelity; true in what he did, in what he spake and thought. They noted that *he* always meant something. A man rather taciturn in speech; silent when there was nothing to be said; but pertinent, wise, sincere, when he did speak; always throwing light on the matter. This is the only sort of speech *worth* speaking! Through life we find him to have been regarded as an altogether solid, brotherly, genuine man. A serious, sincere character; yet amiable, cordial, companionable, jocose even;—a good laugh in him withal: there are men whose laugh is as untrue as anything about them; who cannot laugh. One hears of Mahomet's beauty: his fine sagacious honest face, brown florid complexion, beaming black eyes; —I somehow like too that vein on the brow, which swelled-up black when he was in anger: like the '*horse-shoe* vein' in Scott's *Redgauntlet*. It was a kind of feature in the Hashem family, this black swelling vein in the brow; Mahomet had it prominent, as would appear. A spontaneous, passionate, yet just, true-meaning man! Full of wild faculty, fire and light; of wild worth, all uncultured; working out his life-task in the depths of the Desert there.

How he was placed with Kadijah, a rich Widow, as her Steward, and travelled in her business, again to the Fairs of Syria; how he managed all, as one can well understand, with fidelity, adroitness; how her gratitude, her regard for him grew: the story of their marriage is altogether a graceful intelligible one, as told us by the Arab authors. He was twenty-five; she forty, though still beautiful. He seems to have lived in a most affectionate, peaceable, wholesome way with this wedded benefactress; loving her truly, and her alone. It goes greatly against the impostor theory, the fact that he lived in this entirely unexceptionable, entirely quiet and commonplace way, till the heat of his years was done. He was forty before he talked of any mission from Heaven. All his irregularities, real and supposed, date from after his fiftieth year, when the good Kadijah died. All his 'ambition,' seemingly, had been, hitherto, to

live an honest life; his 'fame,' the mere good opinion of neighbours that knew him, had been sufficient hitherto. Not till he was already getting old, the prurient heat of his life all burnt out, and *peace* growing to be the chief thing this world could give him, did he start on the 'career of ambition;' and, belying all his past character and existence, set-up as a wretched empty charlatan to acquire what he could now no longer enjoy! For my share, I have no faith whatever in that.

Ah no: this deep-hearted Son of the Wilderness, with his beaming black eyes and open social deep soul, had other thoughts in him than ambition. A silent great soul; he was one of those who cannot *but* be in earnest; whom Nature herself has appointed to be sincere. While others walk in formulas and hearsays, contented enough to dwell there, this man could not screen himself in formulas; he was alone with his own soul and the reality of things. The great Mystery of Existence, as I said, glared-in upon him, with its terrors, with its splendours; no hearsays could hide that unspeakable fact, "Here am I!" Such *sincerity*, as we named it, has in very truth something of divine. The word of such a man is a Voice direct from Nature's own Heart. Men do and must listen to that as to nothing else;—all else is wind in comparison. From of old, a thousand thoughts, in his pilgrimings and wanderings, had been in this man: What am I? What *is* this unfathomable Thing I live in, which men name Universe? What is Life; what is Death? What am I to believe? What am I to do? The grim rocks of Mount Hara, of Mount Sinai, the stern sandy solitudes answered not. The great Heaven rolling silent overhead, with its blue-glancing stars, answered not. There was no answer. The man's own soul, and what of God's inspiration dwelt there, had to answer!

It is the thing which all men have to ask themselves; which we too have to ask, and answer. This wild man felt it to be of *infinite* moment; all other things of no moment whatever in comparison. The jargon of argumentative Greek Sects, vague traditions of Jews, the stupid routine of Arab Idolatry: there was no answer in these. A Hero, as I repeat, has this first distinction, which indeed we may call first and last, the Alpha and Omega of his whole Heroism, That he looks through the

shows of things into *things*. Use and wont, respectable hearsay, respectable formula: all these are good, or are not good. There is something behind and beyond all these, which all these must correspond with, be the image of, or they are — *Idolatries;* 'bits of black wood pretending to be God;' to the earnest soul a mockery and abomination. Idolatries never so gilded, waited on by heads of the Koreish, will do nothing for this man. Though all men walk by them, what good is it? The great Reality stands glaring there upon *him*. He there has to answer it, or perish miserably. Now, even now, or else through all Eternity never! Answer it; *thou* must find an answer.—Ambition? What could all Arabia do for this man; with the crown of Greek Heraclius, of Persian Chosroes, and all crowns in the Earth;—what could they all do for him? It was not of the Earth he wanted to hear tell; it was of the Heaven above and of the Hell beneath. All crowns and sovereignties whatsoever, where would *they* in a few brief years be? To be Sheik of Mecca or Arabia, and have a bit of gilt wood put into your hand,—will that be one's salvation? I decidedly think, not. We will leave it altogether, this impostor hypothesis, as not credible; not very tolerable even, worthy chiefly of dismissal by us.

Mahomet had been wont to retire yearly, during the month Ramadhan, into solitude and silence; as indeed was the Arab custom; a praiseworthy custom, which such a man, above all, would find natural and useful. Communing with his own heart, in the silence of the mountains; himself silent; open to the 'small still voices:' it was a right natural custom! Mahomet was in his fortieth year, when having withdrawn to a cavern in Mount Hara, near Mecca, during this Ramadhan, to pass the month in prayer, and meditation on those great questions, he one day told his wife Kadijah, who with his household was with him or near him this year, That by the unspeakable special favour of Heaven he had now found it all out; was in doubt and darkness no longer, but saw it all. That all these Idols and Formulas were nothing, miserable bits of wood; that there was One God in and over all; and we must leave all Idols, and look to Him. That God is great; and that there is nothing else great! He is the Reality. Wooden Idols are not

real; He is real. He made us at first, sustains us yet; we and all things are but the shadow of Him; a transitory garment veiling the Eternal Splendour. '*Allah akbar*, God is great;'—and then also '*Islam*,' That we must *submit* to God. That our whole strength lies in resigned submission to Him, whatsoever He do to us. For this world, and for the other! The thing He sends to us, were it death and worse than death, shall be good, shall be best; we resign ourselves to God.—'If this be *Islam*,' says Goethe, 'do we not all live in *Islam*?' Yes, all of us that have any moral life; we all live so. It has ever been held the highest wisdom for a man not merely to submit to Necessity,—Necessity will make him submit,—but to know and believe well that the stern thing which Necessity had ordered was the wisest, the best, the thing wanted there. To cease his frantic pretension of scanning this great God's-World in his small fraction of a brain; to know that it *had* verily, though deep beyond his soundings, a Just Law, that the soul of it was Good;—that his part in it was to conform to the Law of the Whole, and in devout silence follow that; not questioning it, obeying it as unquestionable.

I say, this is yet the only true morality known. A man is right and invincible, virtuous and on the road towards sure conquest, precisely while he joins himself to the great deep Law of the World, in spite of all superficial laws, temporary appearances, profit-and-loss calculations; he is victorious while he coöperates with that great central Law, not victorious otherwise:—and surely his first chance of coöperating with it, or getting into the course of it, is to know with his whole soul that it *is*; that it is good, and alone good! This is the soul of Islam; it is properly the soul of Christianity;—for Islam is definable as a confused form of Christianity; had Christianity not been, neither had it been. Christianity also commands us, before all, to be resigned to God. We are to take no counsel with flesh-and-blood; give ear to no vain cavils, vain sorrows and wishes: to know that we know nothing; that the worst and cruelest to our eyes is not what it seems; that we have to receive whatsoever befalls us as sent from God above, and say, It is good and wise, God is great! "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." Islam means in its way Denial

of Self, Annihilation of Self. This is yet the highest Wisdom that Heaven has revealed to our Earth.

Such light had come, as it could, to illuminate the darkness of this wild Arab soul. A confused dazzling splendour as of life and Heaven, in the great darkness which threatened to be death: he called it revelation and the angel Gabriel;—who of us yet can know what to call it? It is the 'inspiration of the Almighty that giveth us understanding. To *know;* to get into the truth of anything, is ever a mystic act,—of which the best Logics can but babble on the surface. 'Is not Belief the true god-announcing Miracle?' says Novalis.—That Mahomet's whole soul, set in flame with this grand Truth vouchsafed him, should feel as if it were important and the only important thing, was very natural. That Providence had unspeakably honoured *him* by revealing it, saving him from death and darkness; that he therefore was bound to make known the same to all creatures: this is what was meant by 'Mahomet is the Prophet of God;' this too is not without its true meaning.—

The good Kadijah, we can fancy, listened to him with wonder, with doubt: at length she answered: Yes, it was *true* this that he said. One can fancy too the boundless gratitude of Mahomet; and how of all the kindnesses she had done him, this of believing the earnest struggling word he now spoke was the greatest. 'It is certain,' says Novalis, 'my Conviction gains infinitely, the moment another soul will believe in it.' It is a boundless favour.—He never forgot this good Kadijah. Long afterwards, Ayesha his young favourite wife, a woman who indeed distinguished herself among the Moslem, by all manner of qualities, through her whole long life; this young brilliant Ayesha was, one day, questioning him: "Now am not I better than Kadijah? She was a widow; old, and had lost her looks: you love me better than you did her?"—"No, by Allah!" answered Mahomet: "No, by Allah! She believed in me when none else would believe. In the whole world I had but one friend, and she was that!"—Seid, his Slave, also believed in him; these with his young Cousin Ali, Abu Thaleb's son, were his first converts.

He spoke of his Doctrine to this man and that; but the most treated it with ridicule, with indifference; in three years,

I think, he had gained but thirteen followers. His progress was slow enough. His encouragement to go on, was altogether the usual encouragement that such a man in such a case meets. After some three years of small success, he invited forty of his chief kindred to an entertainment; and there stood-up and told them what his pretension was: that he had this thing to promulgate abroad to all men; that it was the highest thing, the one thing: which of them would second him in that? Amid the doubt and silence of all, young Ali, as yet a lad of sixteen, impatient of the silence, started-up, and exclaimed in passionate fierce language, That he would! The assembly, among whom was Abu Thaleb, Ali's Father, could not be unfriendly to Mahomet; yet the sight there, of one unlettered elderly man, with a lad of sixteen, deciding on such an enterprise against all mankind, appeared ridiculous to them; the assembly broke-up in laughter. Nevertheless it proved not a laughable thing; it was a very serious thing! As for this young Ali, one cannot but like him. A noble-minded creature, as he shows himself, now and always afterwards; full of affection, of fiery daring. Something chivalrous in him; brave as a lion; yet with a grace, a truth and affection worthy of Christian knighthood. He died by assassination in the Mosque at Bagdad; a death occasioned by his own generous fairness, confidence in the fairness of others: he said, If the wound proved not unto death, they must pardon the Assassin; but if it did, then they must slay him straightway, that so they two in the same hour might appear before God, and see which side of that quarrel was the just one!

Mahomet naturally gave offence to the Koreish, Keepers of the Caabah, superintendents of the Idols. One or two men of influence had joined him: the thing spread slowly, but it was spreading. Naturally he gave offence to everybody: Who is this that pretends to be wiser than we all; that rebukes us all, as mere fools and worshippers of wood! Abu Thaleb the good Uncle spoke with him: Could he not be silent about all that; believe it all for himself, and not trouble others, anger the chief men, endanger himself and them all, talking of it? Mahomet answered: If the Sun stood on his right hand and the Moon on his left, ordering him to hold his peace, he could

not obey! No: there was something in this Truth he had got which was of Nature herself; equal in rank to Sun, or Moon, or whatsoever thing Nature had made. It would speak itself there, so long as the Almighty allowed it, in spite of Sun and Moon, and all Koreish and all men and things. It must do that, and could do no other. Mahomet answered so; and, they say, 'burst into tears.' Burst into tears: he felt that Abu Thaleb was good to him; that the task he had got was no soft, but a stern and great one.

He went on speaking to who would listen to him; publishing his Doctrine among the pilgrims as they came to Mecca; gaining adherents in this place and that. Continual contradiction, hatred, open or secret danger attended him. His powerful relations protected Mahomet himself; but by and by, on his own advice, all his adherents had to quit Mecca, and seek refuge in Abyssinia over the sea. The Koreish grew ever angrier; laid plots, and swore oaths among them, to put Mahomet to death with their own hands. Abu Thaleb was dead, the good Kadijah was dead. Mahomet is not solicitous of sympathy from us; but his outlook at this time was one of the dismalest. He had to hide in caverns, escape in disguise; fly hither and thither; homeless, in continual peril of his life. More than once it seemed all-over with him; more than once it turned on a straw, some rider's horse taking fright or the like, whether Mahomet and his Doctrine had not ended there, and not been heard of at all. But it was not to end so.

In the thirteenth year of his mission, finding his enemies all banded against him, forty sworn men, one out of every tribe, waiting to take his life, and no continuance possible at Mecca for him any longer, Mahomet fled to the place then called Yathreb, where he had gained some adherents; the place they now call Medina, or '*Medinat al Nabi*, the City of the Prophet,' from that circumstance. It lay some 200 miles off, through rocks and deserts; not without great difficulty, in such mood as we may fancy, he escaped thither, and found welcome. The whole East dates its era from this Flight, *Hegira* as they name it: the Year 1 of this Hegira is 622 of our Era, the fifty-third of Mahomet's life. He was now becoming an old man; his friends sinking round him one by one; his path deso-

late, encompassed with danger: unless he could find hope in his own heart, the outward face of things was but hopeless for him. It is so with all men in the like case. Hitherto Mahomet had professed to publish his Religion by the way of preaching and persuasion alone. But now, driven foully out of his native country, since unjust men had not only given no ear to his earnest Heaven's-message, the deep cry of his heart, but would not even let him live if he kept speaking it,—the wild Son of the Desert resolved to defend himself, like a man and Arab. If the Koreish will have it so, they shall have it. Tidings, felt to be of infinite moment to them and all men, they would not listen to these; would trample them down by sheer violence, steel and murder: well, let steel try it then! Ten years more this Mahomet had; all of fighting, of breathless impetuous toil and struggle; with what result we know.

Much has been said of Mahomet's propagating his Religion by the sword. It is no doubt far nobler what we have to boast of the Christian Religion, that it propagated itself peaceably in the way of preaching and conviction. Yet withal, if we take this for an argument of the truth or falsehood of a religion, there is a radical mistake in it. The sword indeed: but where will you get your sword! Every new opinion, at its starting, is precisely in a *minority of one.* In one man's head alone, there it dwells as yet. One man alone of the whole world believes it; there is one man against all men. That *he* take a sword, and try to propagate with that, will do little for him. You must first get your sword! On the whole, a thing will propagate itself as it can. We do not find, of the Christian Religion either, that it always disdained the sword, when once it had got one. Charlemagne's conversion of the Saxons was not by preaching. I care little about the sword: I will allow a thing to struggle for itself in this world, with any sword or tongue or implement it has, or can lay hold of. We will let it preach, and pamphleteer, and fight, and to the uttermost bestir itself, and do, beak and claws, whatsoever is in it; very sure that it will, in the long-run, conquer nothing which does not deserve to be conquered. What is better than itself, it cannot put away, but only what is worse. In this great Duel, Nature herself is umpire, and can do no wrong: the thing which is

deepest-rooted in Nature, what we call *truest*, that thing and not the other will be found growing at last.

Here however, in reference to much that there is in Mahomet and his success, we are to remember what an umpire Nature is; what a greatness, composure of depth and tolerance there is in her. You take wheat to cast into the Earth's bosom: your wheat may be mixed with chaff, chopped straw, barn-sweepings, dust and all imaginable rubbish; no matter: you cast it into the kind just Earth; she grows the wheat,—the whole rubbish she silently absorbs, shrouds *it* in, says nothing of the rubbish. The yellow wheat is growing there; the good Earth is silent about all the rest,—has silently turned all the rest to some benefit too, and makes no complaint about it! So everywhere in Nature! She is true and not a lie; and yet so great, and just, and motherly in her truth. She requires of a thing only that it *be* genuine of heart; she will protect it if so; will not, if not so. There is a soul of truth in all the things she ever gave harbour to. Alas, is not this the history of all highest Truth that comes or ever came into the world? The *body* of them all is imperfection, an element of light *in* darkness: to us they have to come embodied in mere Logic, in some merely *scientific* Theorem of the Universe; which *cannot* be complete; which cannot but be found, one day, *in*complete, erroneous, and so die and disappear. The body of all Truth dies; and yet in all, I say, there is a soul which never dies; which in new and ever-nobler embodiment lives immortal as man himself! It is the way with Nature. The genuine essence of Truth never dies. That it be genuine, a voice from the great Deep of Nature, there is the point at Nature's judgment-seat. What *we* call pure or impure, is not with her the final question. Not how much chaff is in you; but whether you have any wheat. Pure? I might say to many a man: Yes, you are pure; pure enough; but you are chaff,—insincere hypothesis, hearsay, formality; you never were in contact with the great heart of the Universe at all; you are properly neither pure nor impure; you *are* nothing, Nature has no business with you.

Mahomet's Creed we called a kind of Christianity; and really, if we look at the wild rapt earnestness with which it

was believed and laid to heart, I should say a better kind than that of those miserable Syrian Sects, with their vain janglings about *Homoiousion* and *Homoousion*, the head full of worthless noise, the heart empty and dead! The truth of it is embedded in portentous error and falsehood; but the truth of it makes it be believed, not the falsehood: it succeeded by its truth. A bastard kind of Christianity, but a living kind; with a heart-life in it; not dead, chopping barren logic merely! Out of all that rubbish of Arab idolatries, argumentative theologies, traditions, subtleties, rumours and hypotheses of Greeks and Jews, with their idle wiredrawings, this wild man of the Desert, with his wild sincere heart, earnest as death and life, with his great flashing natural eyesight, had seen into the kernel of the matter. Idolatry is nothing: these Wooden Idols of yours, 'ye rub them with oil and wax, and the flies stick on them,'—these are wood, I tell you! They can do nothing for you; they are an impotent blasphemous pretence; a horror and abomination, if ye knew them. God alone is; God alone has power; He made us, He can kill us and keep us alive: '*Allah akbar*, God is great.' Understand that His will is the best for you; that howsoever sore to flesh-and-blood, you will find it the wisest, best: you are bound to take it so; in this world and in the next, you have no other thing that you can do!

And now if the wild idolatrous men did believe this, and with their fiery hearts lay hold of it to do it, in what form soever it came to them, I say it was well worthy of being believed. In one form or the other, I say it is still the one thing worthy of being believed by all men. Man does hereby become the high-priest of this Temple of a World. He is in harmony with the Decrees of the Author of this World; coöperating with them, not vainly withstanding them: I know, to this day, no better definition of Duty than that same. All that is *right* includes itself in this of coöperating with the real Tendency of the World: you succeed by this (the World's Tendency will succeed), you are good, and in the right course there. *Homoiousion, Homoousion*, vain logical jangle, then or before or at any time, may jangle itself out, and go whither and how it likes: this is the *thing* it all struggles to mean, if it would mean anything. If it do not succeed in meaning this, it means nothing. Not

that Abstractions, logical Propositions, be correctly worded or incorrectly; but that living concrete Sons of Adam do lay this to heart: that is the important point. Islam devoured all these vain jangling Sects; and I think had right to do so. It was a Reality, direct from the great Heart of Nature once more. Arab idolatries, Syrian formulas, whatsoever was not equally real, had to go up in flame,—mere dead *fuel*, in various senses, for this which was *fire*.

It was during these wild warfarings and strugglings, especially after the Flight to Mecca, that Mahomet dictated at intervals his Sacred Book, which they name *Koran*, or *Reading*, 'Thing to be read.' This is the Work he and his disciples made so much of, asking all the world, Is not that a miracle? The Mahometans regard their Koran with a reverence which few Christians pay even to their Bible. It is admitted everywhere as the standard of all law and all practice; the thing to be gone-upon in speculation and life: the message sent direct out of Heaven, which this Earth has to conform to, and walk by; the thing to be read. Their Judges decide by it; all Moslem are bound to study it, seek in it for the light of their life. They have mosques where it is all read daily; thirty relays of priests take it up in succession, get through the whole each day. There, for twelve-hundred years, has the voice of this Book, at all moments, kept sounding through the ears and the hearts of so many men. We hear of Mahometan Doctors that had read it seventy-thousand times!

Very curious: if one sought for 'discrepancies of national taste,' here surely were the most eminent instance of that! We also can read the Koran; our Translation of it, by Sale, is known to be a very fair one. I must say, it is as toilsome reading as I ever undertook. A wearisome confused jumble, crude, incondite; endless iterations, long-windedness, entanglement; most crude, incondite;—insupportable stupidity, in short! Nothing but a sense of duty could carry any European through the Koran. We read in it, as we might in the State-Paper Office, unreadable masses of lumber, that perhaps we may get some glimpses of a remarkable man. It is true we have it under disadvantages: the Arabs see more method in

it than we. Mahomet's followers found the Koran lying all in fractions, as it had been written-down at first promulgation; much of it, they say, on shoulder-blades of mutton, flung pell-mell into a chest: and they published it, without any discoverable order as to time or otherwise;—merely trying, as would seem, and this not very strictly, to put the longest chapters first. The real beginning of it, in that way, lies almost at the end: for the earliest portions were the shortest. Read in its historical sequence it perhaps would not be so bad. Much of it, too, they say, is rhythmic; a kind of wild chanting song, in the original. This may be a great point; much perhaps has been lost in the Translation here. Yet with every allowance, one feels it difficult to see how any mortal ever could consider this Koran as a Book written in Heaven, too good for the Earth; as a well-written book, or indeed as a *book* at all; and not a bewildered rhapsody; *written*, so far as writing goes, as badly as almost any book ever was! So much for national discrepancies, and the standard of taste.

Yet I should say, it was not unintelligible how the Arabs might so love it. When once you get this confused coil of a Koran fairly off your hands, and have it behind you at a distance, the essential type of it begins to disclose itself; and in this there is a merit quite other than the literary one. If a book come from the heart, it will contrive to reach other hearts; all art and authorcraft are of small amount to that. One would say the primary character of the Koran is this of its *genuineness*, of its being a *bona-fide* book. Prideaux, I know, and others have represented it as a mere bundle of juggleries; chapter after chapter got-up to excuse and varnish the author's successive sins, forward his ambitions and quackeries: but really it is time to dismiss all that. I do not assert Mahomet's continual sincerity: who is continually sincere? But I confess I can make nothing of the critic, in these times, who would accuse him of deceit *prepense*; of conscious deceit generally, or perhaps at all;—still more, of living in a mere element of conscious deceit, and writing this Koran as a forger and juggler would have done! Every candid eye, I think, will read the Koran far otherwise than so. It is the confused ferment of a great rude human soul; rude, untutored, that cannot even read,

but fervent, earnest, struggling vehemently to utter itself in words. With a kind of breathless intensity he strives to utter himself; the thoughts crowd on him pellmell: for very multitude of things to say, he can get nothing said. The meaning that is in him shapes itself into no form of composition, is stated in no sequence, method, or coherence;—they are not *shaped* at all, these thoughts of his; flung-out unshaped, as they struggle and tumble there, in their chaotic inarticulate state. We said 'stupid:' yet natural stupidity is by no means the character of Mahomet's Book; it is natural uncultivation rather. The man has not studied speaking; in the haste and pressure of continual fighting, has not time to mature himself into fit speech. The panting breathless haste and vehemence of a man struggling in the thick of battle for life and salvation; this is the mood he is in! A headlong haste; for very magnitude of meaning, he cannot get himself articulated into words. The successive utterances of a soul in that mood, coloured by the various vicissitudes of three-and-twenty years; now well uttered, now worse: this is the Koran.

For we are to consider Mahomet, through these three-and-twenty years, as the centre of a world wholly in conflict. Battles with the Kornish and Heathen, quarrels among his own people, backslidings of his own wild heart; all this kept him in a perpetual whirl, his soul knowing rest no more. In wakeful nights, as one may fancy, the wild soul of the man, tossing amid these vortices, would hail any light of a decision for them as a veritable light from Heaven; *any* making-up of his mind, so blessed, indispensable for him there, would seem the inspiration of a Gabriel. Forger and juggler? No, no! This great fiery heart, seething, simmering like a great furnace of thoughts, was not a juggler's. His life was a Fact to him; this God's Universe an awful Fact and Reality. He has faults enough. The man was an uncultured semi-barbarous Son of Nature, much of the Bedouin still clinging to him: we must take him for that. But for a wretched Simulacrum, a hungry Impostor without eyes or heart, practising for a mess of pottage such blasphemous swindlery, forgery of celestial documents, continual high-treason against his Maker and Self, we will not and cannot take him.

Sincerity, in all senses, seems to me the merit of the Koran;

what had rendered it precious to the wild Arab men. It is, after all, the first and last merit in a book; gives rise to merits of all kinds,—nay, at bottom, it alone can give rise to merit of any kind. Curiously, through these incondite masses of tradition, vituperation, complaint, ejaculation in the Koran, a vein of true direct insight, of what we might almost call poetry, is found straggling. The body of the Book is made-up of mere tradition, and as it were vehement enthusiastic extempore preaching. He returns forever to the old stories of the Prophets as they went current in the Arab memory: how Prophet after Prophet, the Prophet Abraham, the Prophet Hud, the Prophet Moses, Christian and other real and fabulous Prophets, had come to this Tribe and to that, warning men of their sin; and been received by them even as he Mahomet was,—which is a great solace to him. These things he repeats ten, perhaps twenty times; again and ever again, with wearisome iteration; has never done repeating them. A brave Samuel Johnson, in his forlorn garret, might con-over the Biographies of Authors in that way! This is the great staple of the Koran. But curiously, through all this, comes ever and anon some glance as of the real thinker and seer. He has actually an eye for the world, this Mahomet: with a certain directness and rugged vigour, he brings home still, to our heart, the thing his own heart has been opened to. I make but little of his praises of Allah, which many praise; they are borrowed I suppose mainly from the Hebrew, at least they are far surpassed there. But the eye that flashes direct into the heart of things, and *sees* the truth of them; this is to me a highly interesting object. Great Nature's own gift; which she bestows on all; but which only one in the thousand does not cast sorrowfully away: it is what I call sincerity of vision; the test of a sincere heart.

Mahomet can work no miracles; he often answers impatiently: I can work no miracles. I? 'I am a Public Preacher;' appointed to preach this doctrine to all creatures. Yet the world, as we can see, had really from of old been all one great miracle to him. Look over the world, says he; is it not wonderful, the work of Allah; wholly 'a sign to you,' if your eyes were open! This Earth, God made it for you; 'appointed paths in it;' you can live in it, go to and fro on it.—The clouds

in the dry country of Arabia, to Mahomet they are very wonderful: Great clouds, he says, born in the deep bosom of the Upper Immensity, where do they come from! They hang there, the great black monsters; pour-down their rain-deluges 'to revive a dead earth,' and grass springs, and 'tall leafy palm-'trees with their date-clusters hanging round. Is not that a 'sign?' Your cattle too,—Allah made them; serviceable dumb creatures; they change the grass into milk; you have your clothing from them, very strange creatures; they come ranking home at evening-time, 'and,' adds he, 'and are a credit to you!' Ships also,—he talks often about ships: Huge moving mountains, they spread-out their cloth wings, go bounding through the water there, Heaven's wind driving them; anon they lie motionless, God has withdrawn the wind, they lie dead, and cannot stir! Miracles? cries he: What miracle would you have? Are not you yourselves there? God made *you*, 'shaped you out of a little clay.' Ye were small once; a few years ago ye were not at all. Ye have beauty, strength, thoughts, 'ye have compassion on one another.' Old age comes-on you, and gray hairs; your strength fades into feebleness; ye sink down, and again are not. 'Ye have compassion on one another:' this struck me much: Allah might have made you having no compassion on one another,—how had it been then! This is a great direct thought, a glance at first-hand into the very fact of things. Rude vestiges of poetic genius, of whatsoever is best and truest, are visible in this man. A strong untutored intellect; eyesight, heart: a strong wild man,—might have shaped himself into Poet, King, Priest, any kind of Hero.

To his eyes it is forever clear that this world wholly is miraculous. He sees what, as we said once before, all great thinkers, the rude Scandinavians themselves, in one way or other, have contrived to see: That this so solid-looking material world is, at bottom, in very deed, Nothing; is a visual and tactual Manifestation of God's power and presence,—a shadow hung-out by Him on the bosom of the void Infinite; nothing more. The mountains, he says, these great rock-mountains, they shall dissipate themselves 'like clouds;' melt into the Blue as clouds do, and not be! He figures the Earth, in the Arab fashion, Sale tells us, as an immense Plain or flat Plate

of ground, the mountains are set on that to *steady* it. At the Last Day they shall disappear 'like clouds;' the whole Earth shall go spinning, whirl itself off into wreck, and as dust and vapour vanish in the Inane. Allah withdraws his hand from it, and it ceases to be. The universal empire of Allah, presence everywhere of an unspeakable Power, a Splendour, and a Terror not to be named, as the true force, essence and reality, in all things whatsoever, was continually clear to this man. What a modern talks-of by the name, Forces of Nature, Laws of Nature; and does not figure as a divine thing; not even as one thing at all, but as a set of things, undivine enough,—saleable, curious, good for propelling steam-ships! With our Sciences and Cyclopædias, we are apt to forget the *divineness*, in those laboratories of ours. We ought not to forget it! That once well forgotten, I know not what else were worth remembering. Most sciences, I think, were then a very dead thing; withered, contentious, empty;—a thistle in late autumn. The best science, without this, is but as the dead *timber;* it is not the growing tree and forest,—which gives ever-new timber, among other things! Man cannot *know* either, unless he can *worship* in some way. His knowledge is a pedantry, and dead thistle, otherwise.

Much has been said and written about the sensuality of Mahomet's Religion; more than was just. The indulgences, criminal to us, which he permitted, were not of his appointment; he found them practised, unquestioned from immemorial time in Arabia; what he did was to curtail them, restrict them, not on one but on many sides. His Religion is not an easy one: with rigorous fasts, lavations, strict complex formulas, prayers five times a day, and abstinence from wine, it did not 'succeed by being an easy religion.' As if indeed any religion, or cause holding of religion, could succeed by that! It is a calumny on men to say that they are roused to heroic action by ease, hope of pleasure, recompense,—sugar-plums of any kind, in this world or the next! In the meanest mortal there lies something nobler. The poor swearing soldier, hired to be shot, has his 'honour of a soldier,' different from drill-regulations and the shilling a day. It is not to taste sweet things, but to do noble and true things, and vindicate himself under God's Heaven as

a god-made Man, that the poorest son of Adam dimly longs. Show him the way of doing that, the dullest daydrudge kindles into a hero. They wrong man greatly who say he is to be seduced by ease. Difficulty, abnegation, martyrdom, death are the *allurements* that act on the heart of man. Kindle the inner genial life of him, you have a flame that burns-up all lower considerations. Not happiness, but something higher: one sees this even in the frivolous classes, with their 'point of honour' and the like. Not by flattering our appetites; no, by awakening the Heroic that slumbers in every heart, can any Religion gain followers.

Mahomet himself, after all that can be said about him, was not a sensual man. We shall err widely if we consider this man as a common voluptuary, intent mainly on base enjoyments,—nay on enjoyments of any kind. His household was of the frugalest; his common diet barley-bread and water: sometimes for months there was not a fire once lighted on his hearth. They record with just pride that he would mend his own shoes, patch his own cloak. A poor, hard-toiling, ill-provided man; careless of what vulgar men toil for. Not a bad man, I should say; something better in him than *hunger* of any sort,—or these wild Arab men, fighting and jostling three-and-twenty years at his hand, in close contact with him always, would not have reverenced him so! They were wild men, bursting ever and anon into quarrel, into all kinds of fierce sincerity; without right worth and manhood, no man could have commanded them. They called him Prophet, you say? Why, he stood there face to face with them; bare, not enshrined in any mystery; visibly clouting his own cloak, cobbling his own shoes; fighting, counselling, ordering in the midst of them: they must have seen what kind of a man he *was*, let him be *called* what you like! No emperor with his tiaras was obeyed as this man in a cloak of his own clouting. During three-and-twenty years of rough actual trial. I find something of a veritable Hero necessary for that, of itself.

His last words are a prayer; broken ejaculations of a heart struggling-up, in trembling hope, towards its Maker. We cannot say that his religion made him *worse*; it made him better; good, not bad. Generous things are recorded of him: when

he lost his Daughter, the thing he answers is, in his own dialect, everyway sincere, and yet equivalent to that of Christians, 'The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord.' He answered in like manner of Seid, his emancipated well-beloved Slave, the second of the believers. Seid had fallen in the War of Tabûc, the first of Mahomet's fightings with the Greeks. Mahomet said, It was well; Seid had done his Master's work, Seid had now gone to his Master: it was all well with Seid. Yet Seid's daughter found him weeping over the body;—the old gray-haired man melting in tears! "What do I see?" said she.—"You see a friend weeping over his friend."—He went out for the last time into the mosque, two days before his death; asked, If he had injured any man? Let his own back bear the stripes. If he owed any man? A voice answered, "Yes, me three drachms," borrowed on such an occasion. Mahomet ordered them to be paid: "Better be in shame now," said he, "than at the Day of Judgment."—You remember Kadijah, and the "No, by Allah!" Traits of that kind show us the genuine man, the brother of us all, brought visible through twelve centuries,—the veritable Son of our common Mother.

Withal I like Mahomet for his total freedom from cant. He is a rough self-helping son of the wilderness; does not pretend to be what he is not. There is no ostentatious pride in him; but neither does he go much upon humility: he is there as he can be, in cloak and shoes of his own clouting; speaks plainly to all manner of Persian Kings, Greek Emperors, what it is they are bound to do; knows well enough, about himself, 'the respect due unto thee.' In a life-and-death war with Bedouins, cruel things could not fail; but neither are acts of mercy, of noble natural pity and generosity wanting. Mahomet makes no apology for the one, no boast of the other. They were each the free dictate of his heart; each called-for, there and then. Not a mealy-mouthed man! A candid ferocity, if the case call for it, is in him; he does not mince matters! The War of Tabûc is a thing he often speaks of: his men refused, many of them, to march on that occasion; pleaded the heat of the weather, the harvest, and so forth; he can never forget that. Your harvest? It lasts for a day. What will

become of your harvest through all Eternity? Hot weather? Yes, it was hot; 'but Hell will be hotter!' Sometimes a rough sarcasm turns-up: He says to the unbelievers, Ye shall have the just measure of your deeds at that Great Day. They will be weighed-out to you; ye shall not have short weight!—Everywhere he fixes the matter in his eye; he *sees* it: his heart, now and then, is as if struck dumb by the greatness of it. 'Assuredly,' he says: that word, in the Koran, is written-down sometimes as a sentence by itself: 'Assuredly.'

No *Dilettantism* in this Mahomet; it is a business of Reprobation and Salvation with him, of Time and Eternity: he is in deadly earnest about it! Dilettantism, hypothesis, speculation, a kind of amateur-search for Truth, toying and coquetting with Truth: this is the sorest sin. The root of all other imaginable sins. It consists in the heart and soul of the man never having been *open* to Truth;—'living in a vain show. Such a man not only utters and produces falsehoods, but *is* himself a falsehood. The rational moral principle, spark of the Divinity, is sunk deep in him, in quiet paralysis of life-death. The very falsehoods of Mahomet are truer than the truths of such a man. He is the insincere man: smooth-polished, respectable in some times and places; inoffensive, says nothing harsh to anybody; most *cleanly*,—just as carbonic acid is, which is death and poison.

We will not praise Mahomet's moral precepts as always of the superfinest sort; yet it can be said that there is always a tendency to good in them; that they are the true dictates of a heart aiming towards what is just and true. The sublime forgiveness of Christianity, turning of the other cheek when the one has been smitten, is not here: you *are* to revenge yourself, but it is to be in measure, not overmuch, or beyond justice. On the other hand, Islam, like any great Faith, and insight into the essence of man, is a perfect equaliser of men: the soul of one believer outweighs all earthly kingships; all men, according to Islam too, are equal. Mahomet insists not on the propriety of giving alms, but on the necessity of it: he marks-down by law how much you are to give, and it is at your peril if you neglect. The tenth part of a man's annual income, whatever that may be, is the *property* of the poor, of

those that are afflicted and need help. Good all this: the natural voice of humanity, of pity and equity dwelling in the heart of this wild Son of Nature speaks *so*.

Mahomet's Paradise is sensual, his Hell sensual: true; in the one and the other there is enough that shocks all spiritual feeling in us. But we are to recollect that the Arabs already had it so; that Mahomet, in whatever he changed of it, softened and diminished all this. The worst sensualities, too, are the work of doctors, followers of his, not his work. In the Koran there is really very little said about the joys of Paradise; they are intimated rather than insisted on. Nor is it forgotten that the highest joys even there shall be spiritual: the pure Presence of the Highest, this shall infinitely transcend all other joys. He says, 'Your salutation shall be, Peace.' *Salam*, Have Peace!—the thing that all rational souls long for, and seek, vainly here below, as the one blessing. 'Ye 'shall sit on seats, facing one another: all grudges shall be 'taken away out of your hearts.' All grudges! Ye shall love one another freely; for each of you, in the eyes of his brothers, there will be Heaven enough!

In reference to this of the sensual Paradise and Mahomet's sensuality, the sorest chapter of all for us, there were many things to be said; which it is not convenient to enter upon here. Two remarks only I shall make, and therewith leave it to your candour. The first is furnished me by Goethe; it is a casual hint of his which seems well worth taking note of. In one of his Delineations, in *Meister's Travels* it is, the hero comes-upon a Society of men with very strange ways, one of which was this: "We require," says the Master, "that each of our people shall restrict himself in one direction," shall go right against his desire in one matter, and *make* himself do the thing he does not wish, "should we allow him the greater latitude on all other sides." There seems to me a great justness in this. Enjoying things which are pleasant; that is not the evil: it is the reducing of our moral self to slavery by them that is. Let a man assert withal that he is king over his habitudes; that he could and would shake them off, on cause shown: this is an excellent law. The Month Ramadhan for the Moslem, much in Mahomet's Religion, much in his own Life, bears in

that direction; if not by forethought, or clear purpose of moral improvement on his part, then by a certain healthy manful instinct, which is as good.

But there is another thing to be said about the Mahometan Heaven and Hell. This namely, that, however gross and material they may be, they are an emblem of an everlasting truth, not always so well remembered elsewhere. That gross sensual Paradise of his; that horrible flaming Hell; the great enormous Day of Judgment he perpetually insists on: what is all this but a rude shadow, in the rude Bedouin imagination, of that grand spiritual Fact, and Beginning of Facts, which it is ill for us too if we do not all know and feel: the Infinite Nature of Duty? That man's actions here are of *infinite* moment to him, and never die or end at all; that man, with his little life, reaches upwards high as Heaven, downwards low as Hell, and in his threescore years of Time holds an Eternity fearfully and wonderfully hidden: all this had burnt itself, as in flame-characters, into the wild Arab soul. As in flame and lightning, it stands written there; awful, unspeakable, ever present to him. With bursting earnestness, with a fierce savage sincerity, halt, articulating, not able to articulate, he strives to speak it, bodies it forth in that Heaven and that Hell. Bodied forth in what way you will, it is the first of all truths. It is venerable under all embodiments. What is the chief end of man here below? Mahomet has answered this question, in a way that might put some of *us* to shame! He does not, like a Bentham, a Paley, take Right and Wrong, and calculate the profit and loss, ultimate pleasure of the one and of the other; and summing all up by addition and subtraction into a net result, ask you, Whether on the whole the Right does not preponderate considerably? No; it is not *better* to do the one than the other; the one is to the other as life is to death,—as Heaven is to Hell. The one must in nowise be done, the other in nowise left undone. You shall not measure them; they are incommensurable: the one is death eternal to a man, the other is life eternal. Benthamee Utility, virtue by Profit and Loss; reducing this God's-world to a dead brute Steam-engine, the infinite celestial Soul of Man to a kind of Hay-balance for weighing hay and thistles on, pleasures and pains on:—If you ask me

which gives, Mahomet or they, the beggarlier and falser view of Man and his Destinies in this Universe, I will answer, It is not Mahomet !— —

On the whole, we will repeat that this Religion of Mahomet's is a kind of Christianity; has a genuine element of what is spiritually highest looking through it, not to be hidden by all its imperfections. The Scandinavian God *Wish*, the god of all rude men,—this has been enlarged into a Heaven by Mahomet; but a Heaven symbolical of sacred Duty, and to be earned by faith and welldoing, by valiant action, and a divine patience which is still more valiant. It is Scandinavian Paganism, and a truly celestial element superadded to that. Call it not false; look not at the falsehood of it, look at the truth of it. For these twelve centuries, it has been the religion and life-guidance of the fifth part of the whole kindred of Mankind. Above all things, it has been a religion heartily *believed*. These Arabs believe their religion, and try to live by it! No Christians, since the early ages, or only perhaps the English Puritans in modern times, have ever stood by their Faith as the Moslem do by theirs,—believing it wholly, fronting Time with it, and Eternity with it. This night the watchman on the streets of Cairo when he cries, "Who goes?" will hear from the passenger, along with his answer, "There is no God but God." *Allah akbar, Islam*, sounds through the souls, and whole daily existence, of these dusky millions. Zealous missionaries preach it abroad among Malays, black Papuans, brutal Idolaters;—displacing what is worse, nothing that is better or good.

To the Arab Nation it was as a birth from darkness into light; Arabia first became alive by means of it. A poor shepherd people, roaming unnoticed in its deserts since the creation of the world: a Hero-Prophet was sent down to them with a word they could believe: see, the unnoticed becomes world-notable, the small has grown world-great; within one century afterwards, Arabia is at Grenada on this hand, at Delhi on that;—glancing in valour and splendour and the light of genius, Arabia shines through long ages over a great section of the world. Belief is great, live-giving. The history of a Nation becomes fruitful, soul-elevating, great, so soon as it believes. These Arabs, the man Mahomet, and that one century,—is it

not as if a spark had fallen, one spark, on a world of what seemed black unnoticeable sand ; but lo, the sand proves explosive powder, blazes heaven-high from Delhi to Grenada ! I said, the Great Man was always as lightning out of Heaven ; the rest of men waited for him like fuel, and then they too would flame.

LECTURE III.

THE HERO AS POET. DANTE; SHAKSPEARE.

[Tuesday, 12th May 1840.]

THE Hero as Divinity, the Hero as Prophet, are productions of old ages; not to be repeated in the new. They presuppose a certain rudeness of conception, which the progress of mere scientific knowledge puts an end to. There needs to be, as it were, a world vacant, or almost vacant of scientific forms, if men in their loving wonder are to fancy their fellow-man either a god or one speaking with the voice of a god. Divinity and Prophet are past. We are now to see our Hero in the less ambitious, but also less questionable, character of Poet; a character which does not pass. The Poet is a heroic figure belonging to all ages; whom all ages possess, when once he is produced, whom the newest age as the oldest may produce;—and will produce, always when Nature pleases. Let Nature send a Hero-soul; in no age is it other than possible that he may be shaped into a Poet.

Hero, Prophet, Poet,—many different names, in different times and places, do we give to Great Men; according to varieties we note in them, according to the sphere in which they have displayed themselves! We might give many more names, on this same principle. I will remark again, however, as a fact not unimportant to be understood, that the different *sphere* constitutes the grand origin of such distinction; that the Hero can be Poet, Prophet, King, Priest or what you will, according to the kind of world he finds himself born into. I confess, I have no notion of a truly great man that could not be *all* sorts of men. The Poet who could merely sit on a chair, and compose stanzas, would never make a stanza worth much.

He could not sing the Heroic warrior, unless he himself were at least a Heroic warrior too. I fancy there is in him the Politician, the Thinker, Legislator, Philosopher ;—in one or the other degree, he could have been, he is all these. So too I cannot understand how a Mirabeau, with that great glowing heart, with the fire that was in it, with the bursting tears that were in it, could not have written verses, tragedies, poems, and touched all hearts in that way, had his course of life and education led him thitherward. The grand fundamental character is that of Great Man ; that the man be great. Napoleon has words in him which are like Austerlitz Battles. Louis Fourteenth's Marshals are a kind of poetical men withal ; the things Turenne says are full of sagacity and geniality, like sayings of Samuel Johnson. The great heart, the clear deep-seeing eye: there it lies ; no man whatever, in what province soever, can prosper at all without these. Petrarch and Boccaccio did diplomatic messages, it seems, quite well: one can easily believe it; they had done things a little harder than these ! Burns, a gifted song-writer, might have made a still better Mirabeau. Shakspeare,—one knows not what *he* could not have made, in the supreme degree.

True, there are aptitudes of Nature too. Nature does not make all great men, more than all other men, in the self-same mould. Varieties of aptitude doubtless ; but infinitely more of circumstance ; and far oftenest it is the *latter* only that are looked to. But it is as with common men in the learning of trades. You take any man, as yet a vague capability of a man, who could be any kind of craftsman ; and make him into a smith, a carpenter, a mason : he is then and thenceforth that and nothing else. And if, as Addison complains, you sometimes see a street-porter staggering under his load on spindle-shanks, and near at hand a tailor with the frame of a Samson handling a bit of cloth and small Whitechapel needle,—it cannot be considered that aptitude of Nature alone has been consulted here either !—The Great Man also, to what shall he be bound apprentice ? Given your Hero, is he to become Conqueror, King, Philosopher, Poet ? It is an inexplicably complex controversial-calculation between the world and him ! He will read the world and its laws ; the world with its laws will be

there to be read. What the world, on *this* matter, shall permit and bid is, as we said, the most important fact about the world.—

Poet and Prophet differ greatly in our loose modern notions of them. In some old languages, again, the titles are synonymous; *Vates* means both Prophet and Poet: and indeed at all times, Prophet and Poet, well understood, have much kindred of meaning. Fundamentally indeed they are still the same; in this most important respect especially, That they have penetrated both of them into the sacred mystery of the Universe; what Goethe calls 'the open secret.' "Which is the great secret?" asks one.—"The *open* secret,"—open to all, seen by almost none! That divine mystery, which lies everywhere in all Beings, 'the Divine Idea of the World, that which lies at 'the bottom of Appearance,' as Fichte styles it; of which all Appearance, from the starry sky to the grass of the field, but especially the Appearance of Man and his work, is but the *vesture*, the embodiment that renders it visible. This divine mystery *is* in all times and in all places; veritably is. In most times and places it is greatly overlooked; and the Universe, definable always in one or the other dialect, as the realised Thought of God, is considered a trivial, inert, commonplace matter,—as if, says the Satirist, it were a dead thing, which some upholsterer had put together! It could do no good, at present, to *speak* much about this; but it is a pity for every one of us if we do not know it, live ever in the knowledge of it. Really a most mournful pity;—a failure to live at all, if we live otherwise!

But now, I say, whoever may forget this divine mystery, the *Vates*, whether Prophet or Poet, has penetrated into it; is a man sent hither to make it more impressively known to us. That always is his message; he is to reveal that to us,—that sacred mystery which he more than others lives ever present with. While others forget it, he knows it;—I might say, he has been driven to know it; without consent asked of *him*, he finds himself living in it, bound to live in it. Once more, here is no Hearsay, but a direct Insight and Belief; this man too could not help being a sincere man! Whosoever may live in

the shows of things, it is for him a necessity of nature to live in the very fact of things. A man once more, in earnest with the Universe, though all others were but toying with it. He is a *Vates*, first of all, in virtue of being sincere. So far Poet and Prophet, participators in the 'open secret,' are one.

With respect to their distinction again: The *Vates* Prophet, we might say, has seized that sacred mystery rather on the moral side, as Good and Evil, Duty and Prohibition; the *Vates* Poet on what the Germans call the æsthetic side, as Beautiful, and the like. The one we may call a revealer of what we are to do, the other of what we are to love. But indeed these two provinces run into one another, and cannot be disjoined. The Prophet too has his eye on what we are to love: how else shall he know what it is we are to do? The highest Voice ever heard on this earth said withal, "Consider the lilies of the field; they toil not, neither do they spin: yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." A glance, that, into the deepest deep of Beauty. 'The lilies of the field,'—dressed finer than earthly princes, springing-up there in the humble furrow-field; a beautiful *eye* looking-out on you, from the great inner Sea of Beauty! How could the rude Earth make these, if her Essence, rugged as she looks and is, were not inwardly Beauty? In this point of view, too, a saying of Goethe's, which has staggered several, may have meaning: 'The Beautiful,' he intimates, 'is higher than the Good; the Beautiful includes in it 'the Good.' The *true* Beautiful; which however, I have said somewhere, 'differs from the *false* as Heaven does from Vauxhall!' So much for the distinction and identity of Poet and Prophet.—

In ancient and also in modern periods we find a few Poets who are accounted perfect; whom it were a kind of treason to find fault with. This is noteworthy; this is right: yet in strictness it is only an illusion. At bottom, clearly enough, there is no perfect Poet! A vein of Poetry exists in the hearts of all men; no man is made altogether of Poetry. We are all poets when we *read* a poem well. The 'imagination that shudders at the Hell of Dante,' is not that the same faculty, weaker in degree, as Dante's own? No one but Shakspeare can embody, out of *Saxo Grammaticus*, the story of *Hamlet* as Shakspeare

did: but every one models some kind of story out of it; every one embodies it better or worse. We need not spend time in defining. Where there is no specific difference, as between round and square, all definition must be more or less arbitrary. A man that has *so* much more of the poetic element developed in him as to have become noticeable, will be called Poet by his neighbours. World-Poets too, those whom we are to take for perfect Poets, are settled by critics in the same way. One who rises *so* far above the general level of Poets will, to such and such critics, seem a Universal Poet; as he ought to do. And yet it is, and must be, an arbitrary distinction. All Poets, all men, have some touches of the Universal; no man is wholly made of that. Most Poets are very soon forgotten: but not the noblest Shakspeare or Homer of them can be remembered *forever;*—a day comes when he too is not!

Nevertheless, you will say, there must be a difference between true Poetry and true Speech not poetical: what is the difference? On this point many things have been written, especially by late German Critics, some of which are not very intelligible at first. They say, for example, that the Poet has an *infinitude* in him; communicates an *Unendlichkeit*, a certain character of 'infinitude,' to whatsoever he delineates. This, though not very precise, yet on so vague a matter is worth remembering: if well meditated, some meaning will gradually be found in it. For my own part, I find considerable meaning in the old vulgar distinction of Poetry being *metrical*, having music in it, being a Song. Truly, if pressed to give a definition, one might say this as soon as anything else: If your delineation be authentically *musical*, musical not in word only, but in heart and substance, in all the thoughts and utterances of it, in the whole conception of it, then it will be poetical; if not, not.—Musical: how much lies in that! A *musical* thought is one spoken by a mind that has penetrated into the inmost heart of the thing; detected the inmost mystery of it, namely the *melody* that lies hidden in it; the inward harmony of coherence which is its soul, whereby it exists, and has a right to be, here in this world. All inmost things, we may say, are melodious; naturally utter themselves in Song. The meaning of Song goes deep. Who is there that, in logical words, can ex-

press the effect music has on us? A kind of inarticulate unfathomable speech, which leads us to the edge of the Infinite, and lets us for moments gaze into that!

Nay all speech, even the commonest speech, has something of song in it: not a parish in the world but has its parish-accent;—the rhythm or *tune* to which the people there *sing* what they have to say! Accent is a kind of chanting; all men have accent of their own,—though they only *notice* that of others. Observe too how all passionate language does of itself become musical,—with a finer music than the mere accent; the speech of a man even in zealous anger becomes a chant, a song. All deep things are Song. It seems somehow the very central essence of us, Song; as if all the rest were but wrappages and hulls! The primal element of us; of us, and of all things. The Greeks fabled of Sphere-Harmonies: it was the feeling they had of the inner structure of Nature; that the soul of all her voices and utterances was perfect music. Poetry, therefore, we will call *musical Thought.* The Poet is he who *thinks* in that manner. At bottom, it turns still on power of intellect; it is a man's sincerity and depth of vision that makes him a Poet. See deep enough, and you see musically; the heart of Nature *being* everywhere music, if you can only reach it.

The *Vates* Poet, with his melodious Apocalypse of Nature, seems to hold a poor rank among us, in comparison with the *Vates* Prophet; his function, and our esteem of him for his function, alike slight. The Hero taken as Divinity; the Hero taken as Prophet; then next the Hero taken only as Poet: does it not look as if our estimate of the Great Man, epoch after epoch, were continually diminishing? We take him first for a god, then for one god-inspired; and now in the next stage of it, his most miraculous word gains from us only the recognition that he is a Poet, beautiful verse-maker, man of genius, or suchlike!—It looks so; but I persuade myself that intrinsically it is not so. If we consider well, it will perhaps appear that in man still there is the *same* altogether peculiar admiration for the Heroic Gift, by what name soever called, that there at any time was.

I should say, if we do not now reckon a Great Man literally

divine, it is that our notions of God, of the supreme unattainable Fountain of Splendour, Wisdom and Heroism, are ever rising *higher;* not altogether that our reverence for these qualities, as manifested in our like, is getting lower. This is worth taking thought of. Sceptical Dilettantism, the curse of these ages, a curse which will not last forever, does indeed in this the highest province of human things, as in all provinces, make sad work; and our reverence for great men, all crippled, blinded, paralytic as it is, comes out in poor plight, hardly recognisable. Men worship the shows of great men; the most disbelieve that there is any reality of great men to worship. The dreariest, fatalest faith; believing which, one would literally despair of human things. Nevertheless look, for example, at Napoleon! A Corsican lieutenant of artillery; that is the show of *him:* yet is he not obeyed, *worshipped* after his sort, as all the Tiaraed and Diademed of the world put together could not be? High Duchesses, and ostlers of inns, gather round the Scottish rustic, Burns;—a strange feeling dwelling in each that they never heard a man like this; that, on the whole, this is the man! In the secret heart of these people it still dimly reveals itself, though there is no accredited way of uttering it at present, that this rustic, with his black brows and flashing sun-eyes, and strange words moving laughter and tears, is of a dignity far beyond all others, incommensurable with all others. Do not we feel it so? But now, were Dilettantism, Scepticism, Triviality, and all that sorrowful brood, cast-out of us,—as, by God's blessing, they shall one day be; were faith in the shows of things entirely swept-out, replaced by clear faith in the *things*, so that a man acted on the impulse of that only, and counted the other non-extant; what a new livelier feeling towards this Burns were it!

Nay here in these ages, such as they are, have we not two mere Poets, if not deified, yet we may say beatified? Shakspeare and Dante are Saints of Poetry; really, if we will think of it, *canonised*, so that it is impiety to meddle with them. The unguided instinct of the world, working across all these perverse impediments, has arrived at such result. Dante and Shakspeare are a peculiar Two. They dwell apart, in a kind of royal solitude; none equal, none second to them: in the

general feeling of the world, a certain transcendentalism, a glory as of complete perfection, invests these two. They *are* canonised, though no Pope or Cardinals took hand in doing it! Such, in spite of every perverting influence, in the most unheroic times, is still our indestructible reverence for heroism. —We will look a little at these Two, the Poet Dante and the Poet Shakspeare: what little it is permitted us to say here of the Hero as Poet will most fitly arrange itself in that fashion.

Many volumes have been written by way of commentary on Dante and his Book; yet, on the whole, with no great result. His Biography is, as it were, irrecoverably lost for us. An unimportant, wandering, sorrowstricken man, not much note was taken of him while he lived; and the most of that has vanished, in the long space that now intervenes. It is five centuries since he ceased writing and living here. After all commentaries, the Book itself is mainly what we know of him. The Book;—and one might add that Portrait commonly attributed to Giotto, which, looking on it, you cannot help inclining to think genuine, whoever did it. To me it is a most touching face; perhaps of all faces that I know, the most so. Lonely there, painted as on vacancy, with the simple laurel wound round it; the deathless sorrow and pain, the known victory which is also deathless;—significant of the whole history of Dante! I think it is the mournfulest face that ever was painted from reality; an altogether tragic, heart-affecting face. There is in it, as foundation of it, the softness, tenderness, gentle affection as of a child; but all this is as if congealed into sharp contradiction, into abnegation, isolation, proud hopeless pain. A soft ethereal soul looking-out so stern, implacable, grim-trenchant, as from imprisonment of thick-ribbed ice! Withal it is a silent pain too, a silent scornful one: the lip is curled in a kind of godlike disdain of the thing that is eating-out his heart,—as if it were withal a mean insignificant thing, as if he whom it had power to torture and strangle were greater than it. The face of one wholly in protest, and life-long unsurrendering battle, against the world. Affection all converted into indignation: an implacable indignation; slow, equable, silent, like that of a god! The eye too, it looks-out

in a kind of *surprise*, a kind of inquiry, Why the world was of such a sort? This is Dante: so he looks, this 'voice of ten silent centuries,' and sings us 'his mystic unfathomable song.'

The little that we know of Dante's Life corresponds well enough with this Portrait and this Book. He was born at Florence, in the upper class of society, in the year 1265. His education was the best then going; much school-divinity, Aristotelean logic, some Latin classics,—no inconsiderable insight into certain provinces of things: and Dante, with his earnest intelligent nature, we need not doubt, learned better than most all that was learnable. He has a clear cultivated understanding, and of great subtlety; this best fruit of education he had contrived to realise from these scholastics. He knows accurately and well what lies close to him; but, in such a time, without printed books or free intercourse, he could not know well what was distant: the small clear light, most luminous for what is near, breaks itself into singular *chiaroscuro* striking on what is far off. This was Dante's learning from the schools. In life, he had gone through the usual destinies; been twice out campaigning as a soldier for the Florentine State, been on embassy; had in his thirty-fifth year, by natural gradation of talent and service, become one of the Chief Magistrates of Florence. He had met in boyhood a certain Beatrice Portinari, a beautiful little girl of his own age and rank, and grown-up thenceforth in partial sight of her, in some distant intercourse with her. All readers know his graceful affecting account of this; and then of their being parted; of her being wedded to another, and of her death soon after. She makes a great figure in Dante's Poem; seems to have made a great figure in his life. Of all beings it might seem as if she, held apart from him, far apart at last in the dim Eternity, were the only one he had ever with his whole strength of affection loved. She died: Dante himself was wedded; but it seems not happily, far from happily. I fancy, the rigorous earnest man, with his keen excitabilities, was not altogether easy to make happy.

We will not complain of Dante's miseries: had all gone right with him as he wished it, he might have been Prior, Podestà, or whatsoever they call it, of Florence, well accepted

among neighbours,—and the world had wanted one of the most notable words ever spoken or sung. Florence would have had another prosperous Lord Mayor; and the ten dumb centuries continued voiceless, and the ten other listening centuries (for there will be ten of them and more) had no *Divina Commedia* to hear! We will complain of nothing. A nobler destiny was appointed for this Dante; and he, struggling like a man led towards death and crucifixion, could not help fulfilling it. Give *him* the choice of his happiness! He knew not, more than we do, what was really happy, what was really miserable.

In Dante's Priorship, the Guelf-Ghibelline, Bianchi-Neri, or some other confused disturbances rose to such a height, that Dante, whose party had seemed the stronger, was with his friends cast unexpectedly forth into banishment; doomed thenceforth to a life of woe and wandering. His property was all confiscated and more; he had the fiercest feeling that it was entirely unjust, nefarious in the sight of God and man. He tried what was in him to get reinstated; tried even by warlike surprisal, with arms in his hand: but it would not do; bad only had become worse. There is a record, I believe, still extant in the Florence Archives, dooming this Dante, wheresoever caught, to be burnt alive. Burnt alive; so it stands, they say: a very curious civic document. Another curious document, some considerable number of years later, is a Letter of Dante's to the Florentine Magistrates, written in answer to a milder proposal of theirs, that he should return on condition of apologising and paying a fine. He answers, with fixed stern pride: "If I cannot return without calling myself guilty, I will never return, *nunquam revertar*."

For Dante there was now no home in this world. He wandered from patron to patron, from place to place; proving, in his own bitter words, 'How hard is the path, *Come è duro calle*.' The wretched are not cheerful company. Dante, poor and banished, with his proud earnest nature, with his moody humours, was not a man to conciliate men. Petrarch reports of him that being at Can della Scala's court, and blamed one day for his gloom and taciturnity, he answered in no courtier-like way. Della Scala stood among his courtiers, with mimes and buf-

foons (*nebulones ac histriones*) making him heartily merry; when turning to Dante, he said: "Is it not strange, now, that this poor fool should make himself so entertaining; while you, a wise man, sit there day after day, and have nothing to amuse us with at all?" Dante answered bitterly: "No, not strange; your Highness is to recollect the Proverb, *Like to Like*;"—given the amuser, the amusee must also be given! Such a man, with his proud silent ways, with his sarcasms and sorrows, was not made to succeed at court. By degrees, it came to be evident to him that he had no longer any resting-place, or hope of benefit, in this earth. The earthly world had cast him forth, to wander, wander; no living heart to love him now; for his sore miseries there was no solace here.

The deeper naturally would the Eternal World impress itself on him; that awful reality over which, after all, this Time-world, with its Florences and banishments, only flutters as an unreal shadow. Florence thou shalt never see: but Hell and Purgatory and Heaven thou shalt surely see! What is Florence, Can della Scala, and the World and Life altogether? ETERNITY: thither, of a truth, not elsewhither, art thou and all things bound! The great soul of Dante, homeless on earth, made its home more and more in that awful other world. Naturally his thoughts brooded on that, as on the one fact important for him. Bodied or bodiless, it is the one fact important for all men:—but to Dante, in that age, it was bodied in fixed certainty of scientific shape; he no more doubted of that *Malebolge* Pool, that it all lay there with its gloomy circles, with its *alti guai*, and that he himself should see it, than we doubt that we should see Constantinople if we went thither. Dante's heart, long filled with this, brooding over it in speechless thought and awe, bursts forth at length into 'mystic unfathomable song;' and this his *Divine Comedy*, the most remarkable of all modern Books, is the result.

It must have been a great solacement to Dante, and was, as we can see, a proud thought for him at times, That he, here in exile, could do this work; that no Florence, nor no man or men, could hinder him from doing it, or even much help him in doing it. He knew too, partly, that it was great; the greatest a man could do. 'If thou follow thy star, *Se tu*

segui tua stella,'— so could the Hero, in his forsakenness, in his extreme need, still say to himself: "Follow thou thy star, thou shalt not fail of a glorious haven!" The labour of writing, we find, and indeed could know otherwise, was great and painful for him; he says, This Book, 'which has made me lean for many years.' Ah yes, it was won, all of it, with pain and sore toil,—not in sport, but in grim earnest. His Book, as indeed most good Books are, has been written, in many senses, with his heart's blood. It is his whole history, this Book. He died after finishing it; not yet very old, at the age of fifty-six; —broken-hearted rather, as is said. He lies buried in his death-city Ravenna: *Hic claudor Dantes patriis extorris ab oris*. The Florentines begged back his body, in a century after; the Ravenna people would not give it. "Here am I Dante laid, shut-out from my native shores."

I said, Dante's Poem was a Song: it is Tieck who calls it 'a mystic unfathomable Song;' and such is literally the character of it. Coleridge remarks very pertinently somewhere, that wherever you find a sentence musically worded, of true rhythm and melody in the words, there is something deep and good in the meaning too. For body and soul, word and idea, go strangely together here as everywhere. Song: we said before, it was the Heroic of Speech! All *old* Poems, Homer's and the rest, are authentically Songs. I would say, in strictness, that all right Poems are; that whatsoever is not *sung* is properly no Poem, but a piece of Prose cramped into jingling lines,—to the great injury of the grammar, to the great grief of the reader, for most part! What we want to get at is the *thought* the man had, if he had any: why should he twist it into jingle, if he *could* speak it out plainly? It is only when the heart of him is rapt into true passion of melody, and the very tones of him, according to Coleridge's remark, become musical by the greatness, depth and music of his thoughts, that we can give him right to rhyme and sing; that we call him a Poet, and listen to him as the Heroic of Speakers,— whose speech *is* Song. Pretenders to this are many; and to an earnest reader, I doubt, it is for most part a very melancholy, not to say an insupportable business, that of reading rhyme! Rhyme that had no inward necessity to be rhymed;

—it ought to have told us plainly, without any jingle, what it was aiming at. I would advise all men who *can* speak their thought, not to sing it; to understand that, in a serious time, among serious men, there is no vocation in them for singing it. Precisely as we love the true song, and are charmed by it as by something divine, so shall we hate the false song, and account it a mere wooden noise, a thing hollow, superfluous, altogether an insincere and offensive thing.

I give Dante my highest praise when I say of his *Divine Comedy* that it is, in all senses, genuinely a Song. In the very sound of it there is a *canto fermo;* it proceeds as by a chant. The language, his simple *terza rima*, doubtless helped him in this. One reads along naturally with a sort of *lilt*. But I add, that it could not be otherwise; for the essence and material of the work are themselves rhythmic. Its depth, and rapt passion and sincerity, makes it musical,—go *deep* enough, there is music everywhere. A true inward symmetry, what one calls an architectural harmony, reigns in it, proportionates it all: architectural; which also partakes of the character of music. The three kingdoms, *Inferno, Purgatorio, Paradiso*, look-out on one another like compartments of a great edifice; a great supernatural world-cathedral, piled-up there, stern, solemn, awful; Dante's World of Souls! It is, at bottom, the *sincerest* of all Poems; sincerity, here too, we find to be the measure of worth. It came deep out of the author's heart of hearts; and it goes deep, and through long generations, into ours. The people of Verona, when they saw him on the streets, used to say, "*Eccovi l' uom ch' è stato all' Inferno*, See, there is the man that was in Hell!" Ah yes, he had been in Hell; —in Hell enough, in long severe sorrow and struggle; as the like of him is pretty sure to have been. Commedias that come-out *divine* are not accomplished otherwise. Thought, true labour of any kind, highest virtue itself, is it not the daughter of Pain? Born as out of the black whirlwind;—true *effort*, in fact, as of a captive struggling to free himself: that is Thought. In all ways we are 'to become perfect through *suffering*.'—But, as I say, no work known to me is so elaborated as this of Dante's. It has all been as if molten, in the hottest furnace of his soul. It had made him 'lean' for many years. Not

the general whole only; every compartment of it is worked-out, with intense earnestness, into truth, into clear visuality. Each answers to the other; each fits in its place, like a marble stone accurately hewn and polished. It is the soul of Dante, and in this the soul of the middle ages, rendered forever rhythmically visible there. No light task; a right intense one: but a task which is *done*.

Perhaps one would say, *intensity*, with the much that depends on it, is the prevailing character of Dante's genius. Dante does not come before us as a large catholic mind; rather as a narrow, and even sectarian mind: it is partly the fruit of his age and position, but partly too of his own nature. His greatness has, in all senses, concentered itself into fiery emphasis and depth. He is world-great not because he is world-wide, but because he is world-deep. Through all objects he pierces as it were down into the heart of Being. I know nothing so intense as Dante. Consider, for example, to begin with the outermost development of his intensity, consider how he paints. He has a great power of vision; seizes the very type of a thing; presents that and nothing more. You remember that first view he gets of the Hall of Dite: *red* pinnacle, redhot cone of iron glowing through the dim immensity of gloom;—so vivid, so distinct, visible at once and forever! It is as an emblem of the whole genius of Dante. There is a brevity, an abrupt precision in him: Tacitus is not briefer, more condensed; and then in Dante it seems a natural condensation, spontaneous to the man. One smiting word; and then there is silence, nothing more said. His silence is more eloquent than words. It is strange with what a sharp decisive grace he snatches the true likeness of a matter: cuts into the matter as with a pen of fire. Plutus, the blustering giant, collapses at Virgil's rebuke; it is 'as the sails sink, the mast being suddenly broken.' Or that poor Brunetto Latini, with the *cotto aspetto*, 'face *baked*,' parched brown and lean; and the 'fiery snow' that falls on them there, a 'fiery snow without wind,' slow, deliberate, never-ending! Or the lids of those Tombs; square sarcophaguses, in that silent dim-burning Hall, each with its Soul in torment; the lids laid open there; they are to be shut at the Day of Judgment, through Eternity. And

how Farinata rises; and how Cavalcante falls—at hearing of his Son, and the past tense '*fue*'! The very movements in Dante have something brief; swift, decisive, almost military. It is of the inmost essence of his genius this sort of painting The fiery, swift Italian nature of the man, so silent, passionate, with its quick abrupt movements, its silent 'pale rages,' speaks itself in these things.

For though this of painting is one of the outermost developments of a man, it comes like all else from the essential faculty of him; it is physiognomical of the whole man. Find a man whose words paint you a likeness, you have found a man worth something; mark his manner of doing it, as very characteristic of him. In the first place, he could not have discerned the object at all, or seen the vital type of it, unless he had, what we may call, *sympathised* with it,—had sympathy in him to bestow on objects. He must have been *sincere* about it too; sincere and sympathetic: a man without worth cannot give you the likeness of any object; he dwells in vague outwardness, fallacy and trivial hearsay, about all objects. And indeed may we not say that intellect altogether expresses itself in this power of discerning what an object is? Whatsoever of faculty a man's mind may have will come out here. Is it even of business, a matter to be done? The gifted man is he who *sees* the essential point, and leaves all the rest aside as surplusage: it is his faculty too, the man of business's faculty, that he discern the true *likeness*, not the false superficial one, of the thing he has got to work in. And how much of *morality* is in the kind of insight we get of anything; 'the eye 'seeing in all things what it brought with it the faculty of see-'ing'! To the mean eye all things are trivial, as certainly as to the jaundiced they are yellow. Raphael, the Painters tell us, is the best of all Portrait-painters withal. No most gifted eye can exhaust the significance of any object. In the commonest human face there lies more than Raphael will take-away with him.

Dante's painting is not graphic only, brief, true, and of a vividness as of fire in dark night; taken on the wider scale, it is everyway noble, and the outcome of a great soul. Francesca and her Lover, what qualities in that! A thing woven

as out of rainbows, on a ground of eternal black. A small flute-voice of infinite wail speaks there, into our very heart of hearts. A touch of womanhood in it too: *della bella persona, che mi fu tolta;* and how, even in the Pit of woe, it is a solace that *he* will never part from her! Saddest tragedy in these *alti guai.* And the racking winds, in that *aer bruno*, whirl them away again, to wail forever!—Strange to think: Dante was the friend of this poor Francesca's father; Francesca herself may have sat upon the Poet's knee, as a bright innocent little child. Infinite pity, yet also infinite rigour of law: it is so Nature is made; it is so Dante discerned that she was made. What a paltry notion is that of his *Divine Comedy's* being a poor splenetic impotent terrestrial libel; putting those into Hell whom he could not be avenged-upon on earth! I suppose if ever pity, tender as a mother's, was in the heart of any man, it was in Dante's. But a man who does not know rigour cannot pity either. His very pity will be cowardly, egoistic,—sentimentality, or little better. I know not in the world an affection equal to that of Dante. It is a tenderness, a trembling, longing, pitying love: like the wail of Æolean harps, soft, soft; like a child's young heart;—and then that stern, sore-saddened heart! These longings of his towards his Beatrice; their meeting together in the *Paradiso;* his gazing in her pure transfigured eyes, her that had been purified by death so long, separated from him so far:—one likens it to the song of angels; it is among the purest utterances of affection, perhaps the very purest, that ever came out of a human soul.

For the *intense* Dante is intense in all things; he has got into the essence of all. His intellectual insight as painter, on occasion too as reasoner, is but the result of all other sorts of intensity. Morally great, above all, we must call him; it is the beginning of all. His scorn, his grief are as transcendent as his love;—as indeed, what are they but the *inverse* or *converse* of his love? '*A Dio spiacenti ed a' nemici sui*, Hateful to God and to the enemies of God:' lofty scorn, unappeasable silent reprobation and aversion; '*Non ragionam di lor*, We will not speak of *them*, look only and pass.' Or think of this; 'They have not the *hope* to die, *Non han speranza di*

morte.' One day, it had risen sternly benign on the scathed heart of Dante, that he, wretched, never-resting, worn as he was, would full surely *die;* 'that Destiny itself could not doom him not to die.' Such words are in this man. For rigour, earnestness and depth, he is not to be paralleled in the modern world; to seek his parallel we must go into the Hebrew Bible, and live with the antique Prophets there.

I do not agree with much modern criticism, in greatly preferring the *Inferno* to the two other parts of the Divine *Commedia*. Such preference belongs, I imagine, to our general Byronism of taste, and is like to be a transient feeling. The *Purgatorio* and *Paradiso*, especially the former, one would almost say, is even more excellent than it. It is a noble thing that *Purgatorio*, 'Mountain of Purification;' an emblem of the noblest conception of that age. If Sin is so fatal, and Hell is and must be so rigorous, awful, yet in Repentance too is man purified; Repentance is the grand Christian act. It is beautiful how Dante works it out. The *tremolar dell' onde*, that 'trembling' of the ocean-waves, under the first pure gleam of morning, dawning afar on the wandering Two, is as the type of an altered mood. Hope has now dawned; never-dying Hope, if in company still with heavy sorrow. The obscure sojourn of dæmons and reprobate is underfoot; a soft breathing of penitence mounts higher and higher, to the Throne of Mercy itself. "Pray for me," the denizens of that Mount of Pain all say to him. "Tell my Giovanna to pray for me," my daughter Giovanna; "I think her mother loves me no more!" They toil painfully up by that winding steep, 'bent-down like corbels of a building,' some of them, — crushed-together so 'for the sin of pride;' yet nevertheless in years, in ages and æons, they shall have reached the top, which is Heaven's gate, and by Mercy shall have been admitted in. The joy too of all, when one has prevailed; the whole Mountain shakes with joy, and a psalm of praise rises, when one soul has perfected repentance and got its sin and misery left behind! I call all this a noble embodiment of a true noble thought.

But indeed the Three compartments mutually support one another, are indispensable to one another. The *Paradiso*, a

kind of inarticulate music to me, is the redeeming side of the *Inferno;* the *Inferno* without it were untrue. All three make up the true Unseen World, as figured in the Christianity of the Middle Ages; a thing forever memorable, forever true in the essence of it, to all men. It was perhaps delineated in no human soul with such depth of veracity as in this of Dante's; a man *sent* to sing it, to keep it long memorable. Very notable with what brief simplicity he passes out of the every-day reality, into the Invisible one; and in the second or third stanza, we find ourselves in the World of Spirits; and dwell there, as among things palpable, indubitable! To Dante they *were* so; the real world, as it is called, and its facts, was but the threshold to an infinitely higher Fact of a World. At bottom, the one was as *preter*natural as the other. Has not each man a soul? He will not only be a spirit, but is one. To the earnest Dante it is all one visible Fact; he believes it, sees it; is the Poet of it in virtue of that. Sincerity, I say again, is the saving merit, now as always.

Dante's Hell, Purgatory, Paradise, are a symbol withal, an emblematic representation of his Belief about this Universe:—some Critic in a future age, like those Scandinavian ones the other day, who has ceased altogether to think as Dante did, may find this too all an 'Allegory,' perhaps an idle Allegory! It is a sublime embodiment, or sublimest, of the soul of Christianity. It expresses, as in huge worldwide architectural emblems, how the Christian Dante felt Good and Evil to be the two polar elements of this Creation, on which it all turns; that these two differ not by *preferability* of one to the other, but by incompatibility absolute and infinite; that the one is excellent and high as light and Heaven, the other hideous, black as Gehenna and the Pit of Hell! Everlasting Justice, yet with Penitence, with everlasting Pity,—all Christianism, as Dante and the Middle Ages had it, is emblemed here. Emblemed: and yet, as I urged the other day, with what entire truth of purpose; how unconscious of any emblcming! Hell, Purgatory, Paradise: these things were not fashioned as emblems; was there, in our Modern European Mind, any thought at all of their being emblems! Were they not indubitable awful facts; the whole heart of man taking them for practi-

cally true, all Nature everywhere confirming them? So is it always in these things. Men do not believe an Allegory. The future Critic, whatever his new thought may be, who considers this of Dante to have been all got-up as an Allegory, will commit one sore mistake!—Paganism we recognised as a veracious expression of the earnest awe-struck feeling of man towards the Universe; veracious, true once, and still not without worth for us. But mark here the difference of Paganism and Christianism; one great difference. Paganism emblemed chiefly the Operations of Nature; the destinies, efforts, combinations, vicissitudes of things and men in this world; Christianism emblemed the Law of Human Duty, the Moral Law of Man. One was for the sensuous nature: a rude helpless utterance of the *first* Thought of men,—the chief recognised virtue, Courage, Superiority to Fear. The other was not for the sensuous nature, but for the moral. What a progress is here, if in that one respect only!—

And so in this Dante, as we said, had ten silent centuries, in a very strange way, found a voice. The *Divina Commedia* is of Dante's writing; yet in truth *it* belongs to ten Christian centuries, only the finishing of it is Dante's. So always. The craftsman there, the smith with that metal of his, with these tools, with these cunning methods,—how little of all he does is properly *his* work! All past inventive men work there with him;—as indeed with all of us, in all things. Dante is the spokesman of the Middle Ages; the Thought they lived by stands here, in everlasting music. These sublime ideas of his, terrible and beautiful, are the fruit of the Christian Meditation of all the good men who had gone before him. Precious they; but also is not he precious? Much, had not he spoken, would have been dumb; not dead, yet living voiceless.

On the whole, is it not an utterance, this mystic Song, at once of one of the greatest human souls, and of the highest thing that Europe had hitherto realised for itself? Christianism, as Dante sings it, is another than Paganism in the rude Norse mind; another than 'Bastard Christianism' half-articulately spoken in the Arab Desert seven-hundred years before!—The noblest *idea* made *real* hitherto among men, is sung, and

emblemed-forth abidingly, by one of the noblest men. In the one sense and in the other, are we not right glad to possess it? As I calculate, it may last yet for long thousands of years. For the thing that is uttered from the inmost parts of a man's soul, differs altogether from what is uttered by the outer part. The outer is of the day, under the empire of mode; the outer passes away, in swift endless changes; the inmost is the same yesterday, today and forever. True souls, in all generations of the world, who look on this Dante, will find a brotherhood in him; the deep sincerity of his thoughts, his woes and hopes, will speak likewise to their sincerity; they will feel that this Dante too was a brother. Napoleon in Saint-Helena is charmed with the genial veracity of old Homer. The oldest Hebrew Prophet, under a vesture the most diverse from ours, does yet, because he speaks from the heart of man, speak to all men's hearts. It is the one sole secret of continuing long memorable. Dante, for depth of sincerity, is like an antique Prophet too; his words, like theirs, come from his very heart. One need not wonder if it were predicted that his Poem might be the most enduring thing our Europe has yet made; for nothing so endures as a truly spoken word. All cathedrals, pontificalities, brass and stone, and outer arrangement never so lasting, are brief in comparison to an unfathomable heart-song like this: one feels as if it might survive, still of importance to men, when these had all sunk into new irrecognisable combinations, and had ceased individually to be. Europe has made much; great cities, great empires, encyclopædias, creeds, bodies of opinion and practice: but it has made little of the class of Dante's Thought. Homer yet *is*, veritably present face to face with every open soul of us; and Greece, where is *it?* Desolate for thousands of years; away, vanished; a bewildered heap of stones and rubbish, the life and existence of it all gone. Like a dream; like the dust of King Agamemnon! Greece was; Greece, except in the *words* it spoke, is not.

The uses of this Dante? We will not say much about his 'uses.' A human soul who has once got into that primal element of *Song*, and sung-forth fitly somewhat therefrom, has worked in the *depths* of our existence: feeding through long times the life-*roots* of all excellent human things whatsoever.—

in a way that 'utilities' will not succeed well in calculating! We will not estimate the Sun by the quantity of gas-light it saves us; Dante shall be invaluable, or of no value. One remark I may make: the contrast in this respect between the Hero-Poet and the Hero-Prophet. In a hundred years, Mahomet, as we saw, had his Arabians at Grenada and at Delhi; Dante's Italians seem to be yet very much where they were. Shall we say, then, Dante's effect on the world was small in comparison? Not so: his arena is far more restricted; but also it is far nobler, clearer;—perhaps not less but more important. Mahomet speaks to great masses of men, in the coarse dialect adapted to such; a dialect filled with inconsistencies, crudities, follies: on the great masses alone can he act, and there with good and with evil strangely blended. Dante speaks to the noble, the pure and great, in all times and places. Neither does he grow obsolete, as the other does. Dante burns as a pure star, fixed there in the firmament, at which the great and the high of all ages kindle themselves: he is the possession of all the chosen of the world for uncounted time. Dante, one calculates, may long survive Mahomet. In this way the balance may be made straight again.

But, at any rate, it is not by what is called their effect on the world by what *we* can judge of their effect there, that a man and his work are measured. Effect? Influence? Utility? Let a man *do* his work; the fruit of it is the care of Another than he. It will grow its own fruit; and whether embodied in Caliph Thrones and Arabian Conquests, so that it 'fills all Morning and Evening Newspapers,' and all Histories, which are a kind of distilled Newspapers; or not embodied so at all;—what matters that? That is not the real fruit of it! The Arabian Caliph, in so far only as he did something, was something. If the great Cause of Man, and Man's work in God's Earth, got no furtherance from the Arabian Caliph, then no matter how many scimetars he drew, how many gold piasters pocketed, and what uproar and blaring he made in this world,—*he* was but a loud-sounding inanity and futility; at bottom, he *was* not at all. Let us honour the great empire of *Silence*, once more! The boundless treasury which we do *not* jingle in our pockets, or count up and present before men! It is perhaps,

of all things, the usefulest for each of us to do, in these loud times.— —

As Dante, the Italian man, was sent into our world to embody musically the Religion of the Middle Ages, the Religion of our Modern Europe, its Inner Life; so Shakspeare, we may say, embodies for us the Outer Life of our Europe as developed then, its chivalries, courtesies, humours, ambitions, what practical way of thinking, acting, looking at the world, men then had. As in Homer we may still construe Old Greece; so in Shakspeare and Dante, after thousands of years, what our modern Europe was, in Faith and in Practice, will still be legible. Dante has given us the Faith or soul; Shakspeare, in a not less noble way, has given us the Practice or body. This latter also we were to have; a man was sent for it, the man Shakspeare. Just when that chivalry way of life had reached its last finish, and was on the point of breaking down into slow or swift dissolution, as we now see it everywhere, this other sovereign Poet, with his seeing eye, with his perennial singing voice, was sent to take note of it, to give long-enduring record of it. Two fit men: Dante, deep, fierce as the central fire of the world; Shakspeare, wide, placid, far-seeing, as the Sun, the upper light of the world. Italy produced the one world-voice; we English had the honour of producing the other.

Curious enough how, as it were by mere accident, this man came to us. I think always, so great, quiet, complete and self-sufficing is this Shakspeare, had the Warwickshire Squire not prosecuted him for deer-stealing, we had perhaps never heard of him as a Poet! The woods and skies, the rustic Life of Man in Stratford there, had been enough for this man! But indeed that strange outbudding of our whole English Existence, which we call the Elizabethan Era, did not it too come as of its own accord? The 'Tree Igdrasil' buds and withers by its own laws,—too deep for our scanning. Yet it does bud and wither, and every bough and leaf of it is there, by fixed eternal laws; not a Sir Thomas Lucy but comes at the hour fit for him. Curious, I say, and not sufficiently considered: how everything does coöperate with all; not a leaf rotting on the highway but is indissoluble portion of solar and stellar systems; no thought

word or act of man but has sprung withal out of all men, and works sooner or later, recognisably or irrecognisably, on all men! It is all a Tree: circulation of sap and influences, mutual communication of every minutest leaf with the lowest talon of a root, with every other greatest and minutest portion of the whole. The Tree Igdrasil, that has its roots down in the Kingdoms of Hela and Death, and whose boughs overspread the highest Heaven!—

In some sense it may be said that this glorious Elizabethan Era with its Shakspeare, as the outcome and flowerage of all which had preceded it, is itself attributable to the Catholicism of the Middle Ages. The Christian Faith, which was the theme of Dante's Song, had produced this Practical Life which Shakspeare was to sing. For Religion then, as it now and always is, was the soul of Practice; the primary vital fact in men's life. And remark here, as rather curious, that Middle-Age Catholicism was abolished, so far as Acts of Parliament could abolish it, before Shakspeare, the noblest product of it, made his appearance. He did make his appearance nevertheless. Nature at her own time, with Catholicism or what else might be necessary, sent him forth; taking small thought of Acts of Parliament. King-Henrys, Queen-Elizabeths go their way; and Nature too goes hers. Acts of Parliament, on the whole, are small, notwithstanding the noise they make. What Act of Parliament, debate at St. Stephen's, on the hustings or elsewhere, was it that brought this Shakspeare into being? No dining at Freemasons' Tavern, opening subscription-lists, selling of shares, and infinite other jangling and true or false endeavouring! This Elizabethan Era, and all its nobleness and blessedness, came without proclamation, preparation of ours. Priceless Shakspeare was the free gift of Nature; given altogether silently; —received altogether silently, as if it had been a thing of little account. And yet, very literally, it is a priceless thing. One should look at that side of matters too.

Of this Shakspeare of ours, perhaps the opinion one sometimes hears a little idolatrously expressed is, in fact, the right one; I think the best judgment not of this country only, but of Europe at large, is slowly pointing to the conclusion, That Shakspeare is the chief of all Poets hitherto; the greatest in

tellect who, in our recorded world, has left record of himself in the way of Literature. On the whole, I know not such a power of vision, such a faculty of thought, if we take all the characters of it, in any other man. Such a calmness of depth; placid joyous strength; all things imaged in that great soul of his so true and clear, as in a tranquil unfathomable sea! It has been said, that in the constructing of Shakspeare's Dramas there is, apart from all other 'faculties' as they are called, an understanding manifested, equal to that in Bacon's *Novum Organum*. That is true; and it is not a truth that strikes every one. It would become more apparent if we tried, any of us for himself, how, out of Shakspeare's dramatic materials, *we* could fashion such a result! The built house seems all so fit,—everyway as it should be, as if it came there by its own law and the nature of things,—we forget the rude disorderly quarry it was shaped from. The very perfection of the house, as if Nature herself had made it, hides the builder's merit. Perfect, more perfect than any other man, we may call Shakspeare in this: he discerns, knows as by instinct, what condition he works under, what his materials are, what his own force and its relation to them is. It is not a transitory glance of insight that will suffice; it is deliberate illumination of the whole matter; it is a calmly *seeing* eye; a great intellect, in short. How a man, of some wide thing that he has witnessed, will construct a narrative, what kind of picture and delineation he will give of it,—is the best measure you could get of what intellect is in the man. Which circumstance is vital and shall stand prominent; which unessential, fit to be suppressed; where is the true *beginning*, the true sequence and ending? To find out this, you task the whole force of insight that is in the man. He must *understand* the thing; according to the depth of his understanding, will the fitness of his answer be. You will try him so. Does like join itself to like; does the spirit of method stir in that confusion, so that its embroilment becomes order? Can the man say, *Fiat lux*, Let there be light; and out of chaos make a world? Precisely as there is *light* in himself, will he accomplish this.

Or indeed we may say again, it is in what I called Portrait-painting, delineating of men and things, especially of men, that

Shakspeare is great. All the greatness of the man comes out decisively here. It is unexampled, I think, that calm creative perspicacity of Shakspeare. The thing he looks at reveals not this or that face of it, but its inmost heart, and generic secret: it dissolves itself as in light before him, so that he discerns the perfect structure of it. Creative, we said: poetic creation, what is this too but *seeing* the thing sufficiently? The *word* that will describe the thing, follows of itself from such clear intense sight of the thing. And is not Shakspeare's *morality*, his valour, candour, tolerance, truthfulness; his whole victorious strength and greatness, which can triumph over such obstructions, visible there too? Great as the world! No *twisted*, poor convex-concave mirror, reflecting all objects with its own convexities and concavities; a perfectly *level* mirror;—that is to say withal, if we will understand it, a man justly related to all things and men, a good man. It is truly a lordly spectacle how this great soul takes-in all kinds of men and objects, a Falstaff, an Othello, a Juliet, a Coriolanus; sets them all forth to us in their round completeness; loving, just, the equal brother of all. *Novum Organum*, and all the intellect you will find in Bacon, is of a quite secondary order; earthy, material, poor in comparison with this. Among modern men, one finds, in strictness, almost nothing of the same rank. Goethe alone, since the days of Shakspeare, reminds me of it. Of him too you say that he *saw* the object; you may say what he himself says of Shakspeare: 'His characters are like watches with dial-plates of transparent 'crystal; they show you the hour like others, and the inward 'mechanism also is all visible.'

The seeing eye! It is this that discloses the inner harmony of things; what Nature meant, what musical idea Nature has wrapped-up in these often rough embodiments. Something she did mean. To the seeing eye that something were discernible. Are they base, miserable things? You can laugh over them, you can weep over them; you can in some way or other genially relate yourself to them;—you can, at lowest, hold your peace about them, turn away your own and others' face from them, till the hour come for practically exterminating and extinguishing them! At bottom, it is the Poet's first gift, as it is all men's, that he have intellect enough. He will be a Poet if

he have: a Poet in word; or failing that, perhaps still better a Poet in act. Whether he write at all; and if so, whether in prose or in verse, will depend on accidents: who knows on what extremely trivial accidents,—perhaps on his having had a singing-master, on his being taught to sing in his boyhood! But the faculty which enables him to discern the inner heart of things, and the harmony that dwells there (for whatsoever exists has a harmony in the heart of it, or it would not hold together and exist), is not the result of habits or accidents, but the gift of Nature herself; the primary outfit for a Heroic Man in what sort soever. To the Poet, as to every other, we say first of all, *See.* If you cannot do that, it is of no use to keep stringing rhymes together, jingling sensibilities against each other, and *name* yourself a Poet; there is no hope for you. If you can, there is, in prose or verse, in action or speculation, all manner of hope. The crabbed old Schoolmaster used to ask, when they brought him a new pupil, "But are ye sure he's *not a dunce?*" Why, really one might ask the same thing, in regard to every man proposed for whatsoever function; and consider it as the one inquiry needful: Are ye sure he's not a dunce? There is, in this world, no other entirely fatal person.

For, in fact, I say the degree of vision that dwells in a man is a correct measure of the man. If called to define Shakspeare's faculty, I should say superiority of Intellect, and think I had included all under that. What indeed are faculties? We talk of faculties as if they were distinct, things separable; as if a man had intellect, imagination, fancy, &c., as he has hands, feet and arms. That is a capital error. Then again, we hear of a man's 'intellectual nature,' and of his 'moral nature,' as if these again were divisible, and existed apart. Necessities of language do perhaps prescribe such forms of utterance; we must speak, I am aware, in that way, if we are to speak at all. But words ought not to harden into things for us. It seems to me, our apprehension of this matter is, for most part, radically falsified thereby. We ought to know withal, and to keep forever in mind, that these divisions are at bottom but *names;* that man's spiritual nature, the vital Force which dwells in him, is essentially one and indivisible; that what we call imagination, fancy, understanding, and so forth, are but different figures

of the same Power of Insight, all indissolubly connected with each other, physiognomically related; that if we knew one of them, we might know all of them. Morality itself, what we call the moral quality of a man, what is this but another *side* of the one vital Force whereby he is and works? All that a man does is physiognomical of him. You may see how a man would fight, by the way in which he sings; his courage, or want of courage, is visible in the word he utters, in the opinion he has formed, no less than in the stroke he strikes. He is *one;* and preaches the same Self abroad in all these ways.

Without hands a man might have feet, and could still walk: but, consider it,—without morality, intellect were impossible for him; a thoroughly immoral *man* could not know anything at all! To know a thing, what we can call knowing, a man must first *love* the thing, sympathise with it: that is, be *virtuously* related to it. If he have not the justice to put down his own selfishness at every turn, the courage to stand by the dangerous-true at every turn, how shall he know? His virtues, all of them, will lie recorded in his knowledge. Nature, with her truth, remains to the bad, to the selfish and the pusillanimous forever a sealed book: what such can know of Nature is mean, superficial, small; for the uses of the day merely.—But does not the very Fox know something of Nature? Exactly so: it knows where the geese lodge! The human Reynard, very frequent everywhere in the world, what more does he know but this and the like of this? Nay, it should be considered too, that if the Fox had not a certain vulpine *morality*, he could not even know where the geese were, or get at the geese! If he spent his time in splenetic atrabiliar reflections on his own misery, his ill usage by Nature, Fortune and other Foxes, and so forth; and had not courage, promptitude, practicality, and other suitable vulpine gifts and graces, he would catch no geese. We may say of the Fox too, that his morality and insight are of the same dimensions; different faces of the same internal unity of vulpine life!—These things are worth stating; for the contrary of them acts with manifold very baleful perversion, in this time: what limitations, modifications they require, your own candour will supply.

If I say, therefore, that Shakspeare is the greatest of Intellects, I have said all concerning him. But there is more in Shakspeare's intellect than we have yet seen. It is what I call an unconscious intellect; there is more virtue in it than he himself is aware of. Novalis beautifully remarks of him, that those Dramas of his are Products of Nature too, deep as Nature herself. I find a great truth in this saying. Shakspeare's Art is not Artifice; the noblest worth of it is not there by plan or precontrivance. It grows-up from the deeps of Nature, through this noble sincere soul, who is a voice of Nature. The latest generations of men will find new meanings in Shakspeare, new elucidations of their own human being; 'new harmonies with the infinite structure of the Universe; 'concurrences with later ideas, affinities with the higher powers 'and senses of man.' This well deserves meditating. It is Nature's highest reward to a true simple great soul, that he get thus to be *a part of herself*. Such a man's works, whatsoever he with utmost conscious exertion and forethought shall accomplish, grow up withal *un*consciously, from the unknown deeps in him;—as the oak-tree grows from the Earth's bosom, as the mountains and waters shape themselves; with a symmetry grounded on Nature's own laws, conformable to all Truth whatsoever. How much in Shakspeare lies hid; his sorrows, his silent struggles known to himself; much that was not known at all, not speakable at all: like *roots*, like sap and forces working underground! Speech is great; but Silence is greater.

Withal the joyful tranquillity of this man is notable. I will not blame Dante for his misery: it is as battle without victory; but true battle,—the first, indispensable thing. Yet I call Shakspeare greater than Dante, in that he fought truly, and did conquer. Doubt it not, he had his own sorrows: those *Sonnets* of his will even testify expressly in what deep waters he had waded, and swum struggling for his life;—as what man like him ever failed to have to do? It seems to me a heedless notion, our common one, that he sat like a bird on the bough; and sang forth, free and offhand, never knowing the troubles of other men. Not so; with no man is it so. How could a man travel forward from rustic deer-poaching to

such tragedy-writing, and not fall-in with sorrows by the way? Or, still better, how could a man delineate a Hamlet, a Coriolanus, a Macbeth, so many suffering heroic hearts, if his own heroic heart had never suffered?—And now, in contrast with all this, observe his mirthfulness, his genuine overflowing love of laughter! You would say, in no point does he *exaggerate* but only in laughter. Fiery objurgations, words that pierce and burn, are to be found in Shakspeare; yet he is always in measure here; never what Johnson would remark as a specially 'good hater.' But his laughter seems to pour from him in floods; he heaps all manner of ridiculous nicknames on the butt he is bantering, tumbles and tosses him in all sorts of horse-play; you would say, with his whole heart laughs. And then, if not always the finest, it is always a genial laughter. Not at mere weakness, at misery or poverty; never. No man who *can* laugh, what we call laughing, will laugh at these things. It is some poor character only *desiring* to laugh, and have the credit of wit, that does so. Laughter means sympathy; good laughter is not 'the crackling of thorns under the pot.' Even at stupidity and pretension this Shakspeare does not laugh otherwise than genially. Dogberry and Verges tickle our very hearts; and we dismiss them covered with explosions of laughter: but we like the poor fellows only the better for our laughing; and hope they will get on well there, and continue Presidents of the City-watch. Such laughter, like sunshine on the deep sea, is very beautiful to me.

We have no room to speak of Shakspeare's individual works; though perhaps there is much still waiting to be said on that head. Had we, for instance, all his plays reviewed as *Hamlet*, in *Wilhelm Meister*, is! A thing which might, one day, be done. August Wilhelm Schlegel has a remark on his Historical Plays, *Henry Fifth* and the others, which is worth remembering. He calls them a kind of National Epic. Marlborough, you recollect, said, he knew no English History but what he had learned from Shakspeare. There are really, if we look to it, few as memorable Histories. The great salient points are admirably seized; all rounds itself off, into a kind of rhythmic coherence; it is, as Schlegel says, *epic*;—as in

deed all delineation by a great thinker will be. There are right beautiful things in those Pieces, which indeed together form one beautiful thing. That battle of Agincourt strikes me as one of the most perfect things, in its sort, we anywhere have of Shakspeare's. The description of the two hosts: the worn-out, jaded English; the dread hour, big with destiny, when the battle shall begin; and then that deathless valour: "Ye good yeomen, whose limbs were made in England!" There is a noble Patriotism in it,—far other than the 'indifference' you sometimes hear ascribed to Shakspeare. A true English heart breathes, calm and strong, through the whole business; not boisterous, protrusive; all the better for that. There is a sound in it like the ring of steel. This man too had a right stroke in him, had it come to that!

But I will say, of Shakspeare's works generally, that we have no full impress of him there; even as full as we have of many men. His works are so many windows, through which we see a glimpse of the world that was in him. All his works seem, comparatively speaking, cursory, imperfect, written under cramping circumstances; giving only here and there a note of the full utterance of the man. Passages there are that come upon you like splendour out of Heaven; bursts of radiance, illuminating the very heart of the thing: you say, "That is *true*, spoken once and forever; wheresoever and whensoever there is an open human soul, that will be recognised as true!" Such bursts, however, make us feel that the surrounding matter is not radiant; that it is, in part, temporary, conventional. Alas, Shakspeare had to write for the Globe Playhouse: his great soul had to crush itself, as it could, into that and no other mould. It was with him, then, as it is with us all. No man works save under conditions. The sculptor cannot set his own free Thought before us; but his Thought as he could translate it into the stone that was given, with the tools that were given. *Disjecta membra* are all that we find of any Poet, or of any man.

Whoever looks intelligently at this Shakspeare may recognise that he too was a *Prophet*, in his way; of an insight analogous to the Prophetic, though he took it up in another

strain. Nature seemed to this man also divine; *un*speakable, deep as Tophet, high as Heaven: 'We are such stuff as Dreams are made of!' That scroll in Westminster Abbey, which few read with understanding, is of the depth of any seer. But the man sang; did not preach, except musically. We called Dante the melodious Priest of Middle-Age Catholicism. May we not call Shakspeare the still more melodious Priest of a *true* Catholicism, the 'Universal Church' of the Future and of all times? No narrow superstition, harsh asceticism, intolerance, fanatical fierceness or perversion: a Revelation, so far as it goes, that such a thousandfold hidden beauty and divineness dwells in all Nature; which let all men worship as they can! We may say without offence, that there rises a kind of universal Psalm out of this Shakspeare too; not unfit to make itself heard among the still more sacred Psalms. Not in disharmony with these, if we understood them, but in harmony!—I cannot call this Shakspeare a 'Sceptic,' as some do; his indifference to the creeds and theological quarrels of his time misleading them. No: neither unpatriotic, though he says little about his Patriotism; nor sceptic, though he says little about his Faith. Such 'indifference' was the fruit of his greatness withal: his whole heart was in his own grand sphere of worship (we may call it such); these other controversies, vitally important to other men, were not vital to him.

But call it worship, call it what you will, is it not a right glorious thing, and set of things, this that Shakspeare has brought us? For myself, I feel that there is actually a kind of sacredness in the fact of such a man being sent into this Earth. Is he not an eye to us all; a blessed heaven-sent Bringer of Light?—And, at bottom, was it not perhaps far better that this Shakspeare, everyway an unconscious man, was *conscious* of no Heavenly message? He did not feel, like Mahomet, because he saw into those internal Splendours, that he specially was the 'Prophet of God:' and was he not greater than Mahomet in that? Greater; and also, if we compute strictly, as we did in Dante's case, more successful. It was intrinsically an error that notion of Mahomet's, of his supreme Prophethood; and has come down to us inextricably involved

in error to this day; dragging along with it such a coil of fables, impurities, intolerances, as makes it a questionable step for me here and now to say, as I have done, that Mahomet was a true Speaker at all, and not rather an ambitious charlatan, perversity and simulacrum; no Speaker, but a Babbler! Even in Arabia, as I compute, Mahomet will have exhausted himself and become obsolete, while this Shakspeare, this Dante may still be young;—while this Shakspeare may still pretend to be a Priest of Mankind, of Arabia as of other places, for unlimited periods to come!

Compared with any speaker or singer one knows, even with Æschylus or Homer, why should he not, for veracity and universality, last like them? He is *sincere* as they; reaches deep down like them, to the universal and perennial. But as for Mahomet, I think it had been better for him *not* to be so conscious! Alas, poor Mahomet; all that he was *conscious* of was a mere error; a futility and triviality,—as indeed such ever is. The truly great in him too was the unconscious: that he was a wild Arab lion of the desert, and did speak-out with that great thunder-voice of his, not by words which he *thought* to be great, but by actions, by feelings, by a history which *were* great! His Koran has become a stupid piece of prolix absurdity; we do not believe, like him, that God wrote that! The Great Man here too, as always, is a Force of Nature: whatsoever is truly great in him springs-up from the *in*articulate deeps.

Well: this is our poor Warwickshire Peasant, who rose to be Manager of a Playhouse, so that he could live without begging; whom the Earl of Southampton cast some kind glances on; whom Sir Thomas Lucy, many thanks to him, was for sending to the Treadmill! We did not account him a god, like Odin, while he dwelt with us;—on which point there were much to be said. But I will say rather, or repeat: In spite of the sad state Hero-worship now lies in, consider what this Shakspeare has actually become among us. Which Englishman we ever made, in this land of ours, which million of Englishmen, would we not give-up rather than the Stratford Peasant? There is no regiment of highest Dignitaries that we would sell him for. He is the grandest thing we have yet done. For our honour among

foreign nations, as an ornament to our English Household, what item is there that we would not surrender rather than him? Consider now, if they asked us, Will you give-up your Indian Empire or your Shakspeare, you English; never have had any Indian Empire, or never have had any Shakspeare? Really it were a grave question. Official persons would answer doubtless in official language; but we, for our part too, should not we be forced to answer: Indian Empire, or no Indian Empire; we cannot do without Shakspeare! Indian Empire will go, at any rate, some day; but this Shakspeare does not go, he lasts forever with us; we cannot give-up our Shakspeare!

Nay, apart from spiritualities; and considering him merely as a real, marketable, tangibly-useful possession. England, before long, this Island of ours, will hold but a small fraction of the English: in America, in New Holland, east and west to the very Antipodes, there will be a Saxondom covering great spaces of the Globe. And now, what is it that can keep all these together into virtually one Nation, so that they do not fall-out and fight, but live at peace, in brotherlike intercourse, helping one another? This is justly regarded as the greatest practical problem, the thing all manner of sovereignties and governments are here to accomplish: what is it that will accomplish this? Acts of Parliament, administrative prime-ministers cannot. America is parted from us, so far as Parliament could part it. Call it not fantastic, for there is much reality in it: Here, I say, is an English King, whom no time or chance, Parliament or combination of Parliaments, can dethrone! This King Shakspeare, does not he shine, in crowned sovereignty, over us all, as the noblest, gentlest, yet strongest of rallying-signs; *in*destructible; really more valuable in that point of view than any other means or appliance whatsoever? We can fancy him as radiant aloft over all the Nations of Englishmen, a thousand years hence. From Paramatta, from New York, wheresoever, under what sort of Parish-Constable soever, English men and women are, they will say to one another: "Yes, this Shakspeare is ours; we produced him, we speak and think by him; we are of one blood and kind with him.' The most common-sense politician, too, if he pleases, may think of that.

Yes, truly, it is a great thing for a Nation that it get an

articulate voice; that it produce a man who will speak-forth melodiously what the heart of it means! Italy, for example, poor Italy lies dismembered, scattered asunder, not appearing in any protocol or treaty as a unity at all; yet the noble Italy is actually *one:* Italy produced its Dante; Italy can speak! The Czar of all the Russias, he is strong, with so many bayonets, Cossacks and cannons; and does a great feat in keeping such a tract of Earth politically together; but he cannot yet speak. Something great in him, but it is a dumb greatness. He has had no voice of genius, to be heard of all men and times. He must learn to speak. He is a great dumb monster hitherto. His cannons and Cossacks will all have rusted into nonentity, while that Dante's voice is still audible. The Nation that has a Dante is bound together as no dumb Russia can be. —We must here end what we had to say of the *Hero-Poet.*

LECTURE IV.

THE HERO AS PRIEST. LUTHER; REFORMATION: KNOX, PURITANISM.

[Friday, 15th May 1840.]

OUR present discourse is to be of the Great Man as Priest. We have repeatedly endeavoured to explain that all sorts of Heroes are intrinsically of the same material; that given a great soul, open to the Divine Significance of Life, then there is given a man fit to speak of this, to sing of this, to fight and work for this, in a great, victorious, enduring manner; there is given a Hero,—the outward shape of whom will depend on the time and the environment he finds himself in. The Priest too, as I understand it, is a kind of Prophet; in him too there is required to be a light of inspiration, as we must name it. He presides over the worship of the people; is the Uniter of them with the Unseen Holy. He is the spiritual Captain of the people; as the Prophet is their spiritual King with many captains: he guides them heavenward, by wise guidance through this Earth and its work. The ideal of him is, that he too be what we can call a voice from the unseen Heaven; interpreting, even as the Prophet did, and in a more familiar manner unfolding the same to men. The unseen Heaven,—the 'open secret of the Universe,'—which so few have an eye for! He is the Prophet shorn of his more awful splendour; burning with mild equable radiance, as the enlightener of daily life. This, I say, is the ideal of a Priest. So in old times; so in these, and in all times. One knows very well that, in reducing ideals to practice, great latitude of tolerance is needful; very great. But a Priest who is not this at all, who does not any longer aim or try to be this, is a character —of whom we had rather not speak in this place.

Luther and Knox were by express vocation Priests, and did faithfully perform that function in its common sense. Yet it will suit us better here to consider them chiefly in their historical character, rather as Reformers than Priests. There have been other Priests perhaps equally notable, in calmer times, for doing faithfully the office of a Leader of Worship; bringing down, by faithful heroism in that kind, a light from Heaven into the daily life of their people; leading them forward, as under God's guidance, in the way wherein they were to go. But when this same *way* was a rough one, of battle, confusion and danger, the spiritual Captain, who led through that, becomes, especially to us who live under the fruit of his leading, more notable than any other. He is the warfaring and battling Priest; who led his people, not to quiet faithful labour as in smooth times, but to faithful valorous conflict, in times all violent, dismembered: a more perilous service, and a more memorable one, be it higher or not. These two men we will account our best Priests, inasmuch as they were our best Reformers. Nay I may ask, Is not every true Reformer, by the nature of him, a *Priest* first of all? He appeals to Heaven's invisible justice against Earth's visible force; knows that it, the invisible, is strong and alone strong. He is a believer in the divine truth of things; a *seer*, seeing through the shows of things; a worshipper, in one way or the other, of the divine truth of things; a Priest, that is. If he be not first a Priest, he will never be good for much as a Reformer.

Thus then, as we have seen Great Men, in various situations, building-up Religions, heroic Forms of human Existence in this world, Theories of Life worthy to be sung by a Dante, Practices of Life by a Shakspeare,—we are now to see the reverse process; which also is necessary, which also may be carried-on in the Heroic manner. Curious how this should be necessary: yet necessary it is. The mild shining of the Poet's light has to give place to the fierce lightning of the Reformer: unfortunately the Reformer too is a personage that cannot fail in History! The Poet indeed, with his mildness, what is he but the product and ultimate adjustment of Reform, or Prophecy, with its fierceness? No wild Saint Dominics and Thebaïd Eremites, there had been no melodious Dante;

rough Practical Endeavour, Scandinavian and other, from Odin to Walter Raleigh, from Ulfila to Cranmer, enabled Shakspeare to speak. Nay the finished Poet, I remark sometimes, is a symptom that his epoch itself has reached perfection and is finished; that before long there will be a new epoch, new Reformers needed.

Doubtless it were finer, could we go along always in the way of *music;* be tamed and taught by our Poets, as the rude creatures were by their Orpheus of old. Or failing this rhythmic *musical* way, how good were it could we get so much as into the *equable* way; I mean, if *peaceable* Priests, reforming from day to day, would always suffice us! But it is not so; even this latter has not yet been realised. Alas, the battling Reformer too is, from time to time, a needful and inevitable phenomenon. Obstructions are never wanting: the very things that were once indispensable furtherances become obstructions; and need to be shaken-off, and left behind us,—a business often of enormous difficulty. It is notable enough, surely, how a Theorem or spiritual Representation, so we may call it, which once took-in the whole Universe, and was completely satisfactory in all parts of it to the highly-discursive acute intellect of Dante, one of the greatest in the world,—had in the course of another century become dubitable to common intellects; become deniable; and is now, to every one of us, flatly incredible, obsolete as Odin's Theorem! To Dante, human Existence, and God's ways with men, were all well represented by those *Malebolges, Purgatorios;* to Luther not well. How was this? Why could not Dante's Catholicism continue; but Luther's Protestantism must needs follow? Alas, nothing will *continue.*

I do not make much of 'Progress of the Species,' as handled in these times of ours; nor do I think you would care to hear much about it. The talk on that subject is too often of the most extravagant, confused sort. Yet I may say, the fact itself seems certain enough; nay we can trace-out the inevitable necessity of it in the nature of things. Every man, as I have stated somewhere, is not only a learner but a doer: he learns with the mind given him what has been; but with the same mind he discovers farther, he invents and devises somewhat

of his own. Absolutely without originality there is no man. No man whatever believes, or can believe, exactly what his grandfather believed: he enlarges somewhat, by fresh discovery, his view of the Universe, and consequently his Theorem of the Universe,—which is an *infinite* Universe, and can never be embraced wholly or finally by any view or Theorem, in any conceivable enlargement: he enlarges somewhat, I say, finds somewhat that was credible to his grandfather incredible to him, false to him, inconsistent with some new thing he has discovered or observed. It is the history of every man; and in the history of Mankind we see it summed-up into great historical amounts,—revolutions, new epochs. Dante's Mountain of Purgatory does *not* stand 'in the ocean of the other Hemisphere,' when Columbus has once sailed thither! Men find no such thing extant in the other Hemisphere. It is not there. It must cease to be believed to be there. So with all beliefs whatsoever in this world,—all Systems of Belief, and Systems of Practice that spring from these.

If we add now the melancholy fact, that when Belief waxes uncertain, Practice too becomes unsound, and errors, injustices and miseries everywhere more and more prevail, we shall see material enough for revolution. At all turns, a man who will *do* faithfully, needs to believe firmly. If he have to ask at every turn the world's suffrage; if he cannot dispense with the world's suffrage, and make his own suffrage serve, he is a poor eye-servant; the work committed to him will be *mis*done. Every such man is a daily contributor to the inevitable downfall. Whatsoever work he does, dishonestly, with an eye to the outward look of it, is a new offence, parent of new misery to somebody or other. Offences accumulate till they become insupportable; and are then violently burst through, cleared off as by explosion. Dante's sublime Catholicism, incredible now in theory, and defaced still worse by faithless, doubting and dishonest practice, has to be torn asunder by a Luther; Shakspeare's noble Feudalism, as beautiful as it once looked and was, has to end in a French Revolution. The accumulation of offences is, as we say, too literally *exploded*, blasted asunder volcanically; and there are long troublous periods before matters come to a settlement again.

Surely it were mournful enough to look only at this face of the matter, and find in all human opinions and arrangements merely the fact that they were uncertain, temporary, subject to the law of death! At bottom, it is not so: all death, here too we find, is but of the body, not of the essence or soul; all destruction, by violent revolution or howsoever it be, is but new creation on a wider scale. Odinism was *Valour;* Christianism was *Humility*, a nobler kind of Valour. No thought that ever dwelt honestly as true in the heart of man but *was* an honest insight into God's truth on man's part, and *has* an essential truth in it which endures through all changes, an everlasting possession for us all. And, on the other hand, what a melancholy notion is that, which has to represent all men, in all countries and times except our own, as having spent their life in blind condemnable error, mere lost Pagans, Scandinavians, Mahometans, only that we might have the true ultimate knowledge! All generations of men were lost and wrong, only that this present little section of a generation might be saved and right. They all marched forward there, all generations since the beginning of the world, like the Russian soldiers into the ditch of Schweidnitz Fort, only to fill-up the ditch with their dead bodies, that we might march-over and take the place! It is an incredible hypothesis.

Such incredible hypothesis we have seen maintained with fierce emphasis; and this or the other poor individual man, with his sect of individual men, marching as over the dead bodies of all men, towards sure victory: but when he too, with his hypothesis and ultimate infallible credo, sank into the ditch, and became a dead body, what was to be said?—Withal, it is an important fact in the nature of man, that he tends to reckon his own insight as final, and goes upon it as such. He will always do it, I suppose, in one or the other way; but it must be in some wider, wiser way than this. Are not all true men that live, or that ever lived, soldiers of the same army, enlisted, under Heaven's captaincy, to do battle against the same enemy, the empire of Darkness and Wrong? Why should we misknow one another, fight not against the enemy but against ourselves, from mere difference of uniform? All uniforms shall be good, so they hold in them true valiant

men. All fashions of arms, the Arab turban and swift scimetar, Thor's strong hammer smiting down *Jötuns*, shall be welcome. Luther's battle-voice, Dante's march-melody, all genuine things are with us, not against us. We are all under one Captain, soldiers of the same host.—Let us now look a little at this Luther's fighting; what kind of battle it was, and how he comported himself in it. Luther too was of our spiritual Heroes; a Prophet to his country and time.

As introductory to the whole, a remark about Idolatry will perhaps be in place here. One of Mahomet's characteristics, which indeed belongs to all Prophets, is unlimited implacable zeal against Idolatry. It is the grand theme of Prophets: Idolatry, the worshipping of dead Idols as the Divinity, is a thing they cannot away-with, but have to denounce continually, and brand with inexpiable reprobation; it is the chief of all the sins they see done under the sun. This is worth noting. We will not enter here into the theological question about Idolatry. Idol is *Eidolon*, a thing seen, a symbol. It is not God, but a Symbol of God; and perhaps one may question whether any the most benighted mortal ever took it for more than a Symbol. I fancy, he did not think that the poor image his own hands had made *was* God; but that God was emblemed by it, that God was in it some way or other. And now in this sense, one may ask, Is not all worship whatsoever a worship by Symbols, by *eidola*, or things seen? Whether *seen*, rendered visible as an image or picture to the bodily eye; or visible only to the inward eye, to the imagination, to the intellect: this makes a superficial, but no substantial difference. It is still a Thing Seen, significant of Godhead; an Idol. The most rigorous Puritan has his Confession of Faith, and intellectual Representation of Divine things, and worships thereby; thereby is worship first made possible for him. All creeds, liturgies, religious forms, conceptions that fitly invest religious feelings, are in this sense *eidola*, things seen. All worship whatsoever must proceed by Symbols, by Idols:—we may say, all Idolatry is comparative, and the worst Idolatry is only *more* idolatrous.

Where, then, lies the evil of it? Some fatal evil must lie in it, or earnest prophetic men would not on all hands so re-

probate it. Why is Idolatry so hateful to Prophets? It seems to me as if, in the worship of those poor wooden symbols, the thing that had chiefly provoked the Prophet, and filled his inmost soul with indignation and aversion, was not exactly what suggested itself to his own thought, and came out of him in words to others, as the thing. The rudest heathen that worshipped Canopus, or the Caabah Black-Stone, he, as we saw, was superior to the horse that worshipped nothing at all! Nay there was a kind of lasting merit in that poor act of his; analogous to what is still meritorious in Poets: recognition of a certain endless *divine* beauty and significance in stars and all natural objects whatsoever. Why should the Prophet so mercilessly condemn him? The poorest mortal worshipping his Fetish, while his heart is full of it, may be an object of pity, of contempt and avoidance, if you will; but cannot surely be an object of hatred. Let his heart *be* honestly full of it, the whole space of his dark narrow mind illuminated thereby; in one word, let him entirely *believe* in his Fetish,—it will then be, I should say, if not well with him, yet as well as it can readily be made to be, and you will leave him alone, unmolested there.

But here enters the fatal circumstance of Idolatry, that, in the era of the Prophets, no man's mind *is* any longer honestly filled with his Idol or Symbol. Before the Prophet can arise who, seeing through it, knows it to be mere wood, many men must have begun dimly to doubt that it was little more. Condemnable Idolatry is *insincere* Idolatry. Doubt has eaten-out the heart of it: a human soul is seen clinging spasmodically to an Ark of the Covenant, which it half-feels now to have become a Phantasm. This is one of the balefulest sights. Souls are no longer *filled* with their Fetish; but only pretend to be filled, and would fain make themselves feel that they are filled. "You do not believe," said Coleridge; "you only believe that you believe." It is the final scene in all kinds of Worship and Symbolism; the sure symptom that death is now nigh. It is equivalent to what we call Formulism, and Worship of Formulas, in these days of ours. No more immoral act can be done by a human creature; for it is the beginning of all immorality, or rather it is the impossibility henceforth of any morality whatsoever: the innermost moral soul is paralysed thereby, cast into

fatal magnetic sleep! Men are no longer *sincere* men. I do not wonder that the earnest man denounces this, brands it, prosecutes it with inextinguishable aversion. He and it, all good and it, are at death-feud. Blamable Idolatry is *Cant*, and even what one may call Sincere-Cant. Sincere-Cant: that is worth thinking of! Every sort of Worship ends with this phasis.

I find Luther to have been a Breaker of Idols, no less than any other Prophet. The wooden gods of the Koreish, made of timber and bees-wax, were not more hateful to Mahomet than Tetzel's Pardons of Sin, made of sheepskin and ink, were to Luther. It is the property of every Hero, in every time, in every place and situation, that he come back to reality; that he stand upon things, and not shows of things. According as he loves, and venerates, articulately or with deep speechless thought, the awful realities of things, so will the hollow shows of things, however regular, decorous, accredited by Koreishes or Conclaves, be intolerable and detestable to him. Protestantism too is the work of a Prophet: the prophet-work of that sixteenth century. The first stroke of honest demolition to an ancient thing grown false and idolatrous; preparatory afar off to a new thing, which shall be true, and authentically divine!—

At first view it might seem as if Protestantism were entirely destructive to this that we call Hero-worship, and represent as the basis of all possible good, religious or social, for mankind. One often hears it said that Protestantism introduced a new era, radically different from any the world had ever seen before: the era of 'private judgment,' as they call it. By this revolt against the Pope, every man became his own Pope; and learnt, among other things, that he must never trust any Pope, or spiritual Hero-captain, any more! Whereby, is not spiritual union, all hierarchy and subordination among men, henceforth an impossibility? So we hear it said.—Now I need not deny that Protestantism was a revolt against spiritual sovereignties, Popes and much else. Nay I will grant that English Puritanism, revolt against earthly sovereignties, was the second act of it; that the enormous French Revolution itself was the third act, whereby all sovereignties earthly and spiritual were, as might seem, abolished or made sure of abolition. Protestantism is the grand root from which our whole subsequent European

History branches out. For the spiritual will always body itself forth in the temporal history of men; the spiritual is the beginning of the temporal. And now, sure enough, the cry is everywhere for Liberty and Equality, Independence and so forth; instead of *Kings*, Ballot-boxes and Electoral suffrages: it seems made out that any Hero-sovereign, or loyal obedience of men to a man, in things temporal or things spiritual, has passed away forever from the world. I should despair of the world altogether, if so. One of my deepest convictions is, that it is not so. Without sovereigns, true sovereigns, temporal and spiritual, I see nothing possible but an anarchy; the hatefulest of things. But I find Protestantism, whatever anarchic democracy it have produced, to be the beginning of new genuine sovereignty and order. I find it to be a revolt against *false* sovereigns; the painful but indispensable first preparative for *true* sovereigns getting place among us! This is worth explaining a little.

Let us remark, therefore, in the first place, that this of 'private judgment' is, at bottom, not a new thing in the world, but only new at that epoch of the world. There is nothing generically new or peculiar in the Reformation; it was a return to Truth and Reality in opposition to Falsehood and Semblance, as all kinds of Improvement and genuine Teaching are and have been. Liberty of private judgment, if we will consider it, must at all times have existed in the world. Dante had not put-out his eyes, or tied shackles on himself; he was at home in that Catholicism of his, a free-seeing soul in it,—if many a poor Hogstraten, Tetzel and Dr. Eck had now become slaves in it. Liberty of judgment? No iron chain, or outward force of any kind, could ever compel the soul of a man to believe or to disbelieve: it is his own indefeasible light, that judgment of his; he will reign, and believe there, by the grace of God alone! The sorriest sophistical Bellarmine, preaching sightless faith and passive obedience, must first, by some kind of *conviction*, have abdicated his right to be convinced. His 'private judgment' indicated that, as the advisablest step *he* could take. The right of private judgment will subsist, in full force, wherever true men subsist. A true man *believes* with his whole judgment, with all the illumination and discernment that is in him, and has always so believed. A false man, only

struggling to 'believe that he believes,' will naturally manage it in some other way. Protestantism said to this latter, Woe! and to the former, Well done! At bottom, it was no new saying; it was a return to all old sayings that ever had been said. Be genuine, be sincere: that was, once more, the meaning of it. Mahomet believed with his whole mind; Odin with his whole mind,—he, and all *true* Followers of Odinism. They, by their private judgment, had 'judged'—*so*.

And now I venture to assert, that the exercise of private judgment, faithfully gone about, does by no means necessarily end in selfish independence, isolation; but rather ends necessarily in the opposite of that. It is not honest inquiry that makes anarchy; but it is error, insincerity, half-belief and untruth that make it. A man protesting against error is on the way towards uniting himself with all men that believe in truth. There is no communion possible among men who believe only in hearsays. The heart of each is lying dead; has no power of sympathy even with *things*,—or he would believe *them* and not hearsays. No sympathy even with things; how much less with his fellow-men! He cannot unite with men; he is an anarchic man. Only in a world of sincere men is unity possible;—and there, in the longrun, it is as good as *certain*.

For observe one thing, a thing too often left out of view, or rather altogether lost sight of, in this controversy: That it is not necessary a man should himself have *discovered* the truth he is to believe in, and never so *sincerely* to believe in. A Great Man, we said, was always sincere, as the first condition of him. But a man need not be great in order to be sincere; that is not the necessity of Nature and all Time, but only of certain corrupt unfortunate epochs of Time. A man can believe, and make his own, in the most genuine way, what he has received from another;—and with boundless gratitude to that other! The merit of *originality* is not novelty; it is sincerity. The believing man is the original man; whatsoever he believes, he believes it for himself, not for another. Every son of Adam can become a sincere man, an original man, in this sense; no mortal is doomed to be an insincere man. Whole ages, what we call ages of Faith, are original; all men in them, or the most of men in them, sincere. These are the great and

fruitful ages: every worker, in all spheres, is a worker not on semblance but on substance; every work issues in a result: the general sum of such work is great; for all of it, as genuine, tends towards one goal; all of it is *additive*, none of it subtractive. There is true union, true kingship, loyalty, all true and blessed things, so far as the poor Earth can produce blessedness for men.

Hero-worship? Ah me, that a man be self-subsistent, original, true, or what we call it, is surely the farthest in the world from indisposing him to reverence and believe other men's truth! It only disposes, necessitates and invincibly compels him to *dis*believe other men's dead formulas, hearsays and untruths. A man embraces truth with his eyes open, and because his eyes are open: does he need to shut them before he can love his Teacher of truth? He alone can love, with a right gratitude and genuine loyalty of soul, the Hero-Teacher who has delivered him out of darkness into light. Is not such a one a true Hero and Serpent-queller; worthy of all reverence! The black monster, Falsehood, our one enemy in this world, lies prostrate by his valour; it was he that conquered the world for us!—See, accordingly, was not Luther himself reverenced as a true Pope, or Spiritual Father, *being* verily such? Napoleon, from amid boundless revolt of Sansculottism, became a King. Hero-worship never dies, nor can die. Loyalty and Sovereignty are everlasting in the world:—and there is this in them, that they are grounded not on garnitures and semblances, but on realities and sincerities. Not by shutting your eyes, your 'private judgment;' no, but by opening them, and by having something to see! Luther's message was deposition and abolition to all false Popes and Potentates, but life and strength, though afar off to new genuine ones.

All this of Liberty and Equality, Electoral suffrages, Independence and so forth, we will take, therefore, to be a temporary phenomenon, by no means a final one. Though likely to last a long time, with sad enough embroilments for us all, we must welcome it, as the penalty of sins that are past, the pledge of inestimable benefits that are coming. In all ways, it behoved men to quit simulacra and return to fact; cost what it might, that did behove to be done. With spurious Popes, and Be

lievers having no private judgment,—quacks pretending to command over dupes,—what can you do? Misery and mischief only. You cannot make an association out of insincere men; you cannot build an edifice except by plummet and level,—at *right*-angles to one another! In all this wild revolutionary work, from Protestantism downwards, I see the blessedest result preparing itself: not abolition of Hero-worship, but rather what I would call a whole World of Heroes. If Hero mean *sincere man*, why may not every one of us be a Hero? A world all sincere, a believing world: the like has been; the like will again be,—cannot help being. That were the right sort of Worshippers for Heroes: never could the truly Better be so reverenced as where all were True and Good!—But we must hasten to Luther and his Life.

Luther's birthplace was Eisleben in Saxony; he came into the world there on the 10th of November 1483. It was an accident that gave this honour to Eisleben. His parents, poor mine-labourers in a village of that region, named Mohra, had gone to the Eisleben Winter-Fair: in the tumult of this scene the Frau Luther was taken with travail, found refuge in some poor house there, and the boy she bore was named MARTIN LUTHER. Strange enough to reflect upon it. This poor Frau Luther, she had gone with her husband to make her small merchandisings; perhaps to sell the lock of yarn she had been spinning, to buy the small winter-necessaries for her narrow hut or household; in the whole world, that day, there was not a more entirely unimportant-looking pair of people than this Miner and his Wife. And yet what were all Emperors, Popes and Potentates, in comparison? There was born here, once more, a Mighty Man; whose light was to flame as the beacon over long centuries and epochs of the world; the whole world and its history was waiting for this man. It is strange, it is great. It leads us back to another Birth-hour, in a still meaner environment, Eighteen Hundred years ago,—of which it is fit that we *say* nothing, that we think only in silence; for what words are there! The Age of Miracles past? The Age of Miracles is forever here!—

I find it altogether suitable to Luther's function in this Earth,

and doubtless wisely ordered to that end by the Providence presiding over him and us and all things, that he was born poor, and brought-up poor, one of the poorest of men. He had to beg, as the school-children in those times did; singing for alms and bread, from door to door. Hardship, rigorous Necessity was the poor boy's companion; no man nor no thing would put-on a false face to flatter Martin Luther. Among things, not among the shows of things, had he to grow. A boy of rude figure, yet with weak health, with his large greedy soul, full of all faculty and sensibility, he suffered greatly. But it was his task to get acquainted with *realities*, and keep acquainted with them, at whatever cost: his task was to bring the whole world back to reality, for it had dwelt too long with semblance! A youth nursed-up in wintry whirlwinds, in desolate darkness and difficulty, that he may step-forth at last from his stormy Scandinavia, strong as a true man, as a god: a Christian Odin,—a right Thor once more, with his thunder-hammer, to smite asunder ugly enough *Jötuns* and Giant-monsters!

Perhaps the turning incident of his life, we may fancy, was that death of his friend Alexis, by lightning, at the gate of Erfurt. Luther had struggled-up through boyhood, better and worse; displaying, in spite of all hindrances, the largest intellect, eager to learn: his father judging doubtless that he might promote himself in the world, set him upon the study of Law. This was the path to rise; Luther, with little will in it either way, had consented: he was now nineteen years of age. Alexis and he had been to see the old Luther people at Mansfeldt; were got back again near Erfurt, when a thunderstorm came on; the bolt struck Alexis, he fell dead at Luther's feet. What is this Life of ours?—gone in a moment, burnt-up like a scroll, into the blank Eternity! What are all earthly preferments, Chancellorships, Kingships? They lie shrunk together—there! The Earth has opened on them; in a moment they are not, and Eternity is. Luther, struck to the heart, determined to devote himself to God and God's service alone. In spite of all dissuasions from his father and others, he became a Monk in the Augustine Convent at Erfurt.

This was probably the first light-point in the history of Luther his purer will now first decisively uttering itself; but, for

the present, it was still as one light-point in an element all of darkness. He says he was a pious monk, *ich bin ein frommer Mönch gewesen;* faithfully, painfully struggling to work-out the truth of this high act of his; but it was to little purpose. His misery had not lessened; had rather, as it were, increased into infinitude. The drudgeries he had to do, as novice in his Convent, all sorts of slave-work, were not his grievance: the deep earnest soul of the man had fallen into all manner of black scruples, dubitations; he believed himself likely to die soon, and far worse than die. One hears with a new interest for poor Luther that, at this time, he lived in terror of the unspeakable misery; fancied that he was doomed to eternal reprobation. Was it not the humble sincere nature of the man? What was he, that he should be raised to Heaven! He that had known only misery, and mean slavery: the news was too blessed to be credible. It could not become clear to him how, by fasts, vigils, formalities and mass-work, a man's soul could be saved. He fell into the blackest wretchedness; had to wander staggering as on the verge of bottomless Despair.

It must have been a most blessed discovery, that of an old Latin Bible which he found in the Erfurt Library about this time. He had never seen the Book before. It taught him another lesson than that of fasts and vigils. A brother monk too, of pious experience, was helpful. Luther learned now that a man was saved not by singing masses, but by the infinite grace of God: a more credible hypothesis. He gradually got himself founded, as on the rock. No wonder he should venerate the Bible, which had brought this blessed help to him. He prized it as the Word of the Highest must be prized by such a man. He determined to hold by that; as through life and to death he firmly did.

This, then, is his deliverance from darkness, his final triumph over darkness, what we call his conversion; for himself the most important of all epochs. That he should now grow daily in peace and clearness; that, unfolding now the great talents and virtues implanted in him, he should rise to importance in his Convent, in his country, and be found more and more useful in all honest business of life, is a natural result. He was sent on missions by his Augustine Order, as a man of

talent and fidelity fit to do their business well: the Elector of Saxony, Friedrich, named the Wise, a truly wise and just prince, had cast his eye on him as a valuable person; made him Professor in his new University of Wittenberg, Preacher too at Wittenberg; in both which capacities, as in all duties he did, this Luther, in the peaceable sphere of common life, was gaining more and more esteem with all good men.

It was in his twenty-seventh year that he first saw Rome; being sent thither, as I said, on mission from his Convent. Pope Julius the Second, and what was going-on at Rome, must have filled the mind of Luther with amazement. He had come as to the Sacred City, throne of God's Highpriest on Earth; and he found it—what we know! Many thoughts it must have given the man; many which we have no record of, which perhaps he did not himself know how to utter. This Rome, this scene of false priests, clothed not in the beauty of holiness, but in far other vesture, is *false:* but what is it to Luther? A mean man he, how shall he reform a world? That was far from his thoughts. A humble, solitary man, why should he at all meddle with the world? It was the task of quite higher men than he. His business was to guide his own footsteps wisely through the world. Let him do his own obscure duty in it well; the rest, horrible and dismal as it looks, is in God's hand, not in his.

It is curious to reflect what might have been the issue, had Roman Popery happened to pass this Luther by; to go on in its great wasteful orbit, and not come athwart his little path, and force him to assault it! Conceivable enough that, in this case, he might have held his peace about the abuses of Rome; left Providence, and God on high, to deal with them! A modest quiet man; not prompt he to attack irreverently persons in authority. His clear task, as I say, was to do his own duty; to walk wisely in this world of confused wickedness, and save his own soul alive. But the Roman Highpriesthood did come athwart him: afar off at Wittenberg he, Luther, could not get lived in honesty for it; he remonstrated, resisted, came to extremity; was struck-at, struck again, and so it came to wager of battle between them! This is worth attending to in Luther's history. Perhaps no man of so humble, peaceable a disposition ever filled the world with contention. We cannot but see that

he would have loved privacy, quiet diligence in the shade; that it was against his will he ever became a notoriety. Notoriety: what would that do for him? The goal of his march through this world was the Infinite Heaven; an indubitable goal for him: in a few years, he should either have attained that, or lost it forever! We will say nothing at all, I think, of that sorrowfulest of theories, of its being some mean shopkeeper grudge, of the Augustine Monk against the Dominican, that first kindled the wrath of Luther, and produced the Protestant Reformation. We will say to the people who maintain it, if indeed any such exist now: Get first into the sphere of thought by which it is so much as possible to judge of Luther, or of any man like Luther, otherwise than distractedly; we may then begin arguing with you.

The Monk Tetzel, sent out carelessly in the way of trade, by Leo Tenth,—who merely wanted to raise a little money, and for the rest seems to have been a Pagan rather than a Christian, so far as he was anything,—arrived at Wittenberg, and drove his scandalous trade there. Luther's flock bought Indulgences; in the confessional of his Church, people pleaded to him that they had already got their sins pardoned. Luther, if he would not be found wanting at his own post, a false sluggard and coward at the very centre of the little space of ground that was his own and no other man's, had to step-forth against Indulgences, and declare aloud that *they* were a futility and sorrowful mockery, that no man's sins could be pardoned by *them*. It was the beginning of the whole Reformation. We know how it went; forward from this first public challenge of Tetzel, on the last day of October 1517, through remonstrance and argument;—spreading ever wider, rising ever higher; till it became unquenchable, and enveloped all the world. Luther's heart's-desire was to have this grief and other griefs amended; his thought was still far other than that of introducing separation in the Church, or revolting against the Pope, Father of Christendom.—The elegant Pagan Pope cared little about this Monk and his doctrines; wished, however, to have done with the noise of him: in a space of some three years, having tried various softer methods, he thought good to end it by *fire*. He dooms the Monk's writings to be burnt by the hangman, and

his body to be sent bound to Rome,—probably for a similar purpose. It was the way they had ended with Huss, with Jerome, the century before. A short argument, fire. Poor Huss: he came to that Constance Council, with all imaginable promises and safe-conducts; an earnest, not rebellious kind of man: they laid him instantly in a stone dungeon 'three-feet wide, six-feet high, seven-feet long;' *burnt* the true voice of him out of this world; choked it in smoke and fire. That was *not* well done!

I, for one, pardon Luther for now altogether revolting against the Pope. The elegant Pagan, by this fire-decree of his, had kindled into noble just wrath the bravest heart then living in this world. The bravest, if also one of the humblest, peaceablest; it was now kindled. These words of mine, words of truth and soberness, aiming faithfully, as human inability would allow, to promote God's truth on Earth, and save men's souls, you, God's vicegerent on earth, answer them by the hangman and fire? You will burn me and them, for answer to the God's-message they strove to bring you? *You* are not God's vicegerent; you are another's than his, I think! I take your Bull, as an emparchmented Lie, and burn *it*. You will do what you see good next: this is what I do.—It was on the 10th of December 1520, three years after the beginning of the business, that Luther, 'with a great concourse of people,' took this indignant step of burning the Pope's fire-decree 'at the Elster-Gate of Wittenberg.' Wittenberg looked on 'with shoutings;' the whole world was looking on. The Pope should not have provoked that 'shout'! It was the shout of the awakening of nations. The quiet German heart, modest, patient of much, had at length got more than it could bear. Formulism, Pagan Popeism, and other Falsehood and corrupt Semblance had ruled long enough: and here once more was a man found who durst tell all men that God's-world stood not on semblances but on realities; that Life was a truth, and not a lie!

At bottom, as was said above, we are to consider Luther as a Prophet Idol-breaker; a bringer-back of men to reality. It is the function of great men and teachers. Mahomet said, These idols of yours are wood; you put wax and oil on them,

the flies stick on them: they are not God, I tell you, they are black wood! Luther said to the Pope, This thing of yours that you call a Pardon of Sins, it is a bit of rag-paper with ink. It *is* nothing else; it, and so much like it, is nothing else. God alone can pardon sins. Popeship, spiritual Fatherhood of God's Church, is that a vain semblance, of cloth and parchment? It is an awful fact. God's Church is not a semblance, Heaven and Hell are not semblances. I stand on this, since you drive me to it. Standing on this, I a poor German Monk am stronger than you all. I stand solitary, friendless, but on God's Truth; you with your tiaras, triple-hats, with your treasuries and armories, thunders spiritual and temporal, stand on the Devil's Lie, and are not so strong!—

The Diet of Worms, Luther's appearance there on the 17th of April 1521, may be considered as the greatest scene in Modern European History; the point, indeed, from which the whole subsequent history of civilisation takes its rise. After multiplied negotiations, disputations, it had come to this. The young Emperor Charles Fifth, with all the Princes of Germany, Papal nuncios, dignitaries spiritual and temporal, are assembled there: Luther is to appear and answer for himself, whether he will recant or not. The world's pomp and power sits there on this hand: on that, stands-up for God's Truth, one man, the poor miner Hans Luther's Son. Friends had reminded him of Huss, advised him not to go; he would not be advised. A large company of friends rode-out to meet him, with still more earnest warnings; he answered, "Were there as many Devils in Worms as there are roof-tiles, I would on." The people, on the morrow, as he went to the Hall of the Diet, crowded the windows and housetops, some of them calling out to him, in solemn words, not to recant: "Whosoever denieth me before men!" they cried to him,—as in a kind of solemn petition and adjuration. Was it not in reality our petition too, the petition of the whole world, lying in dark bondage of soul, paralysed under a black spectral Nightmare and triple-hatted Chimera, calling itself Father in God, and what not: "Free us; it rests with thee; desert us not!"

Luther did not desert us. His speech, of two hours, distinguished itself by its respectful, wise and honest tone; sub-

missive to whatsoever could lawfully claim submission, not submissive to any more than that. His writings, he said, were partly his own, partly derived from the Word of God. As to what was his own, human infirmity entered into it; unguarded anger, blindness, many things doubtless which it were a blessing for him could he abolish altogether. But as to what stood on sound truth and the Word of God, he could not recant it. How could he? "Confute me," he concluded, "by proofs of Scripture, or else by plain just arguments: I cannot recant otherwise. For it is neither safe nor prudent to do aught against conscience. Here stand I; I can do no other: God assist me!"—It is, as we say, the greatest moment in the Modern History of Men. English Puritanism, England and its Parliaments, Americas, and vast work these two centuries; French Revolution, Europe and its work everywhere at present: the germ of it all lay there: had Luther in that moment done other, it had all been otherwise! The European World was asking him: Am I to sink ever lower into falsehood, stagnant putrescence, loathsome accursed death; or, with whatever paroxysm, to cast the falsehoods out of me, and be cured and live?—

Great wars, contentions and disunion followed out of this Reformation; which last down to our day, and are yet far from ended. Great talk and crimination has been made about these. They are lamentable, undeniable; but after all, what has Luther or his cause to do with them? It seems strange reasoning to charge the Reformation with all this. When Hercules turned the purifying river into King Augeas's stables, I have no doubt the confusion that resulted was considerable all around: but I think it was not Hercules's blame; it was some other's blame! The Reformation might bring what results it liked when it came, but the Reformation simply could not help coming. To all Popes and Popes' advocates, expostulating, lamenting and accusing, the answer of the world is: Once for all, your Popehood has become untrue. No matter how good it was, how good you say it is, we cannot believe it; the light of our whole mind, given us to walk-by from Heaven above, finds it henceforth a thing unbelievable. We will not believe it, we

will not try to believe it,—we dare not! The thing is *untrue;* we were traitors against the Giver of all Truth, if we durst pretend to think it true. Away with it; let whatsoever likes come in the place of it: with *it* we can have no farther trade!—Luther and his Protestantism is not responsible for wars; the false Simulacra that forced him to protest, they are responsible. Luther did what every man that God has made has not only the right, but lies under the sacred duty, to do: answered a Falsehood when it questioned him, Dost thou believe me?—No!—At what cost soever, without counting of costs, this thing behoved to be done. Union, organisation spiritual and material, a far nobler than any Popedom or Feudalism in their truest days, I never doubt, is coming for the world; sure to come. But on Fact alone, not on Semblance and Simulacrum, will it be able either to come, or to stand when come. With union grounded on falsehood, and ordering us to speak and act lies, we will not have anything to do. Peace? A brutal lethargy is peaceable, the noisome grave is peaceable. We hope for a living peace, not a dead one!

And yet, in prizing justly the indispensable blessings of the New, let us not be unjust to the Old. The Old *was* true, if it no longer is. In Dante's days it needed no sophistry, self-blinding or other dishonesty, to get itself reckoned true. It was good then; nay there is in the soul of it a deathless good. The cry of 'No Popery' is foolish enough in these days. The speculation that Popery is on the increase, building new chapels and so forth, may pass for one of the idlest ever started. Very curious: to count-up a few Popish chapels, listen to a few Protestant logic-choppings,—to much dull-droning drowsy inanity that still calls itself Protestant, and say: See, Protestantism is *dead;* Popeism is more alive than it, will be alive after it!—Drowsy inanities, not a few, that call themselves Protestant are dead; but *Protestantism* has not died yet, that I hear of! Protestantism, if we will look, has in these days produced its Goethe, its Napoleon; German Literature and the French Revolution; rather considerable signs of life! Nay, at bottom, what else is alive *but* Protestantism? The life of most else that one meets is a galvanic one merely,—not a pleasant, not a lasting sort of life!

Popery can build new chapels; welcome to do so, to all lengths. Popery cannot come back, any more than Paganism can,—*which* also still lingers in some countries. But, indeed, it is with these things, as with the ebbing of the sea: you look at the waves oscillating hither, thither on the beach; for *minutes* you cannot tell how it is going; look in half an hour where it is,—look in half a century where your Popehood is! Alas, would there were no greater danger to our Europe than the poor old Pope's revival! Thor may as soon try to revive.—And withal this oscillation has a meaning. The poor old Popehood will not die away entirely, as Thor has done, for some time yet; nor ought it. We may say, the Old never dies till this happen, Till all the soul of good that was in it have got itself transfused into the practical New. While a good work remains capable of being done by the Romish form; or, what is inclusive of all, while a *pious life* remains capable of being led by it, just so long, if we consider, will this or the other human soul adopt it, go about as a living witness of it. So long it will obtrude itself on the eye of us who reject it, till we in our practice too have appropriated whatsoever of truth was in it. Then, but also not till then, it will have no charm more for any man. It lasts here for a purpose. Let it last as long as it can.—

Of Luther I will add now, in reference to all these wars and bloodshed, the noticeable fact that none of them began so long as he continued living. The controversy did not get to fighting so long as he was there. To me it is proof of his greatness in all senses, this fact. How seldom do we find a man that has stirred-up some vast commotion, who does not himself perish, swept-away in it! Such is the usual course of revolutionists. Luther continued, in a good degree, sovereign of this greatest revolution; all Protestants, of what rank or function soever, looking much to him for guidance: and he held it peaceable, continued firm at the centre of it. A man to do this must have a kingly faculty: he must have the gift to discern at all turns where the true heart of the matter lies, and to plant himself courageously on that, as a strong true man, that other true men may rally round him there. He will not con-

tinue leader of men otherwise. Luther's clear deep force of judgment, his force of all sorts, of *silence*, of tolerance and moderation, among others, are very notable in these circumstances.

Tolerance, I say; a very genuine kind of tolerance: he distinguishes what is essential, and what is not; the unessential may go very much as it will. A complaint comes to him that such and such a Reformed Preacher 'will not preach without a cassock.' Well, answers Luther, what harm will a cassock do the man? 'Let him have a cassock to preach in; let him have three cassocks if he find benefit in them!' His conduct in the matter of Karlstadt's wild image-breaking; of the Anabaptists; of the Peasants' War, shows a noble strength, very different from spasmodic violence. With sure prompt insight he discriminates what is what: a strong just man, he speaks-forth what is the wise course, and all men follow him in that. Luther's Written Works give similar testimony of him. The dialect of these speculations is now grown obsolete for us; but one still reads them with a singular attraction. And indeed the mere grammatical diction is still legible enough; Luther's merit in literary history is of the greatest; his dialect became the language of all writing. They are not well written, these Four-and-twenty Quartos of his; written hastily, with quite other than literary objects. But in no Books have I found a more robust, genuine, I will say noble faculty of a man than in these. A rugged honesty, homeliness, simplicity; a rugged sterling sense and strength. He flashes-out illumination from him; his smiting idiomatic phrases seem to cleave into the very secret of the matter. Good humour too, nay tender affection, nobleness, and depth: this man could have been a Poet too! He had to *work* an Epic Poem, not write one. I call him a great Thinker; as indeed his greatness of heart already betokens that.

Richter says of Luther's words, 'his words are half-battles.' They may be called so. The essential quality of him was, that he could fight and conquer; that he was a right piece of human Valour. No more valiant man, no mortal heart to be called *braver*, that one has record of, ever lived in that Teutonic Kindred, whose character is valour. His defiance of the

'Devils' in Worms was not a mere boast, as the like might be if now spoken. It was a faith of Luther's that there were Devils, spiritual denizens of the Pit, continually besetting men. Many times, in his writings, this turns-up; and a most small sneer has been grounded on it by some. In the room of the Wartburg where he sat translating the Bible, they still show you a black spot on the wall; the strange memorial of one of these conflicts. Luther sat translating one of the Psalms; he was worn-down with long labour, with sickness, abstinence from food: there rose before him some hideous indefinable Image, which he took for the Evil One, to forbid his work: Luther started-up, with fiend-defiance; flung his inkstand at the spectre, and it disappeared! The spot still remains there; a curious monument of several things. Any apothecary's apprentice can now tell us what we are to think of this apparition, in a scientific sense: but the man's heart that dare rise defiant, face to face, against Hell itself, can give no higher proof of fearlessness. The thing he will quail before exists not on this Earth or under it.—Fearless enough! 'The Devil is aware,' writes he on one occasion, 'that this does not proceed out of fear in 'me. I have seen and defied innumerable Devils. Duke 'George,' of Leipzig, a great enemy of his, 'Duke George is 'not equal to one Devil,'—far short of a Devil! 'If I had 'business at Leipzig, I would ride into Leipzig, though it rained 'Duke-Georges for nine days running.' What a reservoir of Dukes to ride into!—

At the same time, they err greatly who imagine that this man's courage was ferocity, mere coarse disobedient obstinacy and savagery, as many do. Far from that. There may be an absence of fear which arises from the absence of thought or affection, from the presence of hatred and stupid fury. We do not value the courage of the tiger highly! With Luther it was far otherwise; no accusation could be more unjust than this of mere ferocious violence brought against him. A most gentle heart withal, full of pity and love, as indeed the truly valiant heart ever is. The tiger before a *stronger* foe—flies: the tiger is not what we call valiant, only fierce and cruel. I know few things more touching than those soft breathings of affection, soft as a child's or a mother's, in this great wild heart of

Luther. So honest, unadulterated with any cant; homely, rude in their utterance; pure as water welling from the rock. What, in fact, was all that downpressed mood of despair and reprobation, which we saw in his youth, but the outcome of pre-eminent thoughtful gentleness, affections too keen and fine? It is the course such men as the poor Poet Cowper fall into. Luther to a slight observer might have seemed a timid, weak man; modesty, affectionate shrinking tenderness the chief distinction of him. It is a noble valour which is roused in a heart like this, once stirred-up into defiance, all kindled into a heavenly blaze.

In Luther's *Table-Talk*, a posthumous Book of anecdotes and sayings collected by his friends, the most interesting now of all the Books proceeding from him, we have many beautiful unconscious displays of the man, and what sort of nature he had. His behaviour at the deathbed of his little Daughter, so still, so great and loving, is among the most affecting things. He is resigned that his little Magdalene should die, yet longs inexpressibly that she might live;—follows, in awestruck thought, the flight of her little soul through those unknown realms. Awestruck; most heartfelt, we can see; and sincere,—for after all dogmatic creeds and articles, he feels what nothing it is that we know, or can know: His little Magdalene shall be with God, as God wills; for Luther too that is all; *Islam* is all.

Once, he looks-out from his solitary Patmos, the Castle of Coburg, in the middle of the night: The great vault of Immensity, long flights of clouds sailing through it, — dumb, gaunt, huge:—who supports all that? "None ever saw the pillars of it; yet it is supported." God supports it. We must know that God is great, that God is good; and trust, where we cannot see.—Returning home from Leipzig once, he is struck by the beauty of the harvest-fields: How it stands, that golden yellow corn, on its fair taper stem, its golden head bent, all rich and waving there,—the meek Earth, at God's kind bidding, has produced it once again; the bread of man!—In the garden at Wittenberg one evening at sunset, a little bird has perched for the night: That little bird, says Luther, above it are the stars and deep Heaven of worlds; yet it has folded its little wings; gone trustfully to rest there as in its home:

the Maker of it has given it too a home!— —Neither are mirthful turns wanting: there is a great free human heart in this man. The common speech of him has a rugged nobleness, idiomatic, expressive, genuine; gleams here and there with beautiful poetic tints. One feels him to be a great brother man. His love of Music, indeed, is not this, as it were, the summary of all these affections in him? Many a wild unutterability he spoke-forth from him in the tones of his flute. The Devils fled from his flute, he says. Death-defiance on the one hand, and such love of music on the other; I could call these the two opposite poles of a great soul; between these two all great things had room.

Luther's face is to me expressive of him; in Kranach's best portraits I find the true Luther. A rude plebeian face; with its huge crag-like brows and bones, the emblem of rugged energy; at first, almost a repulsive face. Yet in the eyes especially there is a wild silent sorrow; an unnamable melancholy, the element of all gentle and fine affections; giving to the rest the true stamp of nobleness. Laughter was in this Luther, as we said; but tears also were there. Tears also were appointed him; tears and hard toil. The basis of his life was Sadness, Earnestness. In his latter days, after all triumphs and victories, he expresses himself heartily weary of living; he considers that God alone can and will regulate the course things are taking, and that perhaps the Day of Judgment is not far. As for him, he longs for one thing: that God would release him from his labour, and let him depart and be at rest. They understand little of the man who cite this in *dis*credit of him!— I will call this Luther a true Great Man; great in intellect, in courage, affection and integrity; one of our most lovable and precious men. Great, not as a hewn obelisk; but as an Alpine mountain,—so simple, honest, spontaneous, not setting-up to be great at all; there for quite another purpose than being great! Ah yes, unsubduable granite, piercing far and wide into the Heavens; yet in the clefts of it fountains, green beautiful valleys with flowers! A right Spiritual Hero and Prophet; once more, a true Son of Nature and Fact, for whom these centuries, and many that are to come yet, will be thankful to Heaven.

The most interesting phasis which the Reformation anywhere assumes, especially for us English, is that of Puritanism. In Luther's own country Protestantism soon dwindled into a rather barren affair: not a religion or faith, but rather now a theological jangling of argument, the proper seat of it not the heart; the essence of it sceptical contention: which indeed has jangled more and more, down to Voltaireism itself, — through Gustavus-Adolphus contentions onward to French-Revolution ones! But in our Island there arose a Puritanism, which even got itself established as a Presbyterianism and National Church among the Scotch; which came forth as a real business of the heart; and has produced in the world very notable fruit. In some senses, one may say it is the only phasis of Protestantism that ever got to the rank of being a Faith, a true heart-communication with Heaven, and of exhibiting itself in History as such. We must spare a few words for Knox; himself a brave and remarkable man; but still more important as Chief Priest and Founder, which one may consider him to be, of the Faith that became Scotland's, New England's, Oliver Cromwell's. History will have something to say about this, for some time to come!

We may censure Puritanism as we please; and no one of us, I suppose, but would find it a very rough defective thing. But we, and all men, may understand that it was a genuine thing; for Nature has adopted it, and it has grown, and grows. I say sometimes, that all goes by wager-of-battle in this world; that *strength*, well understood, is the measure of all worth. Give a thing time; if it can succeed, it is a right thing. Look now at American Saxondom; and at that little Fact of the sailing of the Mayflower, two-hundred years ago, from Delft Haven in Holland! Were we of open sense as the Greeks were, we had found a Poem here; one of Nature's own Poems, such as she writes in broad facts over great continents. For it was properly the beginning of America: there were straggling settlers in America before, some material as of a body was there; but the soul of it was first this. These poor men, driven-out of their own country, not able well to live in Holland, determine on settling in the New World. Black untamed forests are there, and wild savage creatures; but not so

cruel as Starchamber hangmen. They thought the Earth would yield them food, if they tilled honestly; the everlasting heaven would stretch, there too, overhead; they should be left in peace, to prepare for Eternity by living well in this world of Time; worshipping in what they thought the true, not the idolatrous way. They clubbed their small means together; hired a ship, the little ship Mayflower, and made ready to set sail.

In Neal's *History of the Puritans*[1] is an account of the ceremony of their departure: solemnity, we might call it rather, for it was a real act of worship. Their minister went down with them to the beach, and their brethren whom they were to leave behind; all joined in solemn prayer, That God would have pity on His poor children, and *go* with them into that waste wilderness, for He also had made that, He was there also as well as here.—Hah! These men, I think, had a work! The weak thing, weaker than a child, becomes strong one day, if it be a true thing. Puritanism was only despicable, laughable then; but nobody can manage to laugh at it now. Puritanism has got weapons and sinews; it has fire-arms, war-navies; it has cunning in its ten fingers, strength in its right arm; it can steer ships, fell forests, remove mountains;—it is one of the strongest things under this sun at present!

In the history of Scotland, too, I can find properly but one epoch: we may say, it contains nothing of world-interest at all but this Reformation by Knox. A poor barren country, full of continual broils, dissensions, massacrings; a people in the last state of rudeness and destitution, little better perhaps than Ireland at this day. Hungry fierce barons, not so much as able to form any arrangement with each other *how to divide* what they fleeced from these poor drudges; but obliged, as the Columbian Republics are at this day, to make of every alteration a revolution; no way of changing a ministry but by hanging the old ministers on gibbets: this is a historical spectacle of no very singular significance! 'Bravery' enough, I doubt not; fierce fighting in abundance: but not braver or fiercer than that of their old Scandinavian Sea-king ancestors; *whose* exploits we have not found worth dwelling on! It is a country as yet with-

[1] Neal (London, 1755), i. 490.

out a soul: nothing developed in it but what is rude, external, semi-animal. And now at the Reformation, the internal life is kindled, as it were, under the ribs of this outward material death. A cause, the noblest of causes kindles itself, like a beacon set on high; high as Heaven, yet attainable from Earth;—whereby the meanest man becomes not a Citizen only, but a Member of Christ's visible Church; a veritable Hero, if he prove a true man!

Well; this is what I mean by a whole 'nation of heroes;' a *believing* nation. There needs not a great soul to make a hero; there needs a god-created soul which will be true to its origin; that will be a great soul! The like has been seen, we find. The like will be again seen, under wider forms than the Presbyterian: there can be no lasting good done till then.—Impossible! say some. Possible? Has it not *been*, in this world, as a practised fact? Did Hero-worship fail in Knox's case? Or are we made of other clay now? Did the Westminster Confession of Faith add some new property to the soul of man? God made the soul of man. He did not doom any soul of man to live as a Hypothesis and Hearsay, in a world filled with such, and with the fatal work and fruit of such!——

But to return: This that Knox did for his Nation, I say, we may really call a resurrection as from death. It was not a smooth business; but it was welcome surely, and cheap at that price, had it been far rougher. On the whole, cheap at any price;—as life is. The people began to *live:* they needed first of all to do that, at what cost and costs soever. Scotch Literature and Thought, Scotch Industry; James Watt, David Hume, Walter Scott, Robert Burns: I find Knox and the Reformation acting in the heart's core of every one of these persons and phenomena; I find that without the Reformation they would not have been. Or what of Scotland? The Puritanism of Scotland became that of England, of New England. A tumult in the High Church of Edinburgh spread into a universal battle and struggle over all these realms;—there came out, after fifty-years struggling, what we all call the '*Glorious* Revolution,' a *Habeas-Corpus* Act, Free Parliaments, and much else!—Alas, is it not too true what we said, That many men in the van do always, like Russian soldiers march into

the ditch of Schweidnitz, and fill it up with their dead bodies, that the rear may pass-over them dry-shod, and gain the honour? How many earnest rugged Cromwells, Knoxes, poor Peasant Covenanters, wrestling, battling for very life, in rough miry places, have to struggle, and suffer, and fall, greatly censured, *bemired*,—before a beautiful Revolution of Eighty-eight can step-over them in official pumps and silk-stockings, with universal three-times-three!

It seems to me hard measure that this Scottish man, now after three-hundred years, should have to plead like a culprit before the world; intrinsically for having been, in such way as it was then possible to be, the bravest of all Scotchmen! Had he been a poor Half-and-half, he could have crouched into the corner, like so many others; Scotland had not been delivered; and Knox had been without blame. He is the one Scotchman to whom, of all others, his country and the world owe a debt. He has to plead that Scotland would forgive him for having been worth to it any million 'unblamable' Scotchmen that need no forgiveness! He bared his breast to the battle; had to row in French galleys, wander forlorn in exile, in clouds and storms; was censured, shot-at through his windows; had a right sore fighting life: if this world were his place of recompense, he had made but a bad venture of it. I cannot apologise for Knox. To him it is very indifferent, these two-hundred-and-fifty years or more, what men say of him. But we, having got above all those details of his battle, and living now in clearness on the fruits of his victory, we, for our own sake, ought to look through the rumours and controversies enveloping the man, into the man himself.

For one thing, I will remark that this post of Prophet to his Nation was not of his seeking; Knox had lived forty years quietly obscure, before he became conspicuous. He was the son of poor parents; had got a college education; become a Priest; adopted the Reformation, and seemed well content to guide his own steps by the light of it, nowise unduly intruding it on others. He had lived as Tutor in gentlemen's families; preaching when any body of persons wished to hear his doctrine: resolute he to walk by the truth, and speak the truth when called to do it; not ambitious of more; not fancying

himself capable of more. In this entirely obscure way he had reached the age of forty; was with the small body of Reformers who were standing siege in St. Andrew's Castle,—when one day in their chapel, the Preacher after finishing his exhortation to these fighters in the forlorn hope, said suddenly, That there ought to be other speakers, that all men who had a priest's heart and gift in them ought now to speak;—which gifts and heart one of their own number, John Knox the name of him, had: Had he not? said the Preacher, appealing to all the audience: what then is *his* duty? The people answered affirmatively; it was a criminal forsaking of his post, if such a man held the word that was in him silent. Poor Knox was obliged to stand-up; he attempted to reply; he could say no word;—burst into a flood of tears, and ran out. It is worth remembering, that scene. He was in grievous trouble for some days. He felt what a small faculty was his for this great work. He felt what a baptism he was called to be baptised withal. He 'burst into tears.'

Our primary characteristic of a Hero, that he is sincere, applies emphatically to Knox. It is not denied anywhere that this, whatever might be his other qualities or faults, is among the truest of men. With a singular instinct he holds to the truth and fact; the truth alone is there for him, the rest a mere shadow and deceptive nonentity. However feeble, forlorn the reality may seem, on that and that only *can* he take his stand. In the Galleys of the River Loire, whither Knox and the others, after their Castle of St. Andrew's was taken, had been sent as Galley-slaves,—some officer or priest, one day, presented them an Image of the Virgin Mother, requiring that they, the blasphemous heretics, should do it reverence. Mother? Mother of God? said Knox, when the turn came to him: This is no Mother of God: this is 'a *pented bredd*,'—a piece of wood, I tell you, with paint on it! She is fitter for swimming, I think, than for being worshipped, added Knox; and flung the thing into the river. It was not very cheap jesting there: but come of it what might, this thing to Knox was and must continue nothing other than the real truth; it was a *pented bredd:* worship it he would not.

He told his fellow-prisoners, in this darkest time, to be of

courage; the Cause they had was the true one, and must and would prosper; the whole world could not put it down. Reality is of God's making; it is alone strong. How many *pented bredds*, pretending to be real, are fitter to swim than to be worshipped!—This Knox cannot live but by fact: he clings to reality as the shipwrecked sailor to the cliff. He is an instance to us how a man, by sincerity itself, becomes heroic: it is the grand gift he has. We find in Knox a good honest intellectual talent, no transcendent one;—a narrow, inconsiderable man, as compared with Luther: but in heartfelt instinctive adherence to truth, in *sincerity*, as we say, he has no superior; nay, one might ask, What equal he has? The heart of him is of the true Prophet cast. "He lies there," said the Earl of Morton at his grave, "who never feared the face of man." He resembles, more than any of the moderns, an Old-Hebrew Prophet. The same inflexibility, intolerance, rigid narrow-looking adherence to God's truth, stern rebuke in the name of God to all that forsake truth: an Old-Hebrew Prophet in the guise of an Edinburgh Minister of the Sixteenth Century. We are to take him for that; not require him to be other.

Knox's conduct to Queen Mary, the harsh visits he used to make in her own palace, to reprove her there, have been much commented upon. Such cruelty, such coarseness fills us with indignation. On reading the actual narrative of the business, what Knox said, and what Knox meant, I must say one's tragic feeling is rather disappointed. They are not so coarse, these speeches; they seem to me about as fine as the circumstances would permit! Knox was not there to do the courtier; he came on another errand. Whoever, reading these colloquies of his with the Queen, thinks they are vulgar insolences of a plebeian priest to a delicate high lady, mistakes the purport and essence of them altogether. It was unfortunately not possible to be polite with the Queen of Scotland, unless one proved untrue to the Nation and Cause of Scotland. A man who did not wish to see the land of his birth made a hunting-field for intriguing ambitious Guises, and the Cause of God trampled underfoot of Falsehoods, Formulas and the Devil's Cause, had no method of making himself agreeable! "Better that women weep," said Morton, "than that bearded

men be forced to weep." Knox was the constitutional opposition-party in Scotland: the Nobles of the country, called by their station to take that post, were not found in it; Knox had to go, or no one. The hapless Queen;—but the still more hapless Country, if *she* were made happy! Mary herself was not without sharpness enough, among her other qualities: "Who are you," said she once, "that presume to school the nobles and sovereign of this realm?"—"Madam, a subject born within the same," answered he. Reasonably answered! If the 'subject' have truth to speak, it is not the 'subject's' footing that will fail him here.—

We blame Knox for his intolerance. Well, surely it is good that each of us be as tolerant as possible. Yet, at bottom, after all the talk there is and has been about it, what is tolerance? Tolerance has to tolerate the *un*essential; and to see well what that is. Tolerance has to be noble, measured, just in its very wrath, when it can tolerate no longer. But, on the whole, we are not altogether here to tolerate! We are here to resist, to control and vanquish withal. We do not 'tolerate' Falsehoods, Thieveries, Iniquities, when they fasten on us; we say to them, Thou art false, thou art not tolerable! We are here to extinguish Falsehoods, and put an end to them, in some wise way! I will not quarrel so much with the way; the doing of the thing is our great concern. In this sense Knox was, full surely, intolerant.

A man sent to row in French Galleys, and suchlike, for teaching the Truth in his own land, cannot always be in the mildest humour! I am not prepared to say that Knox had a soft temper; nor do I know that he had what we call an ill temper. An ill nature he decidedly had not. Kind honest affections dwelt in the much-enduring, hard-worn, ever-battling man. That he *could* rebuke Queens, and had such weight among those proud turbulent Nobles, proud enough whatever else they were; and could maintain to the end a kind of virtual Presidency and Sovereignty in that wild realm, he who was only 'a subject born within the same:' this of itself will prove to us that he was found, close at hand, to be no mean acrid man; but at heart a healthful, strong, sagacious man. Such alone can bear rule in that kind. They blame him for

pulling-down cathedrals, and so forth, as if he were a seditious rioting demagogue: precisely the reverse is seen to be the fact, in regard to cathedrals and the rest of it, if we examine! Knox wanted no pulling-down of stone edifices; he wanted leprosy and darkness to be thrown out of the lives of men. Tumult was not his element; it was the tragic feature of his life that he was forced to dwell so much in that. Every such man is the born enemy of Disorder; hates to be in it: but what then? Smooth Falsehood is not Order; it is the general sumtotal of *Dis*order. Order is *Truth*,—each thing standing on the basis that belongs to it: Order and Falsehood cannot subsist together.

Withal, unexpectedly enough, this Knox has a vein of drollery in him; which I like much, in combination with his other qualities. He has a true eye for the ridiculous. His *History*, with its rough earnestness, is curiously enlivened with this. When the two Prelates, entering Glasgow Cathedral, quarrel about precedence; march rapidly up, take to hustling one another, twitching one another's rochets, and at last flourishing their crosiers like quarter-staves, it is a great sight for him everyway! Not mockery, scorn, bitterness alone; though there is enough of that too. But a true, loving, illuminating laugh mounts-up over the earnest visage; not a loud laugh; you would say, a laugh in the *eyes* most of all. An honest-hearted, brotherly man; brother to the high, brother also to the low; sincere in his sympathy with both. He had his pipe of Bourdeaux too, we find, in that old Edinburgh house of his; a cheery social man, with faces that loved him! They go far wrong who think this Knox was a gloomy, spasmodic, shrieking fanatic. Not at all: he is one of the solidest of men. Practical, cautious-hopeful, patient; a most shrewd, observing, quietly discerning man. In fact, he has very much the type of character we assign to the Scotch at present: a certain sardonic taciturnity is in him; insight enough; and a stouter heart than he himself knows of. He has the power of holding his peace over mans things which do not vitally concern him,—"They? what are they?" But the thing which does vitally concern him, that thing he will speak of; and in a tone the whole world shall be made to hear: all the more emphatic for his long silence.

This Prophet of the Scotch is to me no hateful man!—He had a sore fight of an existence: wrestling with Popes and Principalities; in defeat, contention, life-long struggle; rowing as a galley-slave, wandering as an exile. A sore fight: but he won it. "Have you hope?" they asked him in his last moment, when he could no longer speak. He lifted his finger, 'pointed upwards with his finger,' and so died. Honour to him! His works have not died. The letter of his work dies, as of all men's; but the spirit of it never.

One word more as to the letter of Knox's work. The unforgivable offence in him is, that he wished to set-up Priests over the head of Kings. In other words, he strove to make the Government of Scotland a *Theocracy*. This indeed is properly the sum of his offences, the essential sin; for which what pardon can there be? It is most true, he did, at bottom, consciously or unconsciously, mean a Theocracy, or Government of God. He did mean that Kings and Prime Ministers, and all manner of persons, in public or private, diplomatising or whatever else they might be doing, should walk according to the Gospel of Christ, and understand that this was their Law, supreme over all laws. He hoped once to see such a thing realised; and the Petition, *Thy Kingdom come*, no longer an empty word. He was sore grieved when he saw greedy worldly Barons clutch hold of the Church's property; when he expostulated that it was not secular property, that it was spiritual property, and should be turned to *true* churchly uses, education, schools, worship;—and the Regent Murray had to answer, with a shrug of the shoulders, "It is a devout imagination!" This was Knox's scheme of right and truth; this he zealously endeavoured after, to realise it. If we think his scheme of truth was too narrow, was not true, we may rejoice that he could not realise it; that it remained after two centuries of effort, unrealisable, and is a 'devout imagination' still. But how shall we blame *him* for struggling to realise it? Theocracy, Government of God, is precisely the thing to be struggled for! All Prophets, zealous Priests, are there for that purpose. Hildebrand wished a Theocracy; Cromwell wished it, fought for it; Mahomet attained it. Nay, is it not what all zealous men, whether called Priests, Prophets, or whatsoever else called, do

essentially wish, and must wish? That right and truth, or God's Law, reign supreme among men, this is the Heavenly Ideal (well named in Knox's time, and namable in all times, a revealed 'Will of God') towards which the Reformer will insist that all be more and more approximated. All true Reformers, as I said, are by the nature of them Priests, and strive for a Theocracy.

How far such Ideals can ever be introduced into Practice, and at what point our impatience with their non-introduction ought to begin, is always a question. I think we may say safely, Let them introduce themselves as far as they can contrive to do it! If they are the true faith of men, all men ought to be more or less impatient always where they are not found introduced. There will never be wanting Regent-Murrays enough to shrug their shoulders, and say, "A devout imagination!" We will praise the Hero-priest rather, who does what is in *him* to bring them in; and wears-out, in toil, calumny, contradiction, a noble life, to make a God's Kingdom of this Earth. The Earth will not become too godlike!

LECTURE V.

THE HERO AS MAN OF LETTERS. JOHNSON, ROUSSEAU, BURNS.

[Tuesday, 19th May 1840.]

HERO-GODS, Prophets, Poets, Priests are forms of Heroism that belong to the old ages, make their appearance in the remotest times; some of them have ceased to be possible long since, and cannot any more show themselves in this world. The Hero as *Man of Letters*, again, of which class we are to speak today, is altogether a product of these new ages; and so long as the wondrous art of *Writing*, or of Ready-writing which we call *Printing*, subsists, he may be expected to continue, as one of the main forms of Heroism for all future ages. He is, in various respects, a very singular phenomenon.

He is new, I say; he has hardly lasted above a century in the world yet. Never, till about a hundred years ago, was there seen any figure of a Great Soul living apart in that anomalous manner; endeavouring to speak-forth the inspiration that was in him by Printed Books, and find place and subsistence by what the world would please to give him for doing that. Much had been sold and bought, and left to make its own bargain in the marketplace; but the inspired wisdom of a Heroic Soul never till then, in that naked manner. He, with his copy-rights and copy-wrongs, in his squalid garret, in his rusty coat; ruling (for this is what he does), from his grave, after death, whole nations and generations who would, or would not, give him bread while living,—is a rather curious spectacle! Few shapes of Heroism can be more unexpected.

Alas, the Hero from of old has had to cramp himself into strange shapes: the world knows not well at any time what to

do with him, so foreign is his aspect in the world! It seemed absurd to us, that men, in their rude admiration, should take some wise great Odin for a god, and worship him as such; some wise great Mahomet for one god-inspired, and religiously follow his Law for twelve centuries: but that a wise great Johnson, a Burns, a Rousseau, should be taken for some idle nondescript, extant in the world to amuse idleness, and have a few coins and applauses thrown him, that he might live thereby; *this* perhaps, as before hinted, will one day seem a still absurder phasis of things!—Meanwhile, since it is the spiritual always that determines the material, this same Man-of-Letters Hero must be regarded as our most important modern person. He, such as he may be, is the soul of all. What he teaches, the whole world will do and make. The world's manner of dealing with him is the most significant feature of the world's general position. Looking well at his life, we may get a glance, as deep as is readily possible for us, into the life of those singular centuries which have produced him, in which we ourselves live and work.

There are genuine Men of Letters, and not genuine; as in every kind there is a genuine and a spurious. If *Hero* be taken to mean genuine, then I say the Hero as Man of Letters will be found discharging a function for us which is ever honourable, ever the highest; and was once well known to be the highest. He is uttering-forth, in such way as he has, the inspired soul of him; all that a man, in any case, can do. I say *inspired;* for what we call 'originality,' 'sincerity,' 'genius,' the heroic quality we have no good name for, signifies that. The Hero is he who lives in the inward sphere of things, in the True, Divine and Eternal, which exists always, unseen to most, under the Temporary, Trivial: his being is in that; he declares that abroad, by act or speech as it may be, in declaring himself abroad. His life, as we said before, is a piece of the everlasting heart of Nature herself: all men's life is,—but the weak many know not the fact, and are untrue to it, in most times; the strong few are strong, heroic, perennial, because it cannot be hidden from them. The Man of Letters, like every Hero, is there to proclaim this in such sort as he can. Intrinsically it is the same function which the old generations named a man Pro-

phet, Priest, Divinity for doing; which all manner of Heroes, by speech or by act, are sent into the world to do.

Fichte the German Philosopher delivered, some forty years ago at Erlangen, a highly remarkable Course of Lectures on this subject: '*Ueber das Wesen des Gelehrten*, On the Nature of the Literary Man.' Fichte, in conformity with the Transcendental Philosophy, of which he was a distinguished teacher, declares first: That all things which we see or work with in this Earth, especially we ourselves and all persons, are as a kind of vesture or sensuous Appearance: that under all there lies, as the essence of them, what he calls the 'Divine Idea of the World;' this is the Reality which 'lies at the bottom of all Appearance.' To the mass of men no such Divine Idea is recognisable in the world; they live merely, says Fichte, among the superficialities, practicalities and shows of the world, not dreaming that there is anything divine under them. But the Man of Letters is sent hither specially that he may discern for himself, and make manifest to us, this same Divine Idea: in every new generation it will manifest itself in a new dialect; and he is there for the purpose of doing that. Such is Fichte's phraseology; with which we need not quarrel. It is his way of naming what I here, by other words, am striving imperfectly to name; what there is at present no name for: The unspeakable Divine Significance, full of splendour, of wonder and terror, that lies in the being of every man, of every thing,—the Presence of the God who made every man and thing. Mahomet taught this in his dialect; Odin in his: it is the thing which all thinking hearts, in one dialect or another, are here to teach.

Fichte calls the Man of Letters, therefore, a Prophet, or as he prefers to phrase it, a Priest, continually unfolding the Godlike to men: Men of Letters are a perpetual Priesthood, from age to age, teaching all men that a God is still present in their life; that all 'Appearance,' whatsoever we see in the world, is but as a vesture for the 'Divine Idea of the World,' for 'that which lies at the bottom of Appearance.' In the true Literary Man there is thus ever, acknowledged or not by the world, a sacredness: he is the light of the world; the world's Priest:—guiding it, like a sacred Pillar of Fire, in its dark pilgrimage

through the waste of Time. Fichte discriminates with sharp zeal the *true* Literary Man, what we here call the *Hero* as Man of Letters, from multitudes of false unheroic. Whoever lives not wholly in this Divine Idea, or living partially in it, struggles not, as for the one good, to live wholly in it,—he is, let him live where else he like, in what pomps and prosperities he like, no Literary Man; he is, says Fichte, a 'Bungler, *Stümper*.' Or at best, if he belong to the prosaic provinces, he may be a 'Hodman;' Fichte even calls him elsewhere a 'Nonentity,' and has in short no mercy for him, no wish that *he* should continue happy among us! This is Fichte's notion of the Man of Letters. It means, in its own form, precisely what we here mean.

In this point of view, I consider that, for the last hundred years, by far the notablest of all Literary Men is Fichte's countryman, Goethe. To that man too, in a strange way, there was given what we may call a life in the Divine Idea of the World; vision of the inward divine mystery: and strangely, out of his Books, the world rises imaged once more as godlike, the workmanship and temple of a God. Illuminated all, not in fierce impure fire-splendour as of Mahomet, but in mild celestial radiance;—really a Prophecy in these most unprophetic times; to my mind, by far the greatest, though one of the quietest, among all the great things that have come to pass in them. Our chosen specimen of the Hero as Literary Man would be this Goethe. And it were a very pleasant plan for me here to discourse of his heroism: for I consider him to be a true Hero; heroic in what he said and did, and perhaps still more in what he did not say and did not do; to me a noble spectacle: a great heroic ancient man, speaking and keeping silence as an ancient Hero, in the guise of a most modern, high-bred, high-cultivated Man of Letters! We have had no such spectacle; no man capable of affording such, for the last hundred-and-fifty years.

But at present, such is the general state of knowledge about Goethe, it were worse than useless to attempt speaking of him in this case. Speak as I might, Goethe, to the great majority of you, would remain problematic, vague; no impression but a false one could be realised. Him we must leave to future times

Johnson, Burns, Rousseau, three great figures from a prior time, from a far inferior state of circumstances, will suit us better here. Three men of the Eighteenth Century; the conditions of their life far more resemble what those of ours still are in England, than what Goethe's in Germany were. Alas, these men did not conquer like him; they fought bravely, and fell. They were not heroic bringers of the light, but heroic seekers of it. They lived under galling conditions; struggling as under mountains of impediment, and could not unfold themselves into clearness, or victorious interpretation of that 'Divine Idea.' It is rather the *Tombs* of three Literary Heroes that I have to show you. There are the monumental heaps, under which three spiritual giants lie buried. Very mournful, but also great and full of interest for us. We will linger by them for a while.

Complaint is often made, in these times, of what we call the disorganised condition of society: how ill many arranged forces of society fulfil their work; how many powerful forces are seen working in a wasteful, chaotic, altogether unarranged manner. It is too just a complaint, as we all know. But perhaps if we look at this of Books and the Writers of Books, we shall find here, as it were, the summary of all other disorganisation;—a sort of *heart*, from which, and to which, all other confusion circulates in the world! Considering what Book-writers do in the world, and what the world does with Book-writers, I should say, It is the most anomalous thing the world at present has to show. —We should get into a sea far beyond sounding, did we attempt to give account of this: but we must glance at it for the sake of our subject. The worst element in the life of these three Literary Heroes was, that they found their business and position such a chaos. On the beaten road there is tolerable travelling; but it is sore work, and many have to perish, fashioning a path through the impassable!

Our pious Fathers, feeling well what importance lay in the speaking of man to men, founded churches, made endowments, regulations; everywhere in the civilised world there is a Pulpit, environed with all manner of complex dignified appurtenances and furtherances, that therefrom a man with the tongue may, to best advantage, address his fellow-men. They felt that this

was the most important thing; that without this there was no good thing. It is a right pious work, that of theirs; beautiful to behold! But now with the art of Writing, with the art of Printing, a total change has come over that business. The Writer of a Book, is not he a Preacher preaching not to this parish or that, on this day or that, but to all men in all times and places? Surely it is of the last importance that *he* do his work right, whoever do it wrong;—that the *eye* report not falsely, for then all the other members are astray! Well; how he may do his work, whether he do it right or wrong, or do it at all, is a point which no man in the world has taken the pains to think of. To a certain shopkeeper, trying to get some money for his books, if lucky, he is of some importance; to no other man of any. Whence he came, whither he is bound, by what ways he arrived, by what he might be furthered on his course, no one asks. He is an accident in society. He wanders like a wild Ishmaelite, in a world of which he is as the spiritual light, either the guidance or the misguidance!

Certainly the Art of Writing is the most miraculous of all things man has devised. Odin's *Runes* were the first form of the work of a Hero; *Books*, written words, are still miraculous *Runes*, the latest form! In Books lies the *soul* of the whole Past Time; the articulate audible voice of the Past, when the body and material substance of it has altogether vanished like a dream. Mighty fleets and armies, harbours and arsenals, vast cities, high-domed, many-engined,—they are precious, great: but what do they become? Agamemnon, the many Agamemnons, Pericleses, and their Greece; all is gone now to some ruined fragments, dumb mournful wrecks and blocks: but the Books of Greece! There Greece, to every thinker, still very literally lives; can be called-up again into life. No magic *Rune* is stranger than a Book. All that Mankind has done, thought, gained or been: it is lying as in magic preservation in the pages of Books. They are the chosen possession of men.

Do not Books still accomplish *miracles*, as *Runes* were fabled to do? They persuade men. Not the wretchedest circulating-library novel, which foolish girls thumb and con in remote villages, but will help to regulate the actual practical

weddings and households of those foolish girls. So 'Celia' felt, so 'Clifford' acted: the foolish Theorem of Life, stamped into those young brains, comes out as a solid Practice one day. Consider whether any *Rune* in the wildest imagination of Mythologist ever did such wonders as, on the actual firm Earth, some Books have done! What built St. Paul's Cathedral? Look at the heart of the matter, it was that divine Hebrew Book,—the word partly of the man Moses, an outlaw tending his Midianitish herds, four-thousand years ago, in the wildernesses of Sinai! It is the strangest of things, yet nothing is truer. With the art of Writing, of which Printing is a simple, an inevitable and comparatively insignificant corollary, the true reign of miracles for mankind commenced. It related, with a wondrous new contiguity and perpetual closeness, the Past and Distant with the Present in time and place; all times and all places with this our actual Here and Now. All things were altered for men; all modes of important work of men: teaching, preaching, governing, and all else.

To look at Teaching, for instance. Universities are a notable, respectable product of the modern ages. Their existence too is modified, to the very basis of it, by the existence of Books. Universities arose while there were yet no Books procurable; while a man, for a single Book, had to give an estate of land. That, in those circumstances, when a man had some knowledge to communicate, he should do it by gathering the learners round him, face to face, was a necessity for him. If you wanted to know what Abelard knew, you must go and listen to Abelard. Thousands, as many as thirty-thousand, went to hear Abelard and that metaphysical theology of his. And now for any other teacher who had also something of his own to teach, there was a great convenience opened: so many thousands eager to learn were already assembled yonder; of all places the best place for him was that. For any third teacher it was better still; and grew ever the better, the more teachers there came. It only needed now that the King took notice of this new phenomenon; combined or agglomerated the various schools into one school; gave it edifices, privileges, encouragements, and named it *Universitas*, or School of all Sciences: the University of Paris, in its essential characters, was there

The model of all subsequent Universities; which down even to these days, for six centuries now, have gone on to found themselves. Such, I conceive, was the origin of Universities.

It is clear, however, that with this simple circumstance, facility of getting Books, the whole conditions of the business from top to bottom were changed. Once invent Printing, you metamorphosed all Universities, or superseded them! The Teacher needed not now to gather men personally round him, that he might *speak* to them what he knew: print it in a Book, and all learners far and wide, for a trifle, had it each at his own fireside, much more effectually to learn it!—Doubtless there is still peculiar virtue in Speech; even writers of Books may still, in some circumstances, find it convenient to speak also,—witness our present meeting here! There is, one would say, and must ever remain while man has a tongue, a distinct province for Speech as well as for Writing and Printing. In regard to all things this must remain; to Universities among others. But the limits of the two have nowhere yet been pointed out, ascertained; much less put in practice: the University which would completely take-in that great new fact, of the existence of Printed Books, and stand on a clear footing for the Nineteenth Century as the Paris one did for the Thirteenth, has not yet come into existence. If we think of it, all that a University, or final highest School can do for us, is still but what the first School began doing,—teach us to *read*. We learn to *read*, in various languages, in various sciences; we learn the alphabet and letters of all manner of Books. But the place where we are to get knowledge, even theoretic knowledge, is the Books themselves! It depends on what we read, after all manner of Professors have done their best for us. The true University of these days is a Collection of Books.

But to the Church itself, as I hinted already, all is changed, in its preaching, in its working, by the introduction of Books. The Church is the working recognised Union of our Priests or Prophets, of those who by wise teaching guide the souls of men. While there was no Writing, even while there was no Easy-writing or *Printing*, the preaching of the voice was the natural sole method of performing this. But now with Books! —He that can write a true Book, to persuade England, is not

he the Bishop and Archbishop, the Primate of England and of All England? I many a time say, the writers of Newspapers, Pamphlets, Poems, Books, these *are* the real working effective Church of a modern country. Nay not only our preaching, but even our worship, is not it too accomplished by means of Printed Books? The noble sentiment which a gifted soul has clothed for us in melodious words, which brings melody into our hearts,—is not this essentially, if we will understand it, of the nature of worship? There are many, in all countries, who, in this confused time, have no other method of worship. He who, in any way, shows us better than we knew before that a lily of the fields is beautiful, does he not show it us as an effluence of the Fountain of all Beauty; as the *handwriting*, made visible there, of the great Maker of the Universe? He has sung for us, made us sing with him, a little verse of a sacred Psalm. Essentially so. How much more he who sings, who says, or in any way brings home to our heart the noble doings, feelings, darings and endurances of a brother man! He has verily touched our hearts as with a live coal *from the altar*. Perhaps there is no worship more authentic.

Literature, so far as it is Literature, is an 'apocalypse of Nature,' a revealing of the 'open secret.' It may well enough be named, in Fichte's style, a 'continuous revelation' of the Godlike in the Terrestrial and Common. The Godlike does ever, in very truth, endure there; is brought out, now in this dialect, now in that, with various degrees of clearness: all true gifted Singers and Speakers are, consciously or unconsciously, doing so. The dark stormful indignation of a Byron, so wayward and perverse, may have touches of it; nay the withered mockery of a French sceptic,—his mockery of the False, a love and worship of the True. How much more the sphere-harmony of a Shakspeare, of a Goethe; the cathedral-music of a Milton! They are something too, those humble genuine lark-notes of a Burns,—skylark, starting from the humble furrow, far overhead into the blue depths, and singing to us so genuinely there! For all true singing is of the nature of worship; as indeed all true *working* may be said to be,—whereof such *singing* is but the record, and fit melodious re-

presentation, to us. Fragments of a real 'Church Liturgy' and 'Body of Homilies,' strangely disguised from the common eye, are to be found weltering in that huge froth-ocean of Printed Speech we loosely call Literature! Books are our Church too.

Or turning now to the Government of men. Witenagemote, old Parliament, was a great thing. The affairs of the nation were there deliberated and decided; what we were to *do* as a nation. But does not, though the name Parliament subsists, the parliamentary debate go on now, everywhere and at all times, in a far more comprehensive way, *out* of Parliament altogether? Burke said there were Three Estates in Parliament; but, in the Reporters' Gallery yonder, there sat a *Fourth Estate* more important far than they all. It is not a figure of speech, or a witty saying; it is a literal fact,—very momentous to us in these times. Literature is our Parliament too. Printing, which comes necessarily out of Writing, I say often, is equivalent to Democracy: invent Writing, Democracy is inevitable. Writing brings Printing; brings universal everyday extempore Printing, as we see at present. Whoever can speak, speaking now to the whole nation, becomes a power, a branch of government, with inalienable weight in law-making, in all acts of authority. It matters not what rank he has, what revenues or garnitures: the requisite thing is, that he have a tongue which others will listen to; this and nothing more is requisite. The nation is governed by all that has tongue in the nation: Democracy is virtually *there*. Add only, that whatsoever power exists will have itself, by and by, organised; working secretly under bandages, obscurations, obstructions, it will never rest till it get to work free, unencumbered, visible to all. Democracy virtually extant will insist on becoming palpably extant.—

On all sides, are we not driven to the conclusion that, of the things which man can do or make here below, by far the most momentous, wonderful and worthy are the things we call Books! Those poor bits of rag-paper with black ink on them; —from the Daily Newspaper to the sacred Hebrew Book, what have they not done, what are they not doing!—For indeed, whatever be the outward form of the thing (bits of paper, as

we say, and black ink), is it not verily, at bottom, the highest act of man's faculty that produces a Book? It is the *Thought* of man; the true thaumaturgic virtue; by which man works all things whatsoever. All that he does, and brings to pass, is the vesture of a Thought. This London City, with all its houses, palaces, steamengines, cathedrals, and huge immeasurable traffic and tumult, what is it but a Thought, but millions of Thoughts made into One;—a huge immeasurable Spirit of a THOUGHT, embodied in brick, in iron, smoke, dust, Palaces, Parliaments, Hackney Coaches, Katherine Docks, and the rest of it! Not a brick was made but some man had to *think* of the making of that brick.—The thing we called 'bits of paper with traces of black ink,' is the *purest* embodiment a Thought of man can have. No wonder it is, in all ways, the activest and noblest.

All this, of the importance and supreme importance of the Man of Letters in modern Society, and how the Press is to such a degree superseding the Pulpit, the Senate, the *Senatus Academicus* and much else, has been admitted for a good while; and recognised often enough, in late times, with a sort of sentimental triumph and wonderment. It seems to me, the Sentimental by and by will have to give place to the Practical. If Men of Letters *are* so incalculably influential, actually performing such work for us from age to age, and even from day to day, then I think we may conclude that Men of Letters will not always wander like unrecognised unregulated Ishmaelites among us! Whatsoever thing, as I said above, has virtual unnoticed power will cast-off its wrappages, bandages, and step-forth one day with palpably articulated, universally visible power. That one man wear the clothes, and take the wages, of a function which is done by quite another: there can be no profit in this; this is not right, it is wrong. And yet, alas, the *making* of it right,—what a business, for long times to come! Sure enough, this that we call Organisation of the Literary Guild is still a great way off, encumbered with all manner of complexities. If you asked me what were the best possible organisation for the Men of Letters in modern society; the arrangement of furtherance and regulation, grounded the most accurately on the actual facts of their position and of the world's

position,—I should beg to say that the problem far exceeded my faculty! It is not one man's faculty; it is that of many successive men turned earnestly upon it, that will bring-out even an approximate solution. What the best arrangement were, none of us could say. But if you ask, Which is the worst? I answer: This which we now have, that Chaos should sit umpire in it; this is the worst. To the best, or any good one, there is yet a long way.

One remark I must not omit, That royal or parliamentary grants of money are by no means the chief thing wanted! To give our Men of Letters stipends, endowments and all furtherance of cash, will do little towards the business. On the whole, one is weary of hearing about the omnipotence of money. I will say rather that, for a genuine man, it is no evil to be poor; that there ought to be Literary Men poor,—to show whether they are genuine or not! Mendicant Orders, bodies of good men doomed to *beg*, were instituted in the Christian Church; a most natural and even necessary development of the spirit of Christianity. It was itself founded on Poverty, on Sorrow, Contradiction, Crucifixion, every species of worldly Distress and Degradation. We may say, that he who has not known those things, and learned from them the priceless lessons they have to teach, has missed a good opportunity of schooling. To beg, and go barefoot, in coarse woollen cloak with a rope round your loins, and be despised of all the world, was no beautiful business;—nor an honourable one in any eye, till the nobleness of those who did so had made it honoured of some!

Begging is not in our course at the present time: but for the rest of it, who will say that a Johnson is not perhaps the better for being poor? It is needful for him, at all rates, to know that outward profit, that success of any kind is *not* the goal he has to aim at. Pride, vanity, ill-conditioned egoism of all sorts, are bred in his heart, as in every heart; need, above all, to be cast-out of his heart,—to be, with whatever pangs, torn-out of it, cast-forth from it, as a thing worthless. Byron, born rich and noble, made-out even less than Burns, poor and plebeian. Who knows but, in that same 'best possible organisation' as yet far off, Poverty may still enter as an important element? What if our Men of Letters, men setting-up to be

Spiritual Heroes, were still *then*, as they now are, a kind of 'involuntary monastic order;' bound still to this same ugly Poverty,—till they had tried what was in it too, till they had learned to make it too do for them! Money, in truth, can do much, but it cannot do all. We must know the province of it, and confine it there; and even spurn it back, when it wishes to get farther.

Besides, were the money-furtherances, the proper season for them, the fit assigner of them, all settled,—how is the Burns to be recognised that merits these? He must pass through the ordeal, and prove himself. *This* ordeal; this wild welter of a chaos which is called Literary Life: this too is a kind of ordeal! There is clear truth in the idea that a struggle from the lower classes of society, towards the upper regions and rewards of society, must ever continue. Strong men are born there, who ought to stand elsewhere than there. The manifold, inextricably complex, universal struggle of these constitutes, and must constitute, what is called the progress of society. For Men of Letters, as for all other sorts of men. How to regulate that struggle? There is the whole question. To leave it as it is, at the mercy of blind Chance; a whirl of distracted atoms, one cancelling the other; one of the thousand arriving saved, nine-hundred-and-ninety-nine lost by the way; your royal Johnson languishing inactive in garrets, or harnessed to the yoke of Printer Cave; your Burns dying broken-hearted as a Gauger; your Rousseau driven into mad exasperation, kindling French Revolutions by his paradoxes: this, as we said, is clearly enough the *worst* regulation. The *best*, alas, is far from us!

And yet there can be no doubt but it is coming; advancing on us, as yet hidden in the bosom of centuries: this is a prophecy one can risk. For so soon as men get to discern the importance of a thing, they do infallibly set about arranging it, facilitating, forwarding it; and rest not till, in some approximate degree, they have accomplished that. I say, of all Priesthoods, Aristocracies, Governing Classes at present extant in the world, there is no class comparable for importance to that Priesthood of the Writers of Books. This is a fact which he who runs may read,—and draw inferences from. "Literature will take care of itself," answered Mr. Pitt, when applied-to for

some help for Burns. "Yes," adds Mr. Southey, "it will take care of itself; *and of you too*, if you do not look to it!"

The result to individual Men of Letters is not the momentous one; they are but individuals, an infinitesimal fraction of the great body; they can struggle on, and live or else die, as they have been wont. But it deeply concerns the whole society, whether it will set its *light* on high places, to walk thereby; or trample it under foot, and scatter it in all ways of wild waste (not without conflagration), as heretofore! Light is the one thing wanted for the world. Put wisdom in the head of the world, the world will fight its battle victoriously, and be the best world man can make it. I call this anomaly of a disorganic Literary Class the heart of all other anomalies, at once product and parent; some good arrangement for that would be as the *punctum saliens* of a new vitality and just arrangement for all. Already, in some European countries, in France, in Prussia, one traces some beginnings of an arrangement for the Literary Class; indicating the gradual possibility of such. I believe that it is possible; that it will have to be possible.

By far the most interesting fact I hear about the Chinese is one on which we cannot arrive at clearness, but which excites endless curiosity even in the dim state: this namely, that they do attempt to make their Men of Letters their Governors! It would be rash to say, one understood how this was done, or with what degree of success it was done. All such things must be very *un*successful; yet a small degree of success is precious; the very attempt how precious! There does seem to be, all over China, a more or less active search everywhere to discover the men of talent that grow up in the young generation. Schools there are for every one: a foolish sort of training, yet still a sort. The youths who distinguish themselves in the lower school are promoted into favourable stations in the higher, that they may still more distinguish themselves,—forward and forward: it appears to be out of these that the Official Persons, and incipient Governors, are taken. These are they whom they *try* first, whether they can govern or not. And surely with the best hope: for they are the men that have already shown intellect. Try them: they have not governed or administered as yet; perhaps they cannot; but there is no doubt they *have*

some Understanding,—without which no man can! Neither is Understanding a *tool*, as we are too apt to figure; 'it is a *hand* which can handle any tool.' Try these men: they are of all others the best worth trying.—Surely there is no kind of government, constitution, revolution, social apparatus or arrangement, that I know of in this world, so promising to one's scientific curiosity as this. The man of intellect at the top of affairs: this is the aim of all constitutions and revolutions, if they have any aim. For the man of true intellect, as I assert and believe always, is the noblehearted man withal, the true, just, humane and valiant man. Get *him* for governor, all is got; fail to get him, though you had Constitutions plentiful as blackberries, and a Parliament in every village, there is nothing yet got!—

These things look strange, truly; and are not such as we commonly speculate upon. But we are fallen into strange times; these things will require to be speculated upon; to be rendered practicable, to be in some way put in practice. These, and many others. On all hands of us, there is the announcement, audible enough, that the old Empire of Routine has ended; that to say a thing has long been, is no reason for its continuing to be. The things which have been are fallen into decay, are fallen into incompetence; large masses of mankind, in every society of our Europe, are no longer capable of living at all by the things which have been. When millions of men can no longer by their utmost exertion gain food for themselves, and 'the third man for thirty-six weeks each year is short of third-rate potatoes,' the things which have been must decidedly prepare to alter themselves!—I will now quit this of the organisation of Men of Letters.

Alas, the evil that pressed heaviest on those Literary Heroes of ours was not the want of organisation for Men of Letters, but a far deeper one; out of which, indeed, this and so many other evils for the Literary Man, and for all men, had, as from their fountain, taken rise. That our Hero as Man of Letters had to travel without highway, companionless, through an inorganic chaos,—and to leave his own life and faculty lying there, as a partial contribution towards *pushing* some highway

through it: this, had not his faculty itself been so perverted and paralysed, he might have put-up with, might have considered to be but the common lot of Heroes. His fatal misery was the *spiritual paralysis*, so we may name it, of the Age in which his life lay; whereby his life too, do what he might, was half-paralysed! The Eighteenth was a *Sceptical* Century; in which little word there is a whole Pandora's Box of miseries. Scepticism means not intellectual Doubt alone, but moral Doubt; all sorts of *in*fidelity, insincerity, spiritual paralysis. Perhaps, in few centuries that one could specify since the world began, was a life of Heroism more difficult for a man. That was not an age of Faith,—an age of Heroes! The very possibility of Heroism had been, as it were, formally abnegated in the minds of all. Heroism was gone forever; Triviality, Formulism and Commonplace were come forever. The 'age of miracles' had been, or perhaps had not been; but it was not any longer. An effete world; wherein Wonder, Greatness, Godhood could not now dwell;—in one word, a godless world!

How mean, dwarfish are their ways of thinking, in this time,—compared not with the Christian Shakspeares and Miltons, but with the old Pagan Skalds, with any species of believing men! The living TREE Igdrasil, with the melodious prophetic waving of its world-wide boughs, deep-rooted as Hela, has died-out into the clanking of a World-MACHINE. 'Tree' and 'Machine:' contrast these two things. I, for my share, declare the world to be no machine! I say that it does *not* go by wheel-and-pinion 'motives,' self-interests, checks, balances; that there is something far other in it than the clank of spinning-jennies, and parliamentary majorities; and, on the whole, that it is not a machine at all!—The old Norse Heathen had a truer notion of God's-world than these poor Machine-Sceptics: the old Heathen Norse were *sincere* men. But for these poor Sceptics there was no sincerity, no truth. Half-truth and hearsay was called truth. Truth, for most men, meant plausibility; to be measured by the number of votes you could get. They had lost any notion that sincerity was possible, or of what sincerity was. How many Plausibilities asking, with unaffected surprise and the air of offended

virtue, What! am not I sincere? Spiritual Paralysis, I say, nothing left but a Mechanical life, was the characteristic of that century. For the common man, unless happily he stood *below* his century and belonged to another prior one, it was impossible to be a Believer, a Hero; he lay buried, unconscious, under these baleful influences. To the strongest man, only with infinite struggle and confusion was it possible to work himself half-loose; and lead as it were, in an enchanted, most tragical way, a spiritual death-in-life, and be a Half-Hero!

Scepticism is the name we give to all this; as the chief symptom, as the chief origin of all this. Concerning which so much were to be said! It would take many Discourses, not a small fraction of one Discourse, to state what one feels about that Eighteenth Century and its ways. As indeed this, and the like of this, which we now call Scepticism, is precisely the black malady and life-foe, against which all teaching and discoursing since man's life began has directed itself: the battle of Belief against Unbelief is the never-ending battle! Neither is it in the way of crimination that one would wish to speak. Scepticism, for that century, we must consider as the decay of old ways of believing, the preparation afar off for new better and wider ways,—an inevitable thing. We will not blame men for it; we will lament their hard fate. We will understand that destruction of old *forms* is not destruction of everlasting *substances;* that Scepticism, as sorrowful and hateful as we see it, is not an end but a beginning.

The other day speaking, without prior purpose that way, of Bentham's theory of man and man's life, I chanced to call it a more beggarly one than Mahomet's. I am bound to say, now when it is once uttered, that such is my deliberate opinion. Not that one would mean offence against the man Jeremy Bentham, or those who respect and believe him. Bentham himself, and even the creed of Bentham, seems to me comparatively worthy of praise. It is a determinate *being* what all the world, in a cowardly half-and-half manner, was tending to be. Let us have the crisis; we shall either have death or the cure. I call this gross, steamengine Utilitarianism an approach towards new Faith. It was a laying-down of cant; a saying to one-

self: "Well then, this world is a dead iron machine, the god of it Gravitation and selfish Hunger; let us see what, by checking and balancing, and good adjustment of tooth and pinion, can be made of it!" Benthamism has something complete, manful, in such fearless committal of itself to what it finds true; you may call it Heroic, though a Heroism with its *eyes* put out! It is the culminating point, and fearless ultimatum, of what lay in the half-and-half state, pervading man's whole existence in that Eighteenth Century. It seems to me, all deniers of Godhood, and all lip-believers of it, are bound to be Benthamites, if they have courage and honesty. Benthamism is an *eyeless* Heroism: the Human Species, like a hapless blinded Samson grinding in the Philistine Mill, clasps convulsively the pillars of its Mill; brings huge ruin down, but ultimately deliverance withal. Of Bentham I meant to say no harm.

But this I do say, and would wish all men to know and lay to heart, that he who discerns nothing but Mechanism in the Universe has in the fatalest way missed the secret of the Universe altogether. That all Godhood should vanish out of men's conception of this Universe seems to me precisely the most brutal error,—I will not disparage Heathenism by calling it a Heathen error,—that men could fall into. It is not true; it is false at the very heart of it. A man who thinks so will think *wrong* about all things in the world; this original sin will vitiate all other conclusions he can form. One might call it the most lamentable of Delusions,—not forgetting Witchcraft itself! Witchcraft worshipped at least a living Devil; but this worships a dead iron Devil; no God, not even a Devil!—Whatsoever is noble, divine, inspired, drops thereby out of life. There remains everywhere in life a despicable *caput-mortuum;* the mechanical hull, all soul fled out of it. How can a man act heroically? The 'Doctrine of Motives' will teach him that it is, under more or less disguise, nothing but a wretched love of Pleasure, fear of Pain; that Hunger, of applause, of cash, of whatsoever victual it may be, is the ultimate fact of man's life. Atheism, in brief;—which does indeed frightfully punish itself. The man, I say, is become spiritually a paralytic man; this godlike Universe a dead mechanical

steamengine, all working by motives, checks, balances, and I know not what; wherein, as in the detestable belly of some Phalaris'-Bull of his own contriving, he the poor Phalaris sits miserably lying!

Belief I define to be the healthy act of a man's mind. It is a mysterious indescribable process, that of getting to believe;—indescribable, as all vital acts are. We have our mind given us, not that it may cavil and argue, but that it may see into something, give us clear belief and understanding about something, whereon we are then to proceed to act. Doubt, truly, is not itself a crime. Certainly we do not rush out, clutch-up the first thing we find, and straightway believe that! All manner of doubt, inquiry, σκέψις as it is named, about all manner of objects, dwells in every reasonable mind. It is the mystic working of the mind, on the object it is *getting* to know and believe. Belief comes out of all this, above ground, like the tree from its hidden *roots*. But now if, even on common things, we require that a man keep his doubts *silent*, and not babble of them till they in some measure become affirmations or denials; how much more in regard to the highest things, impossible to speak-of in words at all! That a man parade his doubt, and get to imagine that debating and logic (which means at best only the manner of *telling* us your thought, your belief or disbelief, about a thing) is the triumph and true work of what intellect he has: alas, this is as if you should *overturn* the tree, and instead of green boughs, leaves and fruits, show us ugly taloned roots turned-up into the air,—and no growth, only death and misery going-on!

For the Scepticism, as I said, is not intellectual only; it is moral also; a chronic atrophy and disease of the whole soul. A man lives by believing something; not by debating and arguing about many things. A sad case for him when all that he can manage to believe is something he can button in his pocket, and with one or the other organ eat and digest! Lower than that he will not get. We call those ages in which he gets so low the mournfulest, sickest and meanest of all ages. The world's heart is palsied, sick: how can any limb of it be whole? Genuine Acting ceases in all departments of the world's work; dextrous Similitude of Acting begins. The

world's wages are pocketed, the world's work is not done. Heroes have gone-out; Quacks have come-in. Accordingly, what Century, since the end of the Roman world, which also was a time of scepticism, simulacra and universal decadence, so abounds with Quacks as that Eighteenth? Consider them, with their tumid sentimental vapouring about virtue, benevolence,—the wretched Quack-squadron, Cagliostro at the head of them! Few men were without quackery; they had got to consider it a necessary ingredient and amalgam for truth. Chatham, our brave Chatham himself, comes down to the House, all wrapt and bandaged; he 'has crawled out in great bodily suffering,' and so on;—*forgets*, says Walpole, that he is acting the sick man; in the fire of debate, snatches his arm from the sling, and oratorically swings and brandishes it! Chatham himself lives the strangest mimetic life, half-hero, half-quack, all along. For indeed the world is full of dupes; and you have to gain the *world's* suffrage! How the duties of the world will be done in that case, what quantities of error, which means failure, which means sorrow and misery, to some and to many, will gradually accumulate in all provinces of the world's business, we need not compute

It seems to me, you lay your finger here on the heart of the world's maladies, when you call it a Sceptical World. An insincere world; a godless untruth of a world! It is out of this, as I consider, that the whole tribe of social pestilences, French Revolutions, Chartisms, and what not, have derived their being, —their chief necessity to be. This must alter. Till this alter, nothing can beneficially alter. My one hope of the world, my inexpugnable consolation in looking at the miseries of the world, is that this is altering. Here and there one does now find a man who knows, as of old, that this world is a Truth, and no Plausibility and Falsity; that he himself is alive, not dead or paralytic; and that the world is alive, instinct with Godhood, beautiful and awful, even as in the beginning of days! One man once knowing this, many men, all men, must by and by come to know it. It lies there clear, for whosoever will take the *spectacles* off his eyes and honestly look, to know! For such a man the Unbelieving Century, with its unblessed Products, is already past: a new century is already come. The

old unblessed Products and Performances, as solid as they look, are Phantasms, preparing speedily to vanish. To this and the other noisy, very great-looking Simulacrum with the whole world huzzahing at its heels, he can say, composedly stepping aside: Thou art not *true;* thou art not extant, only semblant; go thy way!—Yes, hollow Formulism, gross Benthamism, and other unheroic atheistic Insincerity is visibly and even rapidly declining. An unbelieving Eighteenth Century is but an exception,—such as now and then occurs. I prophesy that the world will once more become *sincere;* a believing world; with *many* Heroes in it, a heroic world! It will then be a victorious world; never till then.

Or indeed what of the world and its victories? Men speak too much about the world. Each one of us here, let the world go how it will, and be victorious or not victorious, has he not a Life of his own to lead? One Life; a little gleam of Time between two Eternities; no second chance to us forevermore! It were well for *us* to live not as fools and simulacra, but as wise and realities. The world's being saved will not save us; nor the world's being lost destroy us. We should look to ourselves: there is great merit here in the 'duty of staying at home'! And, on the whole, to say truth, I never heard of 'worlds' being 'saved' in any other way. That mania of saving worlds is itself a piece of the Eighteenth Century with its windy sentimentalism. Let us not follow it too far. For the saving of the *world* I will trust confidently to the Maker of the world; and look a little to my own saving, which I am more competent to!—In brief, for the world's sake, and for our own, we will rejoice greatly that Scepticism, Insincerity, Mechanical Atheism, with all their poison-dews, are going, and as good as gone.—

Now it was under such conditions, in those times of Johnson, that our Men of Letters had to live. Times in which there was properly no truth in life. Old truths had fallen nigh dumb; the new lay yet hidden, not trying to speak. That Man's Life here below was a Sincerity and Fact, and would forever continue such, no new intimation, in that dusk of the world, had yet dawned. No intimation; not even any French Revolution,—which we define to be a Truth once more, though

a Truth clad in hellfire! How different was the Luther's pilgrimage, with its assured goal, from the Johnson's, girt with mere traditions, suppositions, grown now incredible, unintelligible! Mahomet's Formulas were of 'wood waxed and oiled,' and could be *burnt* out of one's way: poor Johnson's were far more difficult to burn.—The strong man will ever find *work*, which means difficulty, pain, to the full measure of his strength. But to make-out a victory, in those circumstances of our poor Hero as Man of Letters, was perhaps more difficult than in any. Not obstruction, disorganisation, Bookseller Osborne and Fourpence-halfpenny a day; not this alone; but the light of his own soul was taken from him. No landmark on the Earth; and, alas, what is that to having no loadstar in the Heaven! We need not wonder that none of those Three men rose to victory. That they fought truly is the highest praise. With a mournful sympathy we will contemplate, if not three living victorious Heroes, as I said, the Tombs of three fallen Heroes! They fell for us too; making a way for us. There are the mountains which they hurled abroad in their confused War of the Giants; under which, their strength and life spent, they now lie buried.

I have already written of these three Literary Heroes, expressly or incidentally; what I suppose is known to most of you; what need not be spoken or written a second time. They concern us here as the singular *Prophets* of that singular age; for such they virtually were; and the aspect they and their world exhibit, under this point of view, might lead us into reflections enough! I call them, all three, Genuine Men more or less; faithfully, for most part unconsciously, struggling, to be genuine, and plant themselves on the everlasting truth of things. This to a degree that eminently distinguishes them from the poor artificial mass of their contemporaries; and renders them worthy to be considered as Speakers, in some measure, of the everlasting truth, as Prophets in that age of theirs. By Nature herself a noble necessity was laid on them to be so. They were men of such magnitude that they could not live on unrealities,—clouds, froth and all inanity gave-way under them: there was no footing for them but on firm earth; no rest or regular motion for them, if they got not footing there. To

a certain extent, they were Sons of Nature once more in an age of Artifice; once more, Original Men.

As for Johnson, I have always considered him to be, by nature, one of our great English souls. A strong and noble man; so much left undeveloped in him to the last: in a kindlier element what might he not have been,—Poet, Priest, sovereign Ruler! On the whole, a man must not complain of his 'element,' of his 'time,' or the like; it is thriftless work doing so. His time is bad: well then, he is there to make it better!—Johnson's youth was poor, isolated, hopeless, very miserable. Indeed, it does not seem possible that, in any the favourablest outward circumstances, Johnson's life could have been other than a painful one. The world might have had more of profitable *work* out of him, or less; but his *effort* against the world's work could never have been a light one. Nature, in return for his nobleness, had said to him, Live in an element of diseased sorrow. Nay, perhaps the sorrow and the nobleness were intimately and even inseparably connected with each other. At all events, poor Johnson had to go about girt with continual hypochondria, physical and spiritual pain. Like a Hercules with the burning Nessus'-shirt on him, which shoots-in on him dull incurable misery: the Nessus'-shirt not to be stript-off, which is his own natural skin! In this manner *he* had to live. Figure him there, with his scrofulous diseases, with his great greedy heart, and unspeakable chaos of thoughts; stalking mournful as a stranger in this Earth; eagerly devouring what spiritual thing he could come at: school-languages and other merely grammatical stuff, if there were nothing better! The largest soul that was in all England; and provision made for it of 'fourpence-halfpenny a day.' Yet a giant invincible soul; a true man's. One remembers always that story of the shoes at Oxford: the rough, seamy-faced, rawboned College Servitor stalking about, in winter-season, with his shoes worn-out; how the charitable Gentleman Commoner secretly places a new pair at his door; and the rawboned Servitor, lifting them, looking at them near, with his dim eyes, with what thoughts,—pitches them out of window! Wet feet, mud, frost, hunger or what you will; but not beggary: we cannot stand beggary! Rude stubborn self-help here; a whole world of squalor, rudeness, con-

fused misery and want, yet of nobleness and manfulness withal. It is a type of the man's life, this pitching-away of the shoes. An original man;—not a secondhand, borrowing or begging man. Let us stand on our own basis, at any rate! On such shoes as we ourselves can get. On frost and mud, if you will, but honestly on that;—on the reality and substance which Nature gives *us*, not on the semblance, on the thing she has given another than us!—

And yet with all this rugged pride of manhood and self-help, was there ever soul more tenderly affectionate, loyally submissive to what was really higher than he? Great souls are always loyally submissive, reverent to what is over them; only small mean souls are otherwise. I could not find a better proof of what I said the other day, That the sincere man was by nature the obedient man; that only in a World of Heroes was there loyal Obedience to the Heroic. The essence of *originality* is not that it be *new:* Johnson believed altogether in the old; he found the old opinions credible for him, fit for him; and in a right heroic manner lived under them. He is well worth study in regard to that. For we are to say that Johnson was far other than a mere man of words and formulas; he was a man of truths and facts. He stood by the old formulas; the happier was it for him that he could so stand: but in all formulas that *he* could stand by, there needed to be a most genuine substance. Very curious how, in that poor Paper-age, so barren, artificial, thick-quilted with Pedantries, Hearsays, the great Fact of this Universe glared in, forever wonderful, indubitable, unspeakable, divine-infernal, upon this man too! How he harmonised his Formulas with it, how he managed at all under such circumstances: that is a thing worth seeing. A thing 'to be looked at with reverence, with pity, with awe.' That Church of St. Clement Danes, where Johnson still *worshipped* in the era of Voltaire, is to me a venerable place.

It was in virtue of his *sincerity*, of his speaking still in some sort from the heart of Nature, though in the current artificial dialect, that Johnson was a Prophet. Are not all dialects 'artificial'? Artificial things are not all false;—nay every true Product of Nature will infallibly *shape* itself; we may say all artificial things are, at the starting of them, *true*. What

we call 'Formulas' are not in their origin bad; they are indispensably good. Formula is *method*, habitude; found wherever man is found. Formulas fashion themselves as Paths do, as beaten Highways, leading towards some sacred or high object, whither many men are bent. Consider it. One man, full of heartfelt earnest impulse, finds-out a way of doing somewhat, —were it of uttering his soul's reverence for the Highest, were it but of fitly saluting his fellow-man. An inventor was needed to do that, a *poet;* he has articulated the dim-struggling thought that dwelt in his own and many hearts. This is his way of doing that; these are his footsteps, the beginning of a 'Path.' And now see: the second man travels naturally in the footsteps of his foregoer, it is the *easiest* method. In the footsteps of his foregoer; yet with improvements, with changes where such seem good; at all events with enlargements, the Path ever *widening* itself as more travel it;—till at last there is a broad Highway whereon the whole world may travel and drive. While there remains a City or Shrine, or any Reality to drive to, at the farther end, the Highway shall be right welcome! When the City is gone, we will forsake the Highway. In this manner all Institutions, Practices, Regulated Things in the world have come into existence, and gone out of existence. Formulas all begin by being *full* of substance; you may call them the *skin*, the articulation into shape, into limbs and skin, of a substance that is already there: *they* had not been there otherwise. Idols, as we said, are not idolatrous till they become doubtful, empty for the worshipper's heart. Much as we talk against Formulas, I hope no one of us is ignorant withal of the high significance of *true* Formulas; that they were, and will ever be, the indispensablest furniture of our habitation in this world.— —

Mark, too, how little Johnson boasts of his 'sincerity.' He has no suspicion of his being particularly sincere,—of his being particularly anything! A hard-struggling, weary-hearted man. or 'scholar' as he calls himself, trying hard to get some honest livelihood in the world, not to starve, but to live— without stealing! A noble unconsciousness is in him. He does not 'engrave *Truth* on his watch-seal;' no, but he stands by truth, speaks by it, works and lives by it. Thus it ever is. Think of

it once more. The man whom Nature has appointed to do great things is, first of all, furnished with that openness to Nature which renders him incapable of being *in*sincere! To his large, open, deep-feeling heart Nature is a Fact: all hearsay is hearsay; the unspeakable greatness of this Mystery of Life, let him acknowledge it or not, nay even though he seem to forget it or deny it, is ever present to *him*,—fearful and wonderful, on this hand and on that. He has a basis of sincerity; unrecognised, because never questioned or capable of question. Mirabeau, Mahomet, Cromwell, Napoleon: all the Great Men I ever heard-of have this as the primary material of them. Innumerable commonplace men are debating, are talking everywhere their commonplace doctrines, which they have learned by logic, by rote, at secondhand: to that kind of man all this is still nothing. He must have truth; truth which *he* feels to be true. How shall he stand otherwise? His whole soul, at all moments, in all ways, tells him that there is no standing. He is under the noble necessity of being true. Johnson's way of thinking about this world is not mine, any more than Mahomet's was: but I recognise the everlasting element of heart-*sincerity* in both; and see with pleasure how neither of them remains ineffectual. Neither of them is as *chaff* sown; in both of them is something which the seed-field will *grow*.

Johnson was a Prophet to his people; preached a Gospel to them,—as all like him always do. The highest Gospel he preached we may describe as a kind of Moral Prudence: 'in a world where much is to be done, and little is to be known,' see how you will *do* it! A thing well worth preaching. 'A world where much is to be done, and little is to be known:' do not sink yourselves in boundless bottomless abysses of Doubt, of wretched god-forgetting Unbelief;—you were miserable then, powerless, mad: how could you *do* or work at all? Such Gospel Johnson preached and taught;—coupled, theoretically and practically, with this other great Gospel, 'Clear your mind of Cant!' Have no trade with Cant: stand on the cold mud in the frosty weather, but let it be in your own *real* torn shoes: 'that will be better for you,' as Mahomet says! I call this, I call these two things *joined together*, a great Gospel, the greatest perhaps that was possible at that time.

Johnson's Writings, which once had such currency and celebrity, are now, as it were, disowned by the young generation. It is not wonderful; Johnson's opinions are fast becoming obsolete: but his style of thinking and of living, we may hope, will never become obsolete. I find in Johnson's Books the indisputablest traces of a great intellect and great heart; — ever welcome, under what obstructions and perversions soever. They are *sincere* words, those of his; he means things by them. A wondrous buckram style, — the best he could get to then; a measured grandiloquence, stepping or rather stalking along in a very solemn way, grown obsolete now; sometimes a tumid *size* of phraseology not in proportion to the contents of it: all this you will put-up with. For the phraseology, tumid or not, has always *something within it.* So many beautiful styles and books, with *nothing* in them; — a man is a *male*factor to the world who writes such! *They* are the avoidable kind! — Had Johnson left nothing but his *Dictionary*, one might have traced there a great intellect, a genuine man. Looking to its clearness of definition, its general solidity, honesty, insight and successful method, it may be called the best of all Dictionaries. There is in it a kind of architectural nobleness; it stands there like a great solid square-built edifice, finished, symmetrically complete: you judge that a true Builder did it.

One word, in spite of our haste, must be granted to poor Bozzy. He passes for a mean, inflated, gluttonous creature; and was so in many senses. Yet the fact of his reverence for Johnson will ever remain noteworthy. The foolish conceited Scotch Laird, the most conceited man of his time, approaching in such awestruck attitude the great dusty irascible Pedagogue in his mean garret there: it is a genuine reverence for Excellence; a *worship* for Heroes, at a time when neither Heroes nor worship were surmised to exist. Heroes, it would seem, exist always, and a certain worship of them! We will also take the liberty to deny altogether that of the witty Frenchman, that no man is a Hero to his valet-de-chambre. Or if so, it is not the Hero's blame, but the Valet's: that his soul, namely, is a mean *valet*-soul! He expects his Hero to advance in royal stage-trappings, with measured step, trains borne

behind him, trumpets sounding before him. It should stand rather, No man can be a *Grand-Monarque* to his valet-de-chambre. Strip your Louis Quatorze of his king-gear, and there *is* left nothing but a poor forked raddish with a head fantastically carved ;—admirable to no valet. The Valet does not know a Hero when he sees him! Alas, no: it requires a kind of *Hero* to do that ;—and one of the world's wants, in *this* as in other senses, is for most part want of such.

On the whole, shall we not say, that Boswell's admiration was well bestowed ; that he could have found no soul in all England so worthy of bending down before ? Shall we not say, of this great mournful Johnson too, that he guided his difficult confused existence wisely ; led it *well*, like a right-valiant man? That waste chaos of Authorship by trade ; that waste chaos of Scepticism in religion and politics, in life-theory and life-practice ; in his poverty, in his dust and dimness, with the sick body and the rusty coat : he made it do for him, like a brave man. Not wholly without a loadstar in the Eternal ; he had still a loadstar, as the brave all need to have : with his eye set on that, he would change his course for nothing in these confused vortices of the lower sea of Time. 'To the Spirit of Lies, ' bearing death and hunger, he would in no wise strike his ' flag.' Brave old Samuel : *ultimus Romanorum!*

Of Rousseau and his Heroism I cannot say so much. He is not what I call a strong man. A morbid, excitable, spasmodic man ; at best, intense rather than strong. He had not ' the talent of Silence,' an invaluable talent; which few Frenchmen, or indeed men of any sort in these times, excel in ! The suffering man ought really ' to consume his own smoke ;' there is no good in emitting *smoke* till you have made it into *fire*,—which, in the metaphorical sense too, all smoke is capable of becoming ! Rousseau has not depth or width, not calm force for difficulty ; the first characteristic of true greatness. A fundamental mistake to call vehemence and rigidity strength! A man is not strong who takes convulsion-fits ; though six men cannot hold him then. He that can walk under the heaviest weight without staggering, he is the strong man. We need

forever, especially in these loud-shrieking days, to remind ourselves of that. A man who cannot *hold his peace*, till the time come for speaking and acting, is no right man.

Poor Rousseau's face is to me expressive of him. A high but narrow contracted intensity in it: bony brows; deep, strait-set eyes, in which there is something bewildered-looking,—bewildered, peering with lynx-eagerness. A face full of misery, even ignoble misery, and also of the antagonism against that; something mean, plebeian there, redeemed only by *intensity:* the face of what is called a Fanatic,—a sadly *contracted* Hero! We name him here because, with all his drawbacks, and they are many, he has the first and chief characteristic of a Hero: he is heartily *in earnest.* In earnest, if ever man was; as none of these French Philosophes were. Nay, one would say, of an earnestness too great for his otherwise sensitive, rather feeble nature; and which indeed in the end drove him into the strangest incoherences, almost delirations. There had come, at last, to be a kind of madness in him: his Ideas *possessed* him like demons; hurried him so about, drove him over steep places!—

The fault and misery of Rousseau was what we easily name by a single word, *Egoism;* which is indeed the source and summary of all faults and miseries whatsoever. He had not perfected himself into victory over mere Desire; a mean Hunger, in many sorts, was still the motive principle of him. I am afraid he was a very vain man; hungry for the praises of men. You remember Genlis's experience of him. She took Jean Jacques to the Theatre; he bargaining for a strict incognito,—"*He* would not be seen there for the world!" The curtain did happen nevertheless to be drawn aside: the Pit recognised Jean Jacques, but took no great notice of him! He expressed the bitterest indignation; gloomed all evening, spake no other than surly words. The glib Countess remained entirely convinced that his anger was not at being seen, but at not being applauded when seen. How the whole nature of the man is poisoned; nothing but suspicion, self-isolation, fierce moody ways! He could not live with anybody. A man of some rank from the country, who visited him often, and used to sit with him, expressing all reverence and affection for him, comes one day

finds Jean Jacques full of the sourest unintelligible humour. "Monsieur," said Jean Jacques, with flaming eyes, "I know why you come here. You come to see what a poor life I lead; how little is in my poor pot that is boiling there. Well, look into the pot! There is half a pound of meat, one carrot and three onions; that is all: go and tell the whole world that, if you like, Monsieur!"—A man of this sort was far gone. The whole world got itself supplied with anecdotes, for light laughter, for a certain theatrical interest, from these perversions and contortions of poor Jean Jacques. Alas, to him they were not laughing or theatrical; too real to him! The contortions of a dying gladiator: the crowded amphitheatre looks-on with entertainment; but the gladiator is in agonies and dying.

And yet this Rousseau, as we say, with his passionate appeals to Mothers, with his *Contrat-social*, with his celebrations of Nature, even of savage life in Nature, did once more touch upon Reality, struggle towards Reality; was doing the function of a Prophet to his Time. As *he* could, and as the Time could! Strangely through all that defacement, degradation and almost madness, there is in the inmost heart of poor Rousseau a spark of real heavenly fire. Once more, out of the element of that withered mocking Philosophism, Scepticism and Persiflage, there has arisen in this man the ineradicable feeling and knowledge that this Life of ours is *true;* not a Scepticism, Theorem, or Persiflage, but a Fact, an awful Reality. Nature had made that revelation to him; had ordered him to speak it out. He got it spoken out; if not well and clearly, then ill and dimly,—as clearly as he could. Nay what are all errors and perversities of his, even those stealings of ribbons, aimless confused miseries and vagabondisms, if we will interpret them kindly, but the blinkard dazzlement and staggerings to and fro of a man sent on an errand he is too weak for, by a path he cannot yet find? Men are led by strange ways. One should have tolerance for a man, hope of him; leave him to try yet what he will do. While life lasts, hope lasts for every man.

Of Rousseau's literary talents, greatly celebrated still among his countrymen, I do not say much. His Books, like himself, are what I call unhealthy; not the good sort of Books. There is a sensuality in Rousseau. Combined with such an intellectual

gift as his, it makes pictures of a certain gorgeous attractiveness: but they are not genuinely poetical. Not white sunlight: something *operatic;* a kind of rosepink, artificial bedizenment. It is frequent, or rather it is universal, among the French since his time. Madame de Staël has something of it; St. Pierre; and down onwards to the present astonishing convulsionary 'Literature of Desperation,' it is everywhere abundant. That same *rosepink* is not the right hue. Look at a Shakspeare, at a Goethe, even at a Walter Scott! He who has once seen into this, has seen the difference of the True from the Sham-True, and will discriminate them ever afterwards.

We had to observe in Johnson how much good a Prophet, under all disadvantages and disorganisations, can accomplish for the world. In Rousseau we are called to look rather at the fearful amount of evil which, under such disorganisation, may accompany the good. Historically it is a most pregnant spectacle, that of Rousseau. Banished into Paris garrets, in the gloomy company of his own Thoughts and Necessities there; driven from post to pillar; fretted, exasperated till the heart of him went mad, he had grown to feel deeply that the world was not his friend nor the world's law. It was expedient, if anyway possible, that such a man should *not* have been set in flat hostility with the world. He could be cooped into garrets, laughed at as a maniac, left to starve like a wild-beast in his cage;—but he could not be hindered from setting the world on fire. The French Revolution found its Evangelist in Rousseau. His semi-delirious speculations on the miseries of civilised life, the preferability of the savage to the civilised, and suchlike, helped well to produce a whole delirium in France generally. True, you may well ask, What could the world, the governors of the world, do with such a man? Difficult to say what the governors of the world could do with him! What he could do with them is unhappily clear enough,—*guillotine* a great many of them! Enough now of Rousseau.

It was a curious phenomenon, in the withered, unbelieving, secondhand Eighteenth Century, that of a Hero starting up, among the artificial pasteboard figures and productions, in the

guise of a Robert Burns. Like a little well in the rocky desert places,—like a sudden splendour of Heaven in the artificial Vauxhall! People knew not what to make of it. They took it for a piece of the Vauxhall fire-work; alas, it *let* itself be so taken, though struggling half-blindly, as in bitterness of death, against that! Perhaps no man had such a false reception from his fellow-men. Once more a very wasteful life-drama was enacted under the sun.

The tragedy of Burns's life is known to all of you. Surely we may say, if discrepancy between place held and place merited constitute perverseness of lot for a man, no lot could be more perverse than Burns's. Among those secondhand acting-figures, *mimes* for most part, of the Eighteenth Century, once more a giant Original Man; one of those men who reach down to the perennial Deeps, who take rank with the Heroic among men: and he was born in a poor Ayrshire hut. The largest soul of all the British lands came among us in the shape of a hard-handed Scottish Peasant.

His Father, a poor toiling man, tried various things; did not succeed in any; was involved in continual difficulties. The Steward, Factor as the Scotch call him, used to send letters and threatenings, Burns says, 'which threw us all into tears.' The brave, hard-toiling, hard-suffering Father, his brave heroine of a wife; and those children, of whom Robert was one! In this Earth, so wide otherwise, no shelter for *them*. The letters 'threw us all into tears:' figure it. The brave Father, I say always;—a *silent* Hero and Poet; without whom the son had never been a speaking one! Burns's Schoolmaster came afterwards to London, learnt what good society was; but declares that in no meeting of men did he ever enjoy better discourse than at the hearth of this peasant. And his poor 'seven acres of nursery-ground,'—not that, nor the miserable patch of clay-farm, nor anything he tried to get a living by, would prosper with him; he had a sore unequal battle all his days. But he stood to it valiantly; a wise, faithful, unconquerable man;—swallowing-down how many sore sufferings daily into silence; fighting like an unseen Hero,—nobody publishing newspaper paragraphs about his nobleness; voting pieces of plate to him! However, he was not lost: nothing is lost. Robert is there;

the outcome of him,—and indeed of many generations of such as him.

This Burns appeared under every disadvantage: uninstructed, poor, born only to hard manual toil; and writing, when it came to that, in a rustic special dialect, known only to a small province of the country he lived in. Had he written, even what he did write, in the general language of England, I doubt not he had already become universally recognised as being, or capable to be, one of our greatest men. That he should have tempted so many to penetrate through the rough husk of that dialect of his, is proof that there lay something far from common within it. He has gained a certain recognition, and is continuing to do so over all quarters of our wide Saxon world: wheresoever a Saxon dialect is spoken, it begins to be understood, by personal inspection of this and the other, that one of the most considerable Saxon men of the Eighteenth century was an Ayrshire Peasant named Robert Burns. Yes, I will say, here too was a piece of the right Saxon stuff: strong as the Harz-rock, rooted in the depths of the world;—rock, yet with wells of living softness in it! A wild impetuous whirlwind of passion and faculty slumbered quiet there; such heavenly *melody* dwelling in the heart of it. A noble rough genuineness; homely, rustic, honest; true simplicity of strength; with its lightning-fire, with its soft dewy pity;—like the old Norse Thor, the Peasant-god!—

Burns's Brother Gilbert, a man of much sense and worth, has told me that Robert, in his young days, in spite of their hardship, was usually the gayest of speech; a fellow of infinite frolic, laughter, sense and heart; far pleasanter to hear there, stript cutting peats in the bog, or suchlike, than he ever afterwards knew him. I can well believe it. This basis of mirth ('*fond gaillard*,' as old Marquis Mirabeau calls it), a primal element of sunshine and joyfulness, coupled with his other deep and earnest qualities, is one of the most attractive characteristics of Burns. A large fund of Hope dwells in him; spite of his tragical history, he is not a mourning man. He shakes his sorrows gallantly aside; bounds forth victorious over them. It is as the lion shaking 'dew-drops from his mane;' as the swift-bounding horse, that *laughs* at the shaking of the spear.—But

indeed, Hope, Mirth, of the sort like Burns's, are they not the outcome properly of warm generous affection,—such as is the beginning of all to every man?

You would think it strange if I called Burns the most gifted British soul we had in all that century of his: and yet I believe the day is coming when there will be little danger in saying so. His writings, all that he *did* under such obstructions, are only a poor fragment of him. Professor Stewart remarked very justly, what indeed is true of all Poets good for much, that his poetry was not any particular faculty; but the general result of a naturally vigorous original mind expressing itself in that way. Burns's gifts, expressed in conversation, are the theme of all that ever heard him. All kinds of gifts: from the gracefulest utterances of courtesy, to the highest fire of passionate speech; loud floods of mirth, soft wailings of affection, laconic emphasis, clear piercing insight; all was in him. Witty duchesses celebrate him as a man whose speech 'led them off their feet.' This is beautiful: but still more beautiful that which Mr. Lockhart has recorded, which I have more than once alluded to, How the waiters and ostlers at inns would get out of bed, and come crowding to hear this man speak! Waiters and ostlers:—they too were men, and here was a man! I have heard much about his speech; but one of the best things I ever heard of it was, last year, from a venerable gentleman long familiar with him. That it was speech distinguished by always *having something in it.* "He spoke rather little than much," this old man told me; "sat rather silent in those early days, as in the company of persons above him; and always when he did speak, it was to throw new light on the matter." I know not why any one should ever speak otherwise!—But if we look at his general force of soul, his healthy *robustness* everyway, the rugged downrightness, penetration, generous valour and manfulness that was in him,—where shall we readily find a better-gifted man?

Among the great men of the Eighteenth Century, I sometimes feel as if Burns might be found to resemble Mirabeau more than any other. They differ widely in vesture; yet look at them intrinsically. There is the same burly thick-necked strength of body as of soul;—built, in both cases, on what the

old Marquis calls a *fond gaillard*. By nature, by course of breeding, indeed by nation, Mirabeau has much more of bluster; a noisy, forward, unresting man. But the characteristic of Mirabeau too is veracity and sense, power of true *insight*, superiority of vision. The thing that he says is worth remembering. It is a flash of insight into some object or other: so do both these men speak. The same raging passions; capable too in both of manifesting themselves as the tenderest noble affections. Wit, wild laughter, energy, directness, sincerity: these were in both. The types of the two men are not dissimilar. Burns too could have governed, debated in National Assemblies; politicised, as few could. Alas, the courage which had to exhibit itself in capture of smuggling schooners in the Solway Frith; in keeping *silence* over so much, where no good speech, but only inarticulate rage was possible: this might have bellowed forth Ushers de Brézé and the like; and made itself visible to all men, in managing of kingdoms, in ruling of great ever-memorable epochs! But they said to him reprovingly, his Official Superiors said, and wrote: 'You are to work, not think.' Of your *thinking*-faculty, the greatest in this land, we have no need; you are to gauge beer there; for that only are *you* wanted. Very notable;—and worth mentioning, though we know what is to be said and answered! As if Thought, Power of Thinking, were not, at all times, in all places and situations of the world, precisely the thing that *was* wanted. The fatal man, is he not always the *un*thinking man, the man who cannot think and *see;* but only grope, and hallucinate, and *mis*see the nature of the thing he works with? He missees it, mis*takes* it as we say; takes it for one thing, and it *is* another thing,—and leaves him standing like a Futility there! He is the fatal man; unutterably fatal, put in the high places of men. —"Why complain of this?" say some: "Strength is mournfully denied its arena; that was true from of old." Doubtless; and the worse for the *arena*, answer I! *Complaining* profits little; stating of the truth may profit. That a Europe, with its French Revolution just breaking out, finds no need of a Burns except for gauging beer,—is a thing I, for one, cannot *rejoice* at!—

Once more we have to say here, that the chief quality of

Burns is the *sincerity* of him. So in his Poetry, so in his Life. The Song he sings is not of fantasticalities; it is of a thing felt, really there; the prime merit of this, as of all in him, and of his Life generally, is truth. The Life of Burns is what we may call a great tragic sincerity. A sort of savage sincerity,—not cruel, far from that; but wild, wrestling naked with the truth of things. In that sense, there is something of the savage in all great men.

Hero-worship,—Odin, Burns? Well; these Men of Letters too were not without a kind of Hero-worship: but what a strange condition has that got into now! The waiters and ostlers of Scotch inns, prying about the door, eager to catch any word that fell from Burns, were doing unconscious reverence to the Heroic. Johnson had his Boswell for worshipper. Rousseau had worshippers enough; princes calling on him in his mean garret; the great, the beautiful doing reverence to the poor moonstruck man. For himself a most portentous contradiction; the two ends of his life not to be brought into harmony. He sits at the tables of grandees; and has to copy music for his own living. He cannot even get his music copied. "By dint of dining out," says he, "I run the risk of dying by starvation at home." For his worshippers too a most questionable thing! If doing Hero-worship well or badly be the test of vital wellbeing or illbeing to a generation, can we say that *these* generations are very first-rate?—And yet our heroic Men of Letters do teach, govern, are kings, priests, or what you like to call them; intrinsically there is no preventing it by any means whatever. The world *has* to obey him who thinks and sees in the world. The world can alter the manner of that; can either have it as blessed continuous summer sunshine, or as unblessed black thunder and tornado,—with unspeakable difference of profit for the world! The manner of it is very alterable; the matter and fact of it is not alterable by any power under the sky. Light; or, failing that, lightning: the world can take its choice. Not whether we call an Odin god, prophet, priest, or what we call him; but whether we believe the word he tells us: there it all lies. If it be a true word, we shall have to believe it; believing it, we shall have to do it. What *name* or welcome we give him or it, is a point that concerns ourselves mainly.

It, the new Truth, new deeper revealing of the Secret of this Universe, is verily of the nature of a message from on high; and must and will have itself obeyed.—

My last remark is on that notablest phasis of Burns's history,—his visit to Edinburgh. Often it seems to me as if his demeanour there were the highest proof he gave of what a fund of worth and genuine manhood was in him. If we think of it, few heavier burdens could be laid on the strength of a man. So sudden; all common *Lionism*, which ruins innumerable men, was as nothing to this. It is as if Napoleon had been made a King of, not gradually, but at once from the Artillery Lieutenancy in the Regiment La Fère. Burns, still only in his twenty-seventh year, is no longer even a ploughman; he is flying to the West Indies to escape disgrace and a jail. This month he is a ruined peasant, his wages seven pounds a year, and these gone from him: next month he is in the blaze of rank and beauty, handing down jewelled Duchesses to dinner; the cynosure of all eyes! Adversity is sometimes hard upon a man; but for one man who can stand prosperity, there are a hundred that will stand adversity. I admire much the way in which Burns met all this. Perhaps no man one could point out, was ever so sorely tried, and so little forgot himself. Tranquil, unastonished; not abashed, not inflated, neither awkwardness nor affectation: he feels that *he* there is the man Robert Burns; that the 'rank is but the guinea-stamp;' that the celebrity is but the candle-light, which will show *what* man, not in the least make him a better or other man! Alas, it may readily, unless he look to it, make him a *worse* man; a wretched inflated windbag,—inflated till he *burst*, and become a *dead* lion; for whom, as some one has said, 'there is no resurrection of the body;' worse than a living dog!—Burns is admirable here.

And yet, alas, as I have observed elsewhere, these Lion-hunters were the ruin and death of Burns. It was they that rendered it impossible for him to live! They gathered round him in his Farm; hindered his industry; no place was remote enough from them. He could not get his Lionism forgotten, honestly as he was disposed to do so. He falls into discontents, into miseries, faults; the world getting ever more desolate for him; health, character, peace of mind all gone;—solitary

enough now. It is tragical to think of! These men came but to *see* him; it was out of no sympathy with him, nor no hatred to him. They came to get a little amusement: they got their amusement;—and the Hero's life went for it!

Richter says, in the Island of Sumatra there is a kind of 'Light-chafers,' large Fire-flies, which people stick upon spits, and illuminate the ways with at night. Persons of condition can thus travel with a pleasant radiance, which they much admire. Great honour to the Fire-flies! But—!—

LECTURE VI.

THE HERO AS KING. CROMWELL, NAPOLEON: MODERN REVOLUTIONISM.

[Friday, 22d May 1840.]

We come now to the last form of Heroism; that which we call Kingship. The Commander over Men; he to whose will our wills are to be subordinated, and loyally surrender themselves, and find their welfare in doing so, may be reckoned the most important of Great Men. He is practically the summary for us of *all* the various figures of Heroism; Priest, Teacher, whatsoever of earthly or of spiritual dignity we can fancy to reside in a man, embodies itself here, to *command* over us, to furnish us with constant practical teaching, to tell us for the day and hour what we are to *do*. He is called *Rex*, Regulator, *Roi:* our own name is still better; King, *Könning*, which means *Can*-ning, Able-man.

Numerous considerations, pointing towards deep, questionable, and indeed unfathomable regions, present themselves here: on the most of which we must resolutely for the present forbear to speak at all. As Burke said that perhaps fair *Trial by Jury* was the soul of Government, and that all legislation, administration, parliamentary debating, and the rest of it, went on, in 'order to bring twelve impartial men into a jury-box;'—so, by much stronger reason, may I say here, that the finding of your *Ableman* and getting him invested with the *symbols of ability*, with dignity, worship (*worth*-ship), royalty, kinghood, or whatever we call it, so that *he* may actually have room to guide according to his faculty of doing it,—is the business, well or ill accomplished, of all social procedure whatsoever in this

world! Hustings-speeches, Parliamentary motions, Reform Bills, French Revolutions, all mean at heart this; or else nothing. Find in any country the Ablest Man that exists there; raise *him* to the supreme place, and loyally reverence him: you have a perfect government for that country; no ballot-box, parliamentary eloquence, voting, constitution-building, or other machinery whatsoever can improve it a whit. It is in the perfect state; an ideal country. The Ablest Man; he means also the truest-hearted, justest, the Noblest Man: what he *tells us to do* must be precisely the wisest, fittest, that we could anywhere or anyhow learn;—the thing which it will in all ways behove us, with right loyal thankfulness, and nothing doubting, to do! Our *doing* and life were then, so far as government could regulate it, well regulated; that were the ideal of constitutions.

Alas, we know very well that Ideals can never be completely embodied in practice. Ideals must ever lie a very great way off; and we will right thankfully content ourselves with any not intolerable approximation thereto! Let no man, as Schiller says, too querulously 'measure by a scale of perfection the meagre product of reality' in this poor world of ours. We will esteem him no wise man; we will esteem him a sickly, discontented, foolish man. And yet, on the other hand, it is never to be forgotten that Ideals do exist; that if they be not approximated to at all, the whole matter goes to wreck! Infallibly. No bricklayer builds a wall *perfectly* perpendicular, mathematically this is not possible; a certain degree of perpendicularity suffices him; and he, like a good bricklayer, who must have done with his job, leaves it so. And yet if he sway *too much* from the perpendicular; above all, if he throw plummet and level quite away from him, and pile brick on brick heedless, just as it comes to hand—! Such bricklayer, I think, is in a bad way. *He* has forgotten himself: but the Law of Gravitation does not forget to act on him; he and his wall rush-down into confused welter of ruin!—

This is the history of all rebellions, French Revolutions, social explosions in ancient or modern times. You have put the too *Un*able Man at the head of affairs! The too ignoble, unvaliant, fatuous man. You have forgotten that there is any rule, or natural necessity whatever, of putting the Able Man

there. Brick must lie on brick as it may and can. Unable Simulacrum of Ability, *quack*, in a word, must adjust himself with quack, in all manner of administration of human things; —which accordingly lie unadministered, fermenting into unmeasured masses of failure, of indigent misery: in the outward, and in the inward or spiritual, miserable millions stretch-out the hand for their due supply, and it is not there. The 'law of gravitation' acts; Nature's laws do none of them forget to act. The miserable millions burst-forth into Sansculottism, or some other sort of madness: bricks and bricklayer lie as a fatal chaos!—

Much sorry stuff, written some hundred years ago or more, about the 'Divine right of Kings,' moulders unread now in the Public Libraries of this country. Far be it from us to disturb the calm process by which it it disappearing harmlessly from the earth, in those repositories! At the same time, not to let the immense rubbish go without leaving us, as it ought, some soul of it behind—I will say that it did mean something; something true, which it is important for us and all men to keep in mind. To assert that in whatever man you chose to lay hold of (by this or the other plan of clutching at him); and clapt a round piece of metal on the head of, and called King,—there straightway came to reside a divine virtue, so that *he* became a kind of god, and a Divinity inspired him with faculty and right to rule over you to all lengths: this,—what can we do with this but leave it to rot silently in the Public Libraries? But I will say withal, and that is what these Divine-right men meant, That in Kings, and in all human Authorities, and relations that men god-created can form among each other, there is verily either a Divine Right or else a Diabolic Wrong; one or the other of these two! For it is false altogether, what the last Sceptical Century taught us, that this world is a steam-engine. There is a God in this world; and a God's-sanction, or else the violation of such, does look-out from all ruling and obedience, from all moral acts of men. There is no act more moral between men than that of rule and obedience. Woe to him that claims obedience when it is not due; woe to him that refuses it when it is! God's law is in that, I say, however the Parchment-laws may run: there is a Divine Right or else a

Diabolic Wrong at the heart of every claim that one man makes upon another.

It can do none of us harm to reflect on this: in all the relations of life it will concern us; in Loyalty and Royalty, the highest of these. I esteem the modern error, That all goes by self-interest and the checking and balancing of greedy knaveries, and that, in short, there is nothing divine whatever in the association of men, a still more despicable error, natural as it is to an unbelieving century, than that of a 'divine right' in people *called* Kings. I say, Find me the true *Könning*, King, or Able-man, and he *has* a divine right over me. That we knew in some tolerable measure how to find him, and that all men were ready to acknowledge his divine right when found: this is precisely the healing which a sick world is everywhere, in these ages, seeking after! The true King, as guide of the practical, has ever something of the Pontiff in him,—guide of the spiritual, from which all practice has its rise. This too is a true saying, That the *King* is head of the *Church*.—But we will leave the Polemic stuff of a dead century to lie quiet on its bookshelves.

Certainly it is a fearful business, that of having your Able-man to *seek*, and not knowing in what manner to proceed about it! That is the world's sad predicament in these times of ours. They are times of revolution, and have long been. The bricklayer with his bricks, no longer heedful of plummet or the law of gravitation, have toppled, tumbled, and it all welters as we see! But the beginning of it was not the French Revolution; that is rather the *end*, we can hope. It were truer to say, the *beginning* was three centuries farther back: in the Reformation of Luther. That the thing which still called itself Christian Church had become a Falsehood, and brazenly went about pretending to pardon men's sins for metallic coined money, and to do much else which in the everlasting truth of Nature it did *not* now do: here lay the vital malady. The inward being wrong, all outward went ever more and more wrong. Belief died away; all was Doubt, Disbelief. The builder *cast away* his plummet; said to himself, "What is gravitation? Brick lies on brick there!" Alas, does it not still sound strange to many of us, the assertion that there *is* a God's-truth in the busi-

ness of god-created men; that all is not a kind of grimace, an 'expediency,' diplomacy, one knows not what!—

From that first necessary assertion of Luther's, "You, self-styled *Papa*, you are no Father in God at all; you are—a Chimera, whom I know not how to name in polite language!" —from that onwards to the shout which rose round Camille Desmoulins in the Palais-Royal, "*Aux armes!*" when the people had burst-up against *all* manner of Chimeras,—I find a natural historical sequence. That shout too, so frightful, half-infernal, was a great matter. Once more the voice of awakened nations;—starting confusedly, as out of nightmare, as out of death-sleep, into some dim feeling that Life was real; that God's-world was not an expediency and diplomacy! Infernal;—yes, since they would not have it otherwise. Infernal, since not celestial or terrestrial! Hollowness, insincerity *has* to cease; sincerity of some sort has to begin. Cost what it may, reigns of terror, horrors of French Revolution or what else, we have to return to truth. Here is a Truth, as I said: a Truth clad in hellfire, since they would not but have it so!—

A common theory among considerable parties of men in England and elsewhere used to be, that the French Nation had, in those days, as it were gone *mad;* that the French Revolution was a general act of insanity, a temporary conversion of France and large sections of the world into a kind of Bedlam. The Event had risen and raged; but was a madness and nonentity,—gone now happily into the region of Dreams and the Picturesque!—To such comfortable philosophers, the Three Days of July 1830 must have been a surprising phenomenon. Here is the French Nation risen again, in musketry and death-struggle, out shooting and being shot, to make that same mad French Revolution good! The sons and grandsons of those men, it would seem, persist in the enterprise: they do not disown it; they will have it made good; will have themselves shot, if it be not made good! To philosophers who had made-up their life-system on that 'madness' quietus, no phenomenon could be more alarming. Poor Niebuhr, they say, the Prussian Professor and Historian, fell broken-hearted in consequence; sickened, if we can believe it, and died of the Three Days! It was surely not a very heroic death;—little better

than Racine's, dying because Louis Fourteenth looked sternly on him once. The world had stood some considerable shocks, in its time; might have been expected to survive the Three Days too, and be found turning on its axis after even them! The Three Days told all mortals that the old French Revolution, mad as it might look, was not a transitory ebullition of Bedlam, but a genuine product of this Earth where we all live; that it was verily a Fact, and that the world in general would do well everywhere to regard it as such.

Truly, without the French Revolution, one would not know what to make of an age like this at all. We will hail the French Revolution, as shipwrecked mariners might the sternest rock, in a world otherwise all of baseless sea and waves. A true Apocalypse, though a terrible one, to this false withered artificial time; testifying once more that Nature is *preter*natural; if not divine, then diabolic; that Semblance is not Reality; that it has to become Reality, or the world will take fire under it,—burn *it* into what it is, namely Nothing! Plausibility has ended; empty Routine has ended; much has ended. This, as with a Trump of Doom, has been proclaimed to all men. They are the wisest who will learn it soonest. Long confused generations before it be learned; peace impossible till it be! The earnest man, surrounded, as ever, with a world of inconsistencies, can await patiently, patiently strive to do *his* work, in the midst of that. Sentence of Death is written down in Heaven against all that; sentence of Death is now proclaimed on the Earth against it: this he with his eyes may see. And surely, I should say, considering the other side of the matter, what enormous difficulties lie there, and how fast, fearfully fast, in all countries, the inexorable demand for solution of them is pressing on,—he may easily find other work to do than labouring in the Sansculottic province at this time of day!

To me, in these circumstances, that of 'Hero-worship' becomes a fact inexpressibly precious; the most solacing fact one sees in the world at present. There is an everlasting hope in it for the management of the world. Had all traditions, arrangements, creeds, societies that men ever instituted, sunk away, this would remain. The certainty of Heroes being sent

us; our faculty, our necessity, to reverence Heroes when sent: it shines like a polestar through smoke-clouds, dust-clouds, and all manner of down-rushing and conflagration.

Hero-worship would have sounded very strange to those workers and fighters in the French Revolution. Not reverence for Great Men; not any hope or belief, or even wish, that Great Men could again appear in the world! Nature, turned into a 'Machine,' was as if effete now; could not any longer produce Great Men:—I can tell her, she may give-up the trade altogether, then; we cannot do without Great Men!—But neither have I any quarrel with that of 'Liberty and Equality;' with the faith that, wise great men being impossible, a level immensity of foolish small men would suffice. It was a natural faith then and there. "Liberty and Equality; no Authority needed any longer. Hero-worship, reverence for *such* Authorities, has proved false, is itself a falsehood; no more of it! We have had such *forgeries*, we will now trust nothing. So many base plated coins passing in the market, the belief has now become common that no gold any longer exists,—and even that we can do very well without gold!" I find this, among other things, in that universal cry of Liberty and Equality; and find it very natural, as matters then stood.

And yet surely it is but the *transition* from false to true. Considered as the whole truth, it is false altogether;—the product of entire sceptical blindness, as yet only *struggling* to see. Hero-worship exists forever, and everywhere: not Loyalty alone; it extends from divine adoration down to the lowest practical regions of life. 'Bending before men,' if it is not to be a mere empty grimace, better dispensed with than practised, is Hero-worship,—a recognition that there does dwell in that presence of our brother something divine; that every created man, as Novalis said, is a 'revelation in the Flesh.' They were Poets too, that devised all those graceful courtesies which make life noble! Courtesy is not a falsehood or grimace; it need not be such. And Loyalty, religious Worship itself, are still possible; nay still inevitable.

May we not say, moreover, while so many of our late Heroes have worked rather as revolutionary men, that nevertheless every Great Man, every genuine man, is by the nature

of him a son of Order, not of Disorder? It is a tragical position for a true man to work in revolutions. He seems an anarchist; and indeed a painful element of anarchy does encumber him at every step,—him to whose whole soul anarchy is hostile, hateful. His mission is Order; every man's is. He is here to make what was disorderly, chaotic, into a thing ruled, regular. He is the missionary of Order. Is not all work of man in this world a *making of Order?* The carpenter finds rough trees; shapes them, constrains them into square fitness, into purpose and use. We are all born enemies of Disorder: it is tragical for us all to be concerned in image-breaking and down-pulling; for the Great Man, *more* a man than we, it is doubly tragical.

Thus too all human things, maddest French Sansculottisms, do and must work towards Order. I say, there is not a *man* in them, raging in the thickest of the madness, but is impelled withal, at all moments, towards Order. His very life means that; Disorder is dissolution, death. No chaos but it seeks a *centre* to revolve round. While man is man, some Cromwell or Napoleon is the necessary finish of a Sansculottism.—Curious: in those days when Hero-worship was the most incredible thing to every one, how it does come-out nevertheless, and assert itself practically, in a way which all have to credit. Divine *right*, take it on the great scale, is found to mean divine *might* withal! While old false Formulas are getting trampled everywhere into destruction, new genuine Substances unexpectedly unfold themselves indestructible. In rebellious ages, when Kingship itself seems dead and abolished, Cromwell, Napoleon step-forth again as Kings. The history of these men is what we have now to look at, as our last phasis of Heroism. The old ages are brought back to us; the manner in which Kings were made, and Kingship itself first took rise, is again exhibited in the history of these Two.

We have had many civil-wars in England; wars of Red and White Roses, wars of Simon de Montfort; wars enough, which are not very memorable. But that war of the Puritans has a significance which belongs to no one of the others. Trusting to your candour, which will suggest on the other side what I

have not room to say, I will call it a section once more of that great universal war which alone makes-up the true History of the World,—the war of Belief against Unbelief! The struggle of men intent on the real essence of things, against men intent on the semblances and forms of things. The Puritans, to many, seem mere savage Iconoclasts, fierce destroyers of Forms; but it were more just to call them haters of *untrue* Forms. I hope we know how to respect Laud and his King as well as them. Poor Laud seems to me to have been weak and ill-starred, not dishonest; an unfortunate Pedant rather than anything worse. His 'Dreams' and superstitions, at which they laugh so, have an affectionate, lovable kind of character. He is like a College-Tutor, whose whole world is forms, College-rules; whose notion is that these are the life and safety of the world. He is placed suddenly, with that unalterable luckless notion of his, at the head not of a College but of a Nation, to regulate the most complex deep-reaching interests of men. He thinks they ought to go by the old decent regulations; nay that their salvation will lie in extending and improving these. Like a weak man, he drives with spasmodic vehemence towards his purpose; cramps himself to it, heeding no voice of prudence, no cry of pity: He will have his College-rules obeyed by his Collegians; that first; and till that, nothing. He is an ill-starred Pedant, as I said. He would have it the world was a College of that kind, and the world *was not* that. Alas, was not his doom stern enough? Whatever wrongs he did, were they not all frightfully avenged on him?

It is meritorious to insist on forms; Religion and all else naturally clothes itself in forms. Everywhere the *formed* world is the only habitable one. The naked formlessness of Puritanism is not the thing I praise in the Puritans; it is the thing I pity,—praising only the spirit which had rendered that inevitable! All substances clothe themselves in forms: but there are suitable true forms, and then there are untrue unsuitable. As the briefest definition, one might say, Forms which *grow* round a substance, if we rightly understand that, will correspond to the real nature and purport of it, will be true, good; forms which are consciously *put* round a substance, bad. I invite you to reflect on this. It distinguishes true from false in

Ceremonial Form, earnest solemnity from empty pageant, in all human things.

There must be a veracity, a natural spontaneity in forms. In the commonest meeting of men, a person making, what we call, 'set speeches,' is not he an offence? In the mere drawing-room, whatsoever courtesies you see to be grimaces, prompted by no spontaneous reality within, are a thing you wish to get away from. But suppose now it were some matter of vital concernment, some transcendent matter (as Divine Worship is), about which your whole soul, struck dumb with its excess of feeling, knew not how to *form* itself into utterance at all, and preferred formless silence to any utterance there possible,—what should we say of a man coming forward to represent or utter it for you in the way of upholsterer-mummery? Such a man,—let him depart swiftly, if he love himself! You have lost your only son; are mute, struck down, without even tears: an importunate man importunately offers to celebrate Funeral Games for him in the manner of the Greeks! Such mummery is not only not to be accepted,—it is hateful, unendurable. It is what the old Prophets called 'Idolatry,' worshipping of hollow *shows;* what all earnest men do and will reject. We can partly understand what those poor Puritans meant. Laud dedicating that St. Catherine Creed's Church, in the manner we have it described; with his multiplied ceremonial bowings, gesticulations, exclamations: surely it is rather the rigorous formal *Pedant*, intent on his 'College-rules,' than the earnest Prophet, intent on the essence of the matter!

Puritanism found *such* forms insupportable; trampled on such forms;—we have to excuse it for saying, No form at all rather than such! It stood preaching in its bare pulpit, with nothing but the Bible in its hand. Nay, a man preaching from his earnest *soul* into the earnest *souls* of men: is not this virtually the essence of all Churches whatsoever? The nakedest, savagest reality, I say, is preferable to any semblance, however dignified. Besides, it will clothe itself with *due* semblance by and by, if it be real. No fear of that; actually no fear at all. Given the living *man*, there will be found *clothes* for him; he will find himself clothes. But the suit-of-clothes pretending that *it* is both clothes and man—!—We cannot 'fight the French'

by three-hundred-thousand red uniforms; there must be *men* in the inside of them! Semblance, I assert, must actually *not* divorce itself from Reality. If Semblance do,—why then there must be men found to rebel against Semblance, for it has become a lie! These two Antagonisms at war here, in the case of Laud and the Puritans, are as old nearly as the world. They went to fierce battle over England in that age; and fought-out their confused controversy to a certain length, with many results for all of us.

In the age which directly followed that of the Puritans, their cause or themselves were little likely to have justice done them. Charles Second and his Rochesters were not the kind of men you would set to judge what the worth or meaning of such men might have been. That there could be any faith or truth in the life of a man, was what these poor Rochesters, and the age they ushered-in, had forgotten. Puritanism was hung on gibbets,—like the bones of the leading Puritans. Its work nevertheless went on accomplishing itself. All true work of a man, hang the author of it on what gibbet you like, must and will accomplish itself. We have our *Habeas-Corpus*, our free Representation of the People; acknowledgment, wide as the world, that all men are, or else must, shall, and will become, what we call *free* men;—men with their life grounded on reality and justice, not on tradition, which has become unjust and a chimera! This in part, and much besides this, was the work of the Puritans.

And indeed, as these things became gradually manifest, the character of the Puritans began to clear itself. Their memories were, one after another, taken *down* from the gibbet; nay a certain portion of them are now, in these days, as good as canonised. Eliot, Hampden, Pym, nay Ludlow, Hutchinson, Vane himself, are admitted to be a kind of Heroes; political Conscript Fathers, to whom in no small degree we owe what makes us a free England: it would not be safe for anybody to designate these men as wicked now. Few Puritans of note but find their apologists somewhere, and have a certain reverence paid them by earnest men. One Puritan, I think, and almost he alone, our poor Cromwell, seems to hang yet on the gibbet, and

find no hearty apologist anywhere. Him neither saint nor sinner will acquit of great wickedness. A man of ability, infinite talent, courage, and so forth: but he betrayed the Cause. Selfish ambition, dishonesty, duplicity; a fierce, coarse, hypocritical *Tartufe;* turning all that noble Struggle for constitutional Liberty into a sorry farce played for his own benefit: this and worse is the character they give of Cromwell. And then there come contrasts with Washington and others; above all, with these noble Pyms and Hampdens, whose noble work he stole for himself, and ruined into a futility and deformity.

This view of Cromwell seems to me the not unnatural product of a century like the Eighteenth. As we said of the Valet, so of the Sceptic: He does not know a Hero when he sees him! The Valet expected purple mantles, gilt sceptres, bodyguards and flourishes of trumpets: the Sceptic of the Eighteenth century looks for regulated respectable Formulas, 'Principles,' or what else he may call them; a style of speech and conduct which has got to seem 'respectable,' which can plead for itself in a handsome articulate manner, and gain the suffrages of an enlightened sceptical Eighteenth century! It is, at bottom, the same thing that both the Valet and he expect: the garnitures of some *acknowledged* royalty, which *then* they will acknowledge! The King coming to them in the rugged *un*formulistic state shall be no King.

For my own share, far be it from me to say or insinuate a word of disparagement against such characters as Hampden, Eliot, Pym; whom I believe to have been right worthy and useful men. I have read diligently what books and documents about them I could come at;—with the honestest wish to admire, to love and worship them like Heroes; but I am sorry to say, if the real truth must be told, with very indifferent success! At bottom, I found that it would not do. They are very noble men, these; step along in their stately way, with their measured euphemisms, philosophies, parliamentary eloquences, Ship-moneys, *Monarchies of Man;* a most constitutional, unblamable, dignified set of men. But the heart remains cold before them; the fancy alone endeavours to get-up some worship of them. What man's heart does, in reality, break-forth into any fire of brotherly love for these men? They are become

dreadfully dull men! One breaks-down often enough in the constitutional eloquence of the admirable Pym, with his 'seventhly and lastly.' You find that it may be the admirablest thing in the world, but that it is heavy,—heavy as lead, barren as brick-clay; that, in a word, for you there is little or nothing now surviving there! One leaves all these Nobilities standing in their niches of honour: the rugged outcast Cromwell, he is the man of them all in whom one still finds human stuff. The great savage *Baresark:* he could write no euphemistic *Monarchy of Man;* did not speak, did not work with glib regularity; had no straight story to tell for himself anywhere. But he stood bare, not cased in euphemistic coat-of-mail; he grappled like a giant, face to face, heart to heart, with the naked truth of things! That, after all, is the sort of man for one. I plead guilty to valuing such a man beyond all other sorts of men. Smooth-shaven Respectabilities not a few one finds, that are not good for much. Small thanks to a man for keeping his hands clean, who would not touch the work but with gloves on!

Neither, on the whole, does this constitutional tolerance of the Eighteenth century for the other happier Puritans seem to be a very great matter. One might say, it is but a piece of Formulism and Scepticism, like the rest. They tell us, It was a sorrowful thing to consider that the foundation of our English Liberties should have been laid by 'Superstition.' These Puritans came forward with Calvinistic incredible Creeds, Anti-Laudisms, Westminster Confessions; demanding, chiefly of all, that they should have liberty to *worship* in their own way. Liberty to *tax* themselves: that was the thing they should have demanded! It was Superstition, Fanaticism, disgraceful ignorance of Constitutional Philosophy to insist on the other thing! —Liberty to *tax* oneself? Not to pay-out money from your pocket except on reason shown? No century, I think, but a rather barren one would have fixed on that as the first right of man! I should say, on the contrary, A just man will generally have better cause than *money* in what shape soever, before deciding to revolt against his Government. Ours is a most confused world; in which a good man will be thankful to see any kind of Government maintain itself in a not insupportable manner: and here in England, to this hour, if he is not ready to

pay a great many taxes which *he* can see very small reason in, it will not go well with him, I think! He must try some other climate than this. Taxgatherer? Money? He will say: "Take my money, since you *can*, and it is so desirable to you; take it,—and take yourself away with it; and leave me alone to my work here. *I* am still here; can still work, after all the money you have taken from me!" But if they come to him, and say, "Acknowledge a Lie; pretend to say you are worshipping God, when you are not doing it: believe not the thing that *you* find true, but the thing that I find, or pretend to find true!" He will answer: "No; by God's help, no! You may take my purse; but I cannot have my moral Self annihilated. The purse is any Highwayman's who might meet me with a loaded pistol: but the Self is mine and God my Maker's; it is not yours; and I will resist you to the death, and revolt against you, and, on the whole, front all manner of extremities, accusations and confusions, in defence of that!"—

Really, it seems to me the one reason which could justify revolting, this of the Puritans. It has been the soul of all just revolts among men. Not *Hunger* alone produced even the French Revolution; no, but the feeling of the insupportable all-pervading *Falsehood* which had now embodied itself in Hunger, in universal material Scarcity and Nonentity, and thereby become *indisputably* false in the eyes of all! We will leave the Eighteenth century with its 'liberty to tax itself.' We will not astonish ourselves that the meaning of such men as the Puritans remained dim to it. To men who believe in no reality at all, how shall a *real* human soul, the intensest of all realities, as it were the Voice of this world's Maker still speaking to *us*, —be intelligible? What it cannot reduce into constitutional doctrines relative to 'taxing,' or other the like material interest, gross, palpable to the sense, such a century will needs reject as an amorphous heap of rubbish. Hampdens, Pyms and Ship-money will be the theme of much constitutional eloquence, striving to be fervid;—which will glitter, if not as fire does, then as *ice* does: and the irreducible Cromwell will remain a chaotic mass of 'madness,' 'hypocrisy,' and much else.

From of old, I will confess, this theory of Cromwell's falsity

has been incredible to me. Nay I cannot believe the like, of any Great Man whatever. Multitudes of Great Men figure in History as false selfish men; but if we will consider it, they are but *figures* for us, unintelligible shadows; we do not see into them as men that could have existed at all. A superficial unbelieving generation only, with no eye but for the surfaces and semblances of things, could form such notions of Great Men. Can a great soul be possible without a *conscience* in it, the essence of all *real* souls, great or small?—No, we cannot figure Cromwell as a Falsity and Fatuity; the longer I study him and his career, I believe this the less. Why should we? There is no evidence of it. Is it not strange that, after all the mountains of calumny this man has been subject to, after being represented as the very prince of liars, who never, or hardly ever, spoke truth, but always some cunning counterfeit of truth, there should not yet have been one falsehood brought clearly home to him? A prince of liars, and no lie spoken by him. Not one that I could yet get sight of. It is like Pococke asking Grotius, Where is your *proof* of Mahomet's Pigeon? No proof! —Let us leave all these calumnious chimeras, as chimeras ought to be left. They are not portraits of the man; they are distracted phantasms of him, the joint product of hatred and darkness.

Looking at the man's life with our own eyes, it seems to me, a very different hypothesis suggests itself. What little we know of his earlier obscure years, distorted as it has come down to us, does it not all betoken an earnest, affectionate, sincere kind of man? His nervous melancholic temperament indicates rather a seriousness *too* deep for him. Of those stories of 'Spectres;' of the white Spectre in broad daylight, predicting that he should be King of England, we are not bound to believe much;—probably no more than of the other black Spectre, or Devil in person, to whom the Officer *saw* him sell himself before Worcester Fight! But the mournful, over-sensitive, hypochondriac humour of Oliver, in his young years, is otherwise indisputably known. The Huntingdon Physician told Sir Philip Warwick himself, He had often been sent for at midnight; Mr. Cromwell was full of hypochondria, thought himself near dying, and "had fancies about the Towncross." These things are significant. Such an excitable deep-

feeling nature, in that rugged stubborn strength of his, is not the symptom of falsehood; it is the symptom and promise of quite other than falsehood!

The young Oliver is sent to study Law; falls, or is said to have fallen, for a little period, into some of the dissipations of youth; but if so, speedily repents, abandons all this: not much above twenty, he is married, settled as an altogether grave and quiet man. 'He pays-back what money he had won at gambling,' says the story;—he does not think any gain of that kind could be really *his*. It is very interesting, very natural, this 'conversion,' as they well name it; this awakening of a great true soul from the worldly slough, to see into the awful *truth* of things;—to see that Time and its shows all rested on Eternity, and this poor Earth of ours was the threshold either of Heaven or of Hell! Oliver's life at St. Ives and Ely, as a sober industrious Farmer, is it not altogether as that of a true and devout man? He has renounced the world and its ways; *its* prizes are not the thing that can enrich him. He tills the earth; he reads his Bible; daily assembles his servants round him to worship God. He comforts persecuted ministers, is fond of preachers; nay can himself preach,—exhorts his neighbours to be wise, to redeem the time. In all this what 'hypocrisy,' 'ambition,' 'cant,' or other falsity? The man's hopes, I do believe, were fixed on the other Higher World; his aim to get well *thither*, by walking well through his humble course in *this* world. He courts no notice: what could notice here do for him? 'Ever in his great Taskmaster's eye.'

It is striking, too, how he comes-out once into public view; he, since no other is willing to come: in resistance to a public grievance. I mean, in that matter of the Bedford Fens. No one else will go to law with Authority; therefore he will. That matter once settled, he returns back into obscurity, to his Bible and his Plough. 'Gain influence'? His influence is the most legitimate; derived from personal knowledge of him, as a just, religious, reasonable and determined man. In this way he has lived till past forty; old age is now in view of him, and the earnest portal of Death and Eternity; it was at this point that he suddenly became 'ambitious'! I do not interpret his Parliamentary mission in that way!

His successes in Parliament, his successes through the war, are honest successes of a brave man; who has more resolution in the heart of him, more light in the head of him than other men. His prayers to God; his spoken thanks to the God of Victory, who had preserved him safe, and carried him forward so far, through the furious clash of a world all set in conflict, through desperate-looking envelopments at Dunbar; through the death-hail of so many battles; mercy after mercy; to the 'crowning mercy' of Worcester Fight: all this is good and genuine for a deep-hearted Calvinistic Cromwell. Only to vain unbelieving Cavaliers, worshipping not God but their own 'love-locks,' frivolities and formalities, living quite apart from contemplations of God, living *without* God in the world, need it seem hypocritical.

Nor will his participation in the King's death involve him in condemnation with us. It is a stern business killing of a King! But if you once go to war with him, it lies *there;* this and all else lies there. Once at war, you have made wager of battle with him: it is he to die, or else you. Reconciliation is problematic; may be possible, or, far more likely, is impossible. It is now pretty generally admitted that the Parliament, having vanquished Charles First, had no way of making any tenable arrangement with him. The large Presbyterian party, apprehensive now of the Independents, were most anxious to do so; anxious indeed as for their own existence; but it could not be. The unhappy Charles, in those final Hampton-Court negotiations, shows himself as a man fatally incapable of being dealt with. A man who, once for all, could not and would not *understand:*—whose thought did not in any measure represent to him the real fact of the matter; nay worse, whose *word* did not at all represent his thought. We may say this of him without cruelty, with deep pity rather: but it is true and undeniable. Forsaken there of all but the *name* of Kingship, he still, finding himself treated with outward respect as a King, fancied that he might play-off party against party, and smuggle himself into his old power by deceiving both. Alas, they both *discovered* that he was deceiving them. A man whose *word* will not inform you at all what he means or will do, is not a man you can bargain with. You must get out of that man's way,

or put him out of yours! The Presbyterians, in their despair, were still for believing Charles, though found false, unbelievable again and again. Not so Cromwell: "For all our fighting," says he, "we are to have a little bit of paper?" No!—

In fact, everywhere we have to note the decisive practical *eye* of this man; how he drives towards the practical and practicable; has a genuine insight into what *is* fact. Such an intellect, I maintain, does not belong to a false man: the false man sees false shows, plausibilities, expediences: the true man is needed to discern even practical truth. Cromwell's advice about the Parliament's Army, early in the contest, How they were to dismiss their city-tapsters, flimsy riotous persons, and choose substantial yeomen, whose heart was in the work, to be soldiers for them: this is advice by a man who *saw*. Fact answers, if you see into Fact! Cromwell's *Ironsides* were the embodiment of this insight of his; men fearing God; and without any other fear. No more conclusively genuine set of fighters ever trod the soil of England, or of any other land.

Neither will we blame greatly that word of Cromwell's to them; which was so blamed: "If the King should meet me in battle, I would kill the King." Why not? These words were spoken to men who stood as before a Higher than Kings. They had set more than their own lives on the cast. The Parliament may call it, in official language, a fighting '*for* the King;' but we, for our share, cannot understand that. To us it is no dilettante work, no sleek officiality; it is sheer rough death and earnest. They have brought it to the calling-forth of *War;* horrid internecine fight, man grappling with man in fire-eyed rage,—the *infernal* element in man called forth, to try it by that! *Do* that therefore; since that is the thing to be done.—The successes of Cromwell seem to me a very natural thing! Since he was not shot in battle, they were an inevitable thing. That such a man, with the eye to see, with the heart to dare, should advance, from post to post, from victory to victory, till the Huntingdon Farmer became, by whatever name you might call him, the acknowledged Strongest Man in England, virtually the King of England, requires no magic to explain it!—

Truly it is a sad thing for a people, as for a man, to fall into Scepticism, into dilettantism, insincerity; not to know a Sincerity when they see it. For this world, and for all worlds, what curse is so fatal? The heart lying dead, the eye cannot see. What intellect remains is merely the *vulpine* intellect. That a true *King* be sent them is of small use; they do not know him when sent. They say scornfully, Is this your King? The Hero wastes his heroic faculty in bootless contradiction from the unworthy; and can accomplish little. For himself he does accomplish a heroic life, which is much, which is all; but for the world he accomplishes comparatively nothing. The wild rude Sincerity, direct from Nature, is not glib in answering from the witness-box: in your small-debt *pie-powder* court, he is scouted as a counterfeit. The vulpine intellect 'detects' him. For being a man worth any thousand men, the response your Knox, your Cromwell gets, is an argument for two centuries whether he was a man at all. God's greatest gift to this Earth is sneeringly flung away. The miraculous talisman is a paltry plated coin, not fit to pass in the shops as a common guinea.

Lamentable this! I say, this must be remedied. Till this be remedied in some measure, there is nothing remedied. 'Detect quacks'? Yes do, for Heaven's sake; but know withal the men that are to be trusted! Till we know that, what is all our knowledge; how shall we even so much as 'detect'? For the vulpine sharpness, which considers itself to be knowledge, and 'detects' in that fashion, is far mistaken. Dupes indeed are many: but, of all *dupes*, there is none so fatally situated as he who lives in undue terror of being duped. The world does exist; the world has truth in it, or it would not exist! First recognise what is true, we shall *then* discern what is false; and properly never till then.

'Know the men that are to be trusted:' alas, this is yet, in these days, very far from us. The sincere alone can recognise sincerity. Not a Hero only is needed, but a world fit for him; a world not of *Valets*;—the Hero comes almost in vain to it otherwise! Yes, it is far from us: but it must come; thank God, it is visibly coming. Till it do come, what have we? Ballot-boxes, suffrages, French Revolutions:—if we are as

Valets, and do not know the Hero when we see him, what good are all these? A heroic Cromwell comes; and for a hundred-and-fifty years he cannot have a vote from us. Why, the insincere, unbelieving world is the *natural property* of the Quack, and of the Father of quacks and quackeries! Misery, confusion, unveracity are alone possible there. By ballot-boxes we alter the *figure* of our Quack; but the substance of him continues. The Valet-World *has* to be governed by the Sham-Hero, by the King merely *dressed* in King-gear. It is his; he is its! In brief, one of two things: We shall either learn to know a Hero, a true Governor and Captain, somewhat better, when we see him; or else go on to be forever governed by the Unheroic;—had we ballot-boxes clattering at every street-corner, there were no remedy in these.

Poor Cromwell,—great Cromwell! The inarticulate Prophet; Prophet who could not *speak*. Rude, confused, struggling to utter himself, with his savage depth, with his wild sincerity; and he looked so strange, among the elegant Euphemisms, dainty little Falklands, didactic Chillingworths, diplomatic Clarendons! Consider him. An outer hull of chaotic confusion, visions of the Devil, nervous dreams, almost semi-madness; and yet such a clear determinate man's-energy working in the heart of that. A kind of chaotic man. The ray as of pure starlight and fire, working in such an element of boundless hypochondria, *un*formed black of darkness! And yet withal this hypochondria, what was it but the very greatness of the man? The depth and tenderness of his wild affections: the quantity of *sympathy* he had with things,—the quantity of insight he would yet get into the heart of things, the mastery he would yet get over things: this was his hypochondria. The man's misery, as man's misery always does, came of his greatness. Samuel Johnson too is that kind of man. Sorrow-stricken, half-distracted; the wide element of mournful *black* enveloping him,—wide as the world. It is the character of a prophetic man; a man with his whole soul *seeing*, and struggling to see.

On this ground, too, I explain to myself Cromwell's reputed confusion of speech. To himself the internal meaning was sun-clear; but the material with which he was to clothe it in utter-

ance was not there. He had *lived* silent; a great unnamed sea of Thought round him all his days; and in his way of life little call to attempt *naming* or uttering that. With his sharp power of vision, resolute power of action, I doubt not he could have learned to write Books withal, and speak fluently enough; —he did harder things than writing of Books. This kind of man is precisely he who is fit for doing manfully all things you will set him on doing. Intellect is not speaking and logicising; it is seeing and ascertaining. Virtue, *Vir-tus*, manhood, *hero*-hood, is not fair-spoken immaculate regularity; it is first of all, what the Germans well name it, *Tugend* (*Taugend*, *dow*-ing or *Dough*-tiness), Courage and the Faculty to *do*. This basis of the matter Cromwell had in him.

One understands moreover how, though he could not speak in Parliament, he might *preach*, rhapsodic preaching; above all, how he might be great in extempore prayer. These are the free outpouring utterances of what is in the heart: method is not required in them; warmth, depth, sincerity are all that is required. Cromwell's habit of prayer is a notable feature of him. All his great enterprises were commenced with prayer. In dark inextricable-looking difficulties, his Officers and he used to assemble, and pray alternately, for hours, for days, till some definite resolution rose among them, some 'door of hope,' as they would name it, disclosed itself. Consider that. In tears, in fervent prayers, and cries to the great God, to have pity on them, to make His light shine before them. They, armed Soldiers of Christ, as they felt themselves to be; a little band of Christian Brothers, who had drawn the sword against a great black devouring world not Christian, but Mammonish, Devilish,—they cried to God in their straits, in their extreme need, not to forsake the Cause that was His. The light which now rose upon them,—how could a human soul, by any means at all, get better light? Was not the purpose so formed like to be precisely the best, wisest, the one to be followed without hesitation any more? To them it was as the shining of Heaven's own Splendour in the waste-howling darkness; the Pillar of Fire by night, that was to guide them on their desolate perilous way. *Was* it not such? Can a man's soul, to this hour, get guidance by any other method than intrinsically by that same,—devout

prostration of the earnest struggling soul before the Highest, the Giver of all Light; be such *prayer* a spoken, articulate, or be it a voiceless, inarticulate one? There is no other method. 'Hypocrisy'? One begins to be weary of all that. They who call it so, have no right to speak on such matters. They never formed a purpose, what one can call a purpose. They went about balancing expediencies, plausibilities; gathering votes, advices; they never were alone with the *truth* of a thing at all.—Cromwell's prayers were likely to be 'eloquent,' and much more than that. His was the heart of a man who *could* pray.

But indeed his actual Speeches, I apprehend, were not nearly so ineloquent, incondite, as they look. We find he was, what all speakers aim to be, an impressive speaker, even in Parliament; one who, from the first, had weight. With that rude passionate voice of his, he was always understood to *mean* something, and men wished to know what. He disregarded eloquence, nay despised and disliked it; spoke always without premeditation of the words he was to use. The Reporters, too, in those days seem to have been singularly candid; and to have given the Printer precisely what they found on their own note-paper. And withal, what a strange proof is it of Cromwell's being the premeditative ever-calculating hypocrite, acting a play before the world, That to the last he took no more charge of his Speeches! How came he not to study his words a little, before flinging them out to the public? If the words were true words, they could be left to shift for themselves.

But with regard to Cromwell's 'lying,' we will make one remark. This, I suppose, or something like this, to have been the nature of it. All parties found themselves deceived in him; each party understood him to be meaning *this*, heard him even say so, and behold he turns-out to have been meaning *that!* He was, cry they, the chief of liars. But now, intrinsically, is not all this the inevitable fortune, not of a false man in such times, but simply of a superior man? Such a man must have *reticences* in him. If he walk wearing his heart upon his sleeve for daws to peck at, his journey will not extend far! There is no use for any man's taking-up his abode in a house built of glass. A man always is to be himself the judge how much of his mind he will show to other men; even to those he would have

work along with him. There are impertinent inquiries made: your rule is, to leave the inquirer *un*informed on that matter; not, if you can help it, *mis*informed, but precisely as dark as he was! This, could one hit the right phrase of response, is what the wise and faithful man would aim to answer in such a case.

Cromwell, no doubt of it, spoke often in the dialect of small subaltern parties; uttered to them a *part* of his mind. Each little party thought him all its own. Hence their rage, one and all, to find him not of their party, but of his own party! Was it his blame? At all seasons of his history he must have felt, among such people, how, if he explained to them the deeper insight he had, they must either have shuddered aghast at it, or believing it, their own little compact hypothesis must have gone wholly to wreck. They could not have worked in his province any more; nay perhaps they could not now have worked in their own province. It is the inevitable position of a great man among small men. Small men, most active, useful, are to be seen everywhere, whose whole activity depends on some conviction which to you is palpably a limited one; imperfect, what we call an *error*. But would it be a kindness always, is it a duty always or often, to disturb them in that? Many a man, doing loud work in the world, stands only on some thin traditionality, conventionality; to him indubitable, to you incredible: break that beneath him, he sinks to endless depths! "I might have my hand full of truth," said Fontenelle, "and open only my little finger."

And if this be the fact even in matters of doctrine, how much more in all departments of practice! He that cannot withal *keep his mind to himself* cannot practise any considerable thing whatever. And we call it 'dissimulation,' all this? What would you think of calling the general of an army a dissembler because he did not tell every corporal and private soldier, who pleased to put the question, what his thoughts were about everything?—Cromwell, I should rather say, managed all this in a manner we must admire for its perfection. An endless vortex of such questioning 'corporals' rolled confusedly round him through his whole course; whom he did answer. It must have been as a great true-seeing man that he managed this too. Not one proved falsehood, as I said; not one! Of

what man that ever wound himself through such a coil of things will you say so much?—

But in fact there are two errors, widely prevalent, which pervert to the very basis our judgments formed about such men as Cromwell; about their 'ambition,' 'falsity,' and suchlike. The first is what I might call substituting the *goal* of their career for the course and starting-point of it. The vulgar Historian of a Cromwell fancies that he had determined on being Protector of England, at the time when he was ploughing the marsh lands of Cambridgeshire. His career lay all mapped-out: a program of the whole drama; which he then step by step dramatically unfolded, with all manner of cunning, deceptive dramaturgy, as he went on,—the hollow, scheming Ὑποκριτής, or Play-actor, that he was! This is a radical perversion; all but universal in such cases. And think for an instant how different the fact is! How much does does one of *us* foresee of his own life? Short way ahead of us it is all dim; an *un*wound skein of possibilities, of apprehensions, attemptabilities, vague-looming hopes. This Cromwell had *not* his life lying all in that fashion of Program, which he needed then, with that unfathomable cunning of his, only to enact dramatically, scene after scene! Not so. We see it so; but to him it was in no measure so. What absurdities would fall-away of themselves, were this one undeniable fact kept honestly in view by History! Historians indeed will tell you that they do keep it in view;—but look whether such is practically the fact! Vulgar History, as in this Cromwell's case, omits it altogether; even the best kinds of History only remember it now and then. To remember it duly with rigorous perfection, as in the fact it *stood*, requires indeed a rare faculty; rare, nay impossible. A very Shakspeare for faculty; or more than Shakspeare; who could *enact* a brother man's biography, see with the brother man's eyes at all points of his course what things *he* saw; in short, *know* his course and him, as few 'Historians' are like to do. Half or more of all the thick-plied perversions which distort our image of Cromwell, will disappear, if we honestly so much as try to represent them so; in sequence, as they *were*; not in the lump, as they are thrown-down before us.

But a second error, which I think the generality commit, refers to this same 'ambition' itself. We exaggerate the ambition of Great Men; we mistake what the nature of it is. Great Men are not ambitious in that sense; he is a small poor man that is ambitious so. Examine the man who lives in misery because he does not shine above other men; who goes about producing himself, pruriently anxious about his gifts and claims; struggling to force everybody, as it were begging everybody for God's sake, to acknowledge him a great man, and set him over the heads of men! Such a creature is among the wretchedest sights seen under this sun. A *great* man? A poor morbid prurient empty man; fitter for the ward of a hospital, than for a throne among men. I advise you to keep-out of his way. He cannot walk on quiet paths; unless you will look at him, wonder at him, write paragraphs about him, he cannot live. It is the *emptiness* of the man, not his greatness. Because there is nothing in himself, he hungers and thirsts that you would find something in him. In good truth, I believe no great man, not so much as a genuine man who had health and real substance in him of whatever magnitude, was ever much tormented in this way.

Your Cromwell, what good could it do him to be 'noticed' by noisy crowds of people? God his Maker already noticed him. He, Cromwell, was already there; no notice would make *him* other than he already was. Till his hair was grown gray; and Life from the downhill slope was all seen to be limited, not infinite but finite, and all a measurable matter *how* it went, —he had been content to plough the ground, and read his Bible. He in his old days could not support it any longer, without selling himself to Falsehood, that he might ride in gilt carriages to Whitehall, and have clerks with bundles of papers haunting him, "Decide this, decide that," which in utmost sorrow of heart no man can perfectly decide! What could gilt carriages do for this man? From of old, was there not in his life a weight of meaning, a terror and a splendour as of Heaven itself? His existence there as man set him beyond the need of gilding. Death, Judgment and Eternity: these already lay as the background of whatsoever he thought or did. All his life lay begirt as in a sea of nameless Thoughts, which no speech

of a mortal could name. God's Word, as the Puritan prophets of that time had read it: this was great, and all else was little to him. To call such a man 'ambitious,' to figure him as the prurient windbag described above, seems to me the poorest solecism. Such a man will say: "Keep your gilt carriages and huzzaing mobs, keep your red-tape clerks, your influentialities, your important businesses. Leave me alone, leave me alone; there is *too much of life* in me already!" Old Samuel Johnson, the greatest soul in England in his day, was not ambitious. 'Corsica Boswell' flaunted at public shows with printed ribbons round his hat; but the great old Samuel stayed at home. The world-wide soul wrapt-up in its thoughts, in its sorrows;—what could paradings, and ribbons in the hat, do for it?

Ah yes, I will say again: The great *silent* men! Looking round on the noisy inanity of the world, words with little meaning, actions with little worth, one loves to reflect on the great Empire of *Silence*. The noble silent men, scattered here and there, each in his department; silently thinking, silently working; whom no Morning Newspaper makes mention of! They are the salt of the Earth. A country that has none or few of these is in a bad way. Like a forest which had no *roots;* which had all turned into leaves and boughs;—which must soon wither and be no forest. Woe for us if we had nothing but what we can *show*, or speak. Silence, the great Empire of Silence: higher than the stars; deeper than the Kingdoms of Death! It alone is great; all else is small.—I hope we English will long maintain our *grand talent pour le silence*. Let others that cannot do without standing on barrel-heads, to spout, and be seen of all the market-place, cultivate speech exclusively,—become a most green forest without roots! Solomon says, There is a time to speak; but also a time to keep silence. Of some great silent Samuel, not urged to writing, as old Samuel Johnson says he was, by *want of money*, and nothing other, one might ask, "Why do not you too get up and speak; promulgate your system, found your sect?" "Truly," he will answer, "I am *continent* of my thought hitherto; happily I have yet had the ability to keep it in me, no compulsion strong enough to speak it. My 'system' is not for promulgation first of all; it is for serving myself to live by. That is the great purpose

of it to me. And then the 'honour'? Alas, yes;—but as Cato said of the statue: So many statues in that Forum of yours, may it not be better if they ask, Where is Cato's statue?"——

But now, by way of counterpoise to this of Silence, let me say that there are two kinds of ambition; one wholly blamable, the other laudable and inevitable. Nature has provided that the great silent Samuel shall not be silent too long. The selfish wish to shine over others, let it be accounted altogether poor and miserable. 'Seekest thou great things, seek them not:' this is most true. And yet, I say, there is an irrepressible tendency in every man to develop himself according to the magnitude which Nature has made him of; to speak-out, to act-out, what Nature has laid in him. This is proper, fit, inevitable; nay it is a duty, and even the summary of duties for a man. The meaning of life here on earth might be defined as consisting in this: To unfold your *self*, to work what thing you have the faculty for. It is a necessity for the human being, the first law of our existence. Coleridge beautifully remarks that the infant learns to *speak* by this necessity it feels.—We will say therefore: To decide about ambition, whether it is bad or not, you have two things to take into view. Not the coveting of the place alone, but the fitness of the man for the place withal: that is the question. Perhaps the place was *his*; perhaps he had a natural right, and even obligation, to seek the place! Mirabeau's ambition to be Prime Minister, how shall we blame it, if he were 'the only man in France that could have done any good there'? Hopefuler perhaps had he not so clearly *felt* how much good he could do! But a poor Necker, who could do no good, and had even felt that he could do none, yet sitting broken-hearted because they had flung him out, and he was now quit of it, well might Gibbon mourn over him.—Nature, I say, has provided amply that the silent great man shall strive to speak withal; *too* amply, rather!

Fancy, for example, you had revealed to the brave old Samuel Johnson, in his shrouded-up existence, that it was possible for him to do priceless divine work for his country and the whole world. That the perfect Heavenly Law might be made Law on this Earth; that the prayer he prayed daily, 'Thy kingdom come,' was at length to be fulfilled! If you had

convinced his judgment of this; that it was possible, practicable; that he the mournful silent Samuel was called to take a part in it! Would not the whole soul of the man have flamed-up into a divine clearness, into noble utterance and determination to act; casting all sorrows and misgivings under his feet, counting all affliction and contradiction small,—the whole dark element of his existence blazing into articulate radiance of light and lightning? It were a true ambition this! And think now how it actually was with Cromwell. From of old, the sufferings of God's Church, true zealous Preachers of the truth flung into dungeons, whipt, set on pillories, their ears cropt-off, God's Gospel-cause trodden under foot of the unworthy: all this had lain heavy on his soul. Long years he had looked upon it, in silence, in prayer; seeing no remedy on Earth; trusting well that a remedy in Heaven's goodness would come,—that such a course was false, unjust, and could not last forever. And now behold the dawn of it; after twelve years silent waiting, all England stirs itself; there is to be once more a Parliament, the Right will get a voice for itself: inexpressible well-grounded hope has come again into the Earth. Was not such a Parliament worth being a member of? Cromwell threw down his ploughs, and hastened thither.

He spoke there,—rugged bursts of earnestness, of a self-seen truth, where we get a glimpse of them. He worked there; he fought and strove, like a strong true giant of a man, through cannon-tumult and all else,—on and on, till the Cause *triumphed*, its once so formidable enemies all swept from before it, and the dawn of hope had become clear light of victory and certainty. That *he* stood there as the strongest soul of England, the undisputed Hero of all England,—what of this? It was possible that the Law of Christ's Gospel could now establish itself in the world! The Theocracy which John Knox in his pulpit might dream of as a 'devout imagination,' this practical man, experienced in the whole chaos of most rough practice, dared to consider as capable of being *realised*. Those that were highest in Christ's Church, the devoutest wisest men, were to rule the land: in some considerable degree, it might be so and should be so. Was it not *true*, God's truth? And if *true*, was it not then the very thing to do? The strongest

practical intellect in England dared to answer, Yes! This I call a noble true purpose; is it not, in its own dialect, the noblest that could enter into the heart of Statesman or man? For a Knox to take it up was something; but for a Cromwell, with his great sound sense and experience of what our world *was*,—History, I think, shows it only this once in such a degree. I account it the culminating point of Protestantism; the most heroic phasis that 'Faith in the Bible' was appointed to exhibit here below. Fancy it: that it were made manifest to one of us, how we could make the Right supremely victorious over Wrong, and all that we had longed and prayed for, as the highest good to England and all lands, an attainable fact!

Well, I must say, the *vulpine* intellect, with its knowingness, its alertness and expertness in 'detecting hypocrites,' seems to me a rather sorry business. We have had but one such Statesman in England; one man, that I can get sight of, who ever had in the heart of him any such purpose at all. One man, in the course of fifteen-hundred years; and this was his welcome. He had adherents by the hundred or the ten; opponents by the million. Had England rallied all round him,—why, then, England might have been a *Christian* land! As it is, vulpine knowingness sits yet at its hopeless problem, 'Given a world of Knaves, to educe an Honesty from their united action;'—how cumbrous a problem, you may see in Chancery Law-Courts, and some other places! Till at length, by Heaven's just anger, but also by Heaven's great grace, the matter begins to stagnate; and this problem is becoming to all men a *palpably* hopeless one.—

But with regard to Cromwell and his purposes: Hume, and a multitude following him, come upon me here with an admission that Cromwell *was* sincere at first; a sincere 'Fanatic' at first, but gradually became a 'Hypocrite' as things opened round him. This of the Fanatic-Hypocrite is Hume's theory of it; extensively applied since,—to Mahomet and many others. Think of it seriously, you will find something in it; not much, not all, very far from all. Sincere hero hearts do not sink in this miserable manner. The Sun flings-forth impurities, gets balefully incrusted with spots; but it does not quench itself,

and become no Sun at all, but a mass of Darkness! I will venture to say that such never befell a great deep Cromwell; I think, never. Nature's own lion-hearted Son; Antæus-like, his strength is got by *touching the Earth*, his Mother; lift him up from the Earth, lift him up into Hypocrisy, Inanity, his strength is gone. We will not assert that Cromwell was an immaculate man; that he fell into no faults, no insincerities among the rest. He was no dilettante professor of 'perfections,' 'immaculate conducts.' He was a rugged Orson, rending his rough way through actual true *work*,—doubtless with many a *fall* therein. Insincerities, faults, very many faults daily and hourly: it was too well known to him; known to God and him! The Sun was dimmed many a time; but the Sun had not himself grown a Dimness. Cromwell's last words, as he lay waiting for death, are those of a Christian heroic man. Broken prayers to God, that He would judge him and this Cause, He since man could not, in justice yet in pity. They are most touching words. He breathed-out his wild great soul, its toils and sins all ended now, into the presence of his Maker, in this manner.

I, for one, will not call the man a Hypocrite! Hypocrite, mummer, the life of him a mere theatricality; empty barren quack, hungry for the shouts of mobs? The man had made obscurity do very well for him till his head was gray; and now he *was*, there as he stood recognised unblamed, the virtual King of England. Cannot a man do without King's Coaches and Cloaks? Is it such a blessedness to have clerks forever pestering you with bundles of papers in red tape? A simple Diocletian prefers planting of cabbages; a George Washington, no very immeasurable man, does the like. One would say, it is what any genuine man could do; and would do. The instant his real work were out in the matter of Kingship,—away with it!

Let us remark, meanwhile, how indispensable everywhere a *King* is, in all movements of men. It is strikingly shown, in this very War, what becomes of men when they cannot find a Chief Man, and their enemies can. The Scotch Nation was all but unanimous in Puritanism; zealous and of one mind about it, as in this English end of the Island was always far from being the case. But there was no great Cromwell among them; poor tremulous, hesitating, diplomatic Argyles and suchlike;

none of them had a heart true enough for the truth, or durst commit himself to the truth. They had no leader; and the scattered Cavalier party in that country had one: Montrose, the noblest of all the Cavaliers; an accomplished, gallant-hearted, splendid man; what one may call the Hero-Cavalier. Well, look at it; on the one hand subjects without a King; on the other a King without subjects! The subjects without King can do nothing; the subjectless King can do something. This Montrose, with a handful of Irish or Highland savages, few of them so much as guns in their hands, dashes at the drilled Puritan armies like a wild whirlwind; sweeps them, time after time, some five times over, from the field before him. He was at one period, for a short while, master of all Scotland. One man; but he was a man: a million zealous men, but *without* the one; they against him were powerless! Perhaps of all the persons in that Puritan struggle, from first to last, the single indispensable one was verily Cromwell. To see and dare, and decide; to be a fixed pillar in the welter of uncertainty;—a King among them, whether they called him so or not.

Precisely here, however, lies the rub for Cromwell. His other proceedings have all found advocates, and stand generally justified; but this dismissal of the Rump Parliament and assumption of the Protectorship, is what no one can pardon him. He had fairly grown to be King in England; Chief Man of the victorious party in England: but it seems he could not do without the King's Cloak, and sold himself to perdition in order to get it. Let us see a little how this was.

England, Scotland, Ireland, all lying now subdued at the feet of the Puritan Parliament, the practical question arose, What was to be done with it? How will you govern these Nations, which Providence in a wondrous way has given-up to your disposal? Clearly those hundred surviving members of the Long Parliament, who sit there as supreme authority, cannot continue forever to sit. What *is* to be done?—It was a question which theoretical constitution-builders may find easy to answer; but to Cromwell, looking there into the real practical facts of it, there could be none more complicated. He asked of the Parliament, What it was they would decide upon? It

was for the Parliament to say. Yet the Soldiers too, however contrary to Formula, they who had purchased this victory with their blood, it seemed to them that they also should have something to say in it! We will not "For all our fighting have nothing but a little piece of paper." We understand that the Law of God's Gospel, to which He through us has given the victory, shall establish itself, or try to establish itself, in this land!

For three years, Cromwell says, this question had been sounded in the ears of the Parliament. They could make no answer; nothing but talk, talk. Perhaps it lies in the nature of parliamentary bodies; perhaps no Parliament could in such case make any answer but even that of talk, talk! Nevertheless the question must and shall be answered. You sixty men there, becoming fast odious, even despicable, to the whole nation, whom the nation already calls Rump Parliament, *you* cannot continue to sit there: who or what then is to follow? 'Free Parliament,' right of Election, Constitutional Formulas of one sort or the other,—the thing is a hungry Fact coming on us, which we must answer or be devoured by it! And who are you that prate of Constitutional Formulas, rights of Parliament? You have had to kill your King, to make Pride's Purges, to expel and banish by the law of the stronger whosoever would not let your Cause prosper: there are but fifty or three-score of you left there, debating in these days. Tell us what we shall do; not in the way of Formula, but of practicable Fact!

How they did finally answer, remains obscure to this day. The diligent Godwin himself admits that he cannot make it out. The likeliest is, that this poor Parliament still would not, and indeed could not dissolve and disperse; that when it came to the point of actually dispersing, they again, for the tenth or twentieth time, adjourned it,—and Cromwell's patience failed him. But we will take the favourablest hypothesis ever started for the Parliament; the favourablest, though I believe it is not the true one, but too favourable.

According to this version: At the uttermost crisis, when Cromwell and his Officers were met on the one hand, and the fifty or sixty Rump Members on the other, it was suddenly told Cromwell that the Rump in its despair *was* answering in a very singular way; that in their splenetic envious despair, to

keep-out the Army at least, these men were hurrying through the House a kind of Reform Bill, — Parliament to be chosen by the whole of England ; equable electoral division into districts ; free suffrage, and the rest of it ! A very questionable, or indeed for *them* an unquestionable thing. Reform Bill, free suffrage of Englishmen ? Why, the Royalists themselves, silenced indeed but not exterminated, perhaps out*number* us ; the great numerical majority of England was always indifferent to our Cause, merely looked at it and submitted to it. It is in weight and force, not by counting of heads, that we are the majority ! And now with your Formulas and Reform Bills, the whole matter, sorely won by our swords, shall again launch itself to sea ; become a mere hope, and likelihood, *small* even as a likelihood ? And it is not a likelihood ; it is a certainty, which we have won, by God's strength and our own right hands, and do now hold *here*. Cromwell walked down to these refractory Members ; interrupted them in that rapid speed of their Reform Bill ; — ordered them to begone, and talk there no more.—Can we not forgive him ? Can we not understand him ? John Milton, who looked on it all near at hand, could applaud him. The Reality had swept the Formulas away before it. I fancy, most men who were realities in England might see into the necessity of that.

The strong daring man, therefore, has set all manner of Formulas and logical superficialities against him ; has dared appeal to the genuine Fact of this England, Whether it will support him or not ? It is curious to see how he struggles to govern in some constitutional way ; find some Parliament to support him ; but cannot. His first Parliament, the one they call Barebones's Parliament, is, so to speak, a *Convocation of the Notables*. From all quarters of England the leading Ministers and chief Puritan Officials nominate the men most distinguished by religious reputation, influence and attachment to the true Cause : these are assembled to shape-out a plan. They sanctioned what was past ; shaped as they could what was to come. They were scornfully called *Barebones's Parliament*. the man's name, it seems, was not *Barebones*, but Barbone,— a good enough man. Nor was it a jest, their work ; it was a most serious reality,—a trial on the part of these Puritan Nota-

bles how far the Law of Christ could become the Law of this England. There were men of sense among them, men of some quality; men of deep piety I suppose the most of them were. They failed, it seems, and broke-down, endeavouring to reform the Court of Chancery! They dissolved themselves, as incompetent; delivered-up their power again into the hands of the Lord General Cromwell, to do with it what he liked and could.

What *will* he do with it? The Lord General Cromwell, 'Commander-in-chief of all the Forces raised and to be raised;' he hereby sees himself, at this unexampled juncture, as it were the one available Authority left in England, nothing between England and utter Anarchy but him alone. Such is the undeniable Fact of his position and England's, there and then. What will he do with it? After deliberation, he decides that he will *accept* it; will formally, with public solemnity, say and vow before God and men, "Yes, the Fact is so, and I will do the best I can with it!" Protectorship, Instrument of Government,—these are the external forms of the thing; worked out and sanctioned as they could in the circumstances be, by the Judges, by the leading Official people, 'Council of Officers and Persons of interest in the Nation:' and as for the thing itself, undeniably enough, at the pass matters had now come to, there *was* no alternative but Anarchy or that. Puritan England might accept it or not; but Puritan England was, in real truth, saved from suicide thereby!—I believe the Puritan People did, in an inarticulate, grumbling, yet on the whole grateful and real way, accept this anomalous act of Oliver's; at least, he and they together made it good, and always better to the last. But in their Parliamentary *articulate* way, they had their difficulties, and never knew fully what to say to it!—

Oliver's second Parliament, properly his *first* regular Parliament, chosen by the rule laid-down in the Instrument of Government, did assemble, and worked;—but got, before long, into bottomless questions as to the Protector's *right*, as to 'usurpation,' and so forth; and had at the earliest legal day to be dismissed. Cromwell's concluding Speech to these men is a remarkable one. So likewise to his third Parliament, in similar rebuke for their pedantries and obstinacies. Most rude,

chaotic, all these Speeches are; but most earnest-looking. You would say, it was a sincere helpless man; not used to *speak* the great inorganic thought of him, but to act it rather! A helplessness of utterance, in such bursting fulness of meaning. He talks much about 'births of Providence:' All these changes, so many victories and events, were not forethoughts, and theatrical contrivances of men, of *me* or of men; it is blind blasphemers that will persist in calling them so! He insists with a heavy sulphurous wrathful emphasis on this. As he well might. As if a Cromwell in that dark huge game he had been playing, the world wholly thrown into chaos round him, had *foreseen* it all, and played it all off like a precontrived puppetshow by wood and wire! These things were foreseen by no man, he says; no man could tell what a day would bring forth: they were 'births of Providence,' God's finger guided us on, and we came at last to clear height of victory, God's Cause triumphant in these Nations; and you as a Parliament could assemble together, and say in what manner all this could be *organised,* reduced into rational feasibility among the affairs of men. You were to help with your wise counsel in doing that. "You have had such an opportunity as no Parliament in England ever had." Christ's Law, the Right and True, was to be in some measure made the Law of this land. In place of that, you have got into your idle pedantries, constitutionalities, bottomless cavillings and questionings about written laws for *my* coming here; — and would send the whole matter in Chaos again, because I have no Notary's parchment, but only God's voice from the battle-whirlwind, for being President among you! That opportunity is gone; and we know not when it will return. You have had your constitutional Logic; and Mammon's Law, not Christ's Law, rules yet in this land. "God be judge between you and me!" These are his final words to them: Take you your constitution-formulas in your hand; and I my *in*formal struggles, purposes, realities and acts; and "God be judge between you and me!"—

We said above what shapeless, involved chaotic things the printed Speeches of Cromwell are. *Wilfully* ambiguous, unintelligible, say the most: a hypocrite shrouding himself in confused Jesuitic jargon! To me they do not seem so. I will say

rather, they afforded the first glimpses I could ever get into the reality of this Cromwell, nay into the possibility of him. Try to believe that he means something, search lovingly what that may be: you will find a real *speech* lying imprisoned in these broken rude tortuous utterances; a meaning in the great heart of this inarticulate man! You will, for the first time, begin to see that he was a man; not an enigmatic chimera, unintelligible to you, incredible to you. The Histories and Biographies written of this Cromwell, written in shallow sceptical generations that could not know or conceive of a deep believing man, are far more *obscure* than Cromwell's Speeches. You look through them only into the infinite vague of Black and the Inane. 'Heats and jealousies,' says Lord Clarendon himself: 'heats and jealousies,' mere crabbed whims, theories and crotchets; these induced slow sober quiet Englishmen to lay down their ploughs and work; and fly into red fury of confused war against the best-conditioned of Kings! *Try* if you can find that true. Scepticism writing about Belief may have great gifts; but it is really *ultra vires* there. It is Blindness laying-down the Laws of Optics.—

Cromwell's third Parliament split on the same rock as his second. Ever the constitutional Formula: How came *you* there? Show us some Notary parchment! Blind pedants:—"Why, surely the same power which makes you a Parliament, that, and something more, made me a Protector!" If my Protectorship is nothing, what in the name of wonder is your Parliamenteership, a reflex and creation of that?—

Parliaments having failed, there remained nothing but the way of Despotism. Military Dictators, each with his district, to *coerce* the Royalist and other gainsayers, to govern them, if not by act of Parliament, then by the sword. Formula shall *not* carry it, while the Reality is here! I will go on, protecting oppressed Protestants abroad, appointing just judges, wise managers, at home, cherishing true Gospel ministers; doing the best I can to make England a Christian England, greater than old Rome, the Queen of Protestant Christianity; I, since you will not help me; I while God leaves me life!—Why did he not give it up; retire into obscurity again, since the Law would not acknowledge him? cry several. That is where they

mistake. For him there was no giving of it up! Prime Ministers have governed countries, Pitt, Pombal, Choiseul; and their word was a law while it held: but this Prime Minister was one that *could not get resigned.* Let him once resign, Charles Stuart and the Cavaliers waited to kill him; to kill the Cause *and* him. Once embarked, there is no retreat, no return. This Prime Minister could *retire* no-whither except into his tomb.

One is sorry for Cromwell in his old days. His complaint is incessant of the heavy burden Providence has laid on him. Heavy; which he must bear till death. Old Colonel Hutchinson, as his wife relates it, Hutchinson, his old battle-mate, coming to see him on some indispensable business, much against his will,—Cromwell 'follows him to the door,' in a most fraternal, domestic, conciliatory style; begs that he would be reconciled to him, his old brother in arms; says how much it grieves him to be misunderstood, deserted by true fellow-soldiers, dear to him from of old: the rigorous Hutchinson, cased in his Republican formula, sullenly goes his way.—And the man's head now white; his strong arm growing weary with its long work! I think always too of his poor Mother, now very old, living in that Palace of his; a right brave woman; as indeed they lived all an honest God-fearing Household there: if she heard a shot go-off, she thought it was her son killed. He had to come to her at least once a day, that she might see with her own eyes that he was yet living. The poor old Mother! ——What had this man gained; what had he gained? He had a life of sore strife and toil, to his last day. Fame, ambition, place in History? His dead body was hung in chains; his 'place in History,'—place in History forsooth!—has been a place of ignominy, accusation, blackness and disgrace; and here, this day, who knows if it is not rash in me to be among the first that ever ventured to pronounce him not a knave and liar, but a genuinely honest man! Peace to him. Did he not, in spite of all, accomplish much for us? *We* walk smoothly over his great rough heroic life; step-over his body sunk in the ditch there. We need not *spurn* it, as we step on it!—Let the Hero rest. It was not to *men's* judgment that he appealed; nor have men judged him very well.

Precisely a century and a year after this of Puritanism had got itself hushed-up into decent composure, and its results made smooth, in 1688, there broke-out a far deeper explosion, much more difficult to hush-up, known to all mortals, and like to be long known, by the name of French Revolution. It is properly the third and final act of Protestantism; the explosive confused return of mankind to Reality and Fact, now that they were perishing of Semblance and Sham. We call our English Puritanism the second act: "Well then, the Bible is true; let us go by the Bible!" "In Church," said Luther; "In Church and State," said Cromwell, "let us go by what actually *is* God's Truth." Men have to return to reality; they cannot live on semblance. The French Revolution, or third act, we may well call the final one; for lower than that savage *Sansculottism* men cannot go. They stand there on the nakedest haggard Fact, undeniable in all seasons and circumstances; and may and must begin again confidently to build-up from that. The French explosion, like the English one, got its King,—who had no Notary parchment to show for himself. We have still to glance for a moment at Napoleon, our second modern King.

Napoleon does by no means seem to me so great a man as Cromwell. His enormous victories which reached over all Europe, while Cromwell abode mainly in our little England, are but as the high *stilts* on which the man is seen standing; the stature of the man is not altered thereby. I find in him no such *sincerity* as in Cromwell; only a far inferior sort. No silent walking, through long years, with the Awful Unnamable of this Universe; 'walking with God,' as he called it; and faith and strength in that alone: *latent* thought and valour, content to lie latent, then burst out as in blaze of Heaven's lightning! Napoleon lived in an age when God was no longer believed; the meaning of all Silence, Latency, was thought to be Nonentity: he had to begin not out of the Puritan Bible, but out of poor Sceptical *Encyclopédies*. This was the length the man carried it. Meritorious to get so far. His compact, prompt, everyway articulate character is in itself perhaps small, compared with our great chaotic *in*articulate Cromwell's. Instead of '*dumb* Prophet struggling to speak,' we have a portentous mixture of the Quack withal! Hume's notion of the

Fanatic-Hypocrite, with such truth as it has, will apply much better to Napoleon than it did to Cromwell, to Mahomet or the like,—where indeed taken strictly it has hardly any truth at all. An element of blamable ambition shows itself, from the first, in this man; gets the victory over him at last, and involves him and his work in ruin.

'False as a bulletin' became a proverb in Napoleon's time. He makes what excuse he could for it: that it was necessary to mislead the enemy, to keep-up his own men's courage, and so forth. On the whole, there are no excuses. A man in no case has liberty to tell lies. It had been, in the long-run, *better* for Napoleon too if he had not told any. In fact, if a man have any purpose reaching beyond the hour and day, meant to be found extant *next* day, what good can it ever be to promulgate lies? The lies are found-out; ruinous penalty is exacted for them. No man will believe the liar next time even when he speaks truth, when it is of the last importance that he be believed. The old cry of wolf!—A Lie is *no*-thing; you cannot of nothing make something; you make *nothing* at last, and lose your labour into the bargain.

Yet Napoleon *had* a sincerity: we are to distinguish between what is superficial and what is fundamental in insincerity. Across these outer manœuverings and quackeries of his, which were many and most blamable, let us discern withal that the man had a certain instinctive ineradicable feeling for reality; and did base himself upon fact, so long as he had any basis. He has an instinct of Nature better than his culture was. His *savans*, Bourrienne tells us, in that voyage to Egypt were one evening busily occupied arguing that there could be no God. They had proved it, to their satisfaction, by all manner of logic. Napoleon looking up into the stars, answers, "Very ingenious, Messieurs . but *who made* all that?" The Atheistic logic runs-off from him like water; the great Fact stares him in the face: "Who made all that?" So too in Practice: he, as every man that can be great, or have victory in this world, sees, through all entanglements, the practical heart of the matter; drives straight towards that. When the steward of his Tuileries Palace was exhibiting the new upholstery, with praises, and demonstration how glorious it was, and

how cheap withal, Napoleon, making little answer, asked for a pair of scissors, clipt one of the gold tassels from a window-curtain, put it in his pocket, and walked on. Some days afterwards, he produced it at the right moment, to the horror of his upholstery functionary; it was not gold but tinsel! In Saint Helena, it is notable how he still, to his last days, insists on the practical, the real. "Why talk and complain; above all, why quarrel with one another? There is no *result* in it; it comes to nothing that one can *do*. Say nothing, if one can do nothing!" He speaks often so, to his poor discontented followers; he is like a piece of silent strength in the middle of their morbid querulousness there.

And accordingly was there not what we can call a *faith* in him, genuine so far as it went? That this new enormous Democracy asserting itself here in the French Revolution is an insuppressible Fact, which the whole world, with its old forces and institutions, cannot put down; this was a true insight of his, and took his conscience and enthusiasm along with it,—a *faith*. And did he not interpret the dim purport of it well? '*La carrière ouverte aux talens*, The implements to him who can handle them:' this actually is the truth, and even the whole truth; it includes whatever the French Revolution, or any Revolution, could mean. Napoleon, in his first period, was a true Democrat. And yet by the nature of him, fostered too by his military trade, he knew that Democracy, if it were a true thing at all, could not be an anarchy: the man had a heart-hatred for anarchy. On that Twentieth of June (1792), Bourrienne and he sat in a coffee-house, as the mob rolled by: Napoleon expresses the deepest contempt for persons in authority that they do not restrain this rabble. On the Tenth of August he wonders why there is no man to command these poor Swiss; they would conquer if there were. Such a faith in Democracy, yet hatred of anarchy, it is that carries Napoleon through all his great work. Through his brilliant Italian Campaigns, onwards to the Peace of Leoben, one would say, his inspiration is: 'Triumph to the French Revolution; assertion of 'it against these Austrian Simulacra that pretend to call it 'a Simulacrum!' Withal, however, he feels, and has a right to feel, how necessary a strong Authority is; how the Revolu-

tion cannot prosper or last without such. To bridle-in that great devouring, self-devouring French Revolution; to *tame* it, so that its intrinsic purpose can be made good, that it may become *organic*, and be able to live among other organisms and *formed* things, not as a wasting destruction alone: is not this still what he partly aimed at, as the true purport of his life; nay what he actually managed to do? Through Wagrams, Austerlitzes; triumph after triumph,—he triumphed so far. There was an eye to see in this man, a soul to dare and do. He rose naturally to be the King. All men saw that he *was* such. The common soldiers used to say on the march: "These babbling *Avocats*, up at Paris; all talk and no work! What wonder it runs all wrong? We shall have to go and put our *Petit Caporal* there!" They went, and put him there; they and France at large. Chief-consulship, Emperorship, victory over Europe;—till the poor Lieutenant of *La Fère*, not unnaturally, might seem to himself the greatest of all men that had been in the world for some ages.

But at this point, I think, the fatal charlatan-element got the upper hand. He apostatised from his old faith in Facts, took to believing in Semblances; strove to connect himself with Austrian Dynasties, Popedoms, with the old false Feudalities which he once saw clearly to be false;—considered that *he* would found "his Dynasty" and so forth; that the enormous French Revolution meant only that! The man was 'given-up to strong delusion, that he should believe a lie;' a fearful but most sure thing. He did not know true from false now when he looked at them,—the fearfulest penalty a man pays for yielding to untruth of heart. *Self* and false ambition had now become his god: *self*-deception once yielded to, *all* other deceptions follow naturally more and more. What a paltry patchwork of theatrical paper-mantles, tinsel and mummery, had this man wrapt his own great reality in, thinking to make it more real thereby! His hollow Pope's-*Concordat*, pretending to be a re-establishment of Catholicism, felt by himself to be the method of extirpating it, "*la vaccine de la religion*:" his ceremonial Coronations, consecrations by the old Italian Chimera in Notre-Dame,—"wanting nothing to complete the pomp of it," as Augereau said, "nothing but the half-million of men who had

died to put an end to all that"! Cromwell's Inauguration was by the Sword and Bible; what we must call a genuinely *true* one. Sword and Bible were borne before him, without any chimera: were not these the *real* emblems of Puritanism; its true decoration and insignia? It had used them both in a very real manner, and pretended to stand by them now! But this poor Napoleon mistook: he believed too much in the *Dupeability* of men; saw no fact deeper in man than Hunger and this! He was mistaken. Like a man that should build upon cloud; his house and he fall down in confused wreck, and depart out of the world.

Alas, in all of us this charlatan-element exists; and *might* be developed, were the temptation strong enough. 'Lead us not into temptation'! But it is fatal, I say, that it *be* developed. The thing into which it enters as a cognisable ingredient is doomed to be altogether transitory; and, however huge it may *look*, is in itself small. Napoleon's working, accordingly, what was it with all the noise it made? A flash as of gunpowder wide-spread; a blazing-up as of dry heath. For an hour the whole Universe seems wrapt in smoke and flame; but only for an hour. It goes out: the Universe with its old mountains and streams, its stars above and kind soil beneath, is still there.

The Duke of Weimar told his friends always, To be of courage; this Napoleonism was *unjust*, a falsehood, and could not last. It is true doctrine. The heavier this Napoleon trampled on the world, holding it tyrannously down, the fiercer would the world's recoil against him be, one day. Injustice pays itself with frightful compound-interest. I am not sure but he had better have lost his best park of artillery, or had his best regiment drowned in the sea, than shot that poor German Bookseller, Palm! It was a palpable tyrannous murderous injustice, which no man, let him paint an inch thick, could make-out to be other. It burnt deep into the hearts of men, it and the like of it; suppressed fire flashed in the eyes of men, as they thought of it,—waiting their day! Which day *came:* Germany rose round him.—What Napoleon *did* will in the long-run amount to what he did *justly;* what Nature with her laws will sanction. To what of reality was in him; to that and nothing more. The rest was all smoke and waste. *La*

carrière ouverte aux talens: that great true Message, which has yet to articulate and fulfil itself everywhere, he left in a most inarticulate state. He was a great *ébauche*, a rude-draught never completed; as indeed what great man is other? Left in *too* rude a state, alas!

His notions of the world, as he expresses them there at St. Helena, are almost tragical to consider. He seems to feel the most unaffected surprise that it has all gone so; that he is flung-out on the rock here, and the World is still moving on its axis. France is great, and all-great; and at bottom, he is France. England itself, he says, is by Nature only an appendage of France; "another Isle of Oleron to France." So it was *by Nature*, by Napoleon-Nature; and yet look how in fact—HERE AM I! He cannot understand it: inconceivable that the reality has not corresponded to his program of it; that France was not all-great, that he was not France. 'Strong delusion,' that he should believe the thing to be which *is* not! The compact, clear-seeing, decisive Italian nature of him, strong, genuine, which he once had, has enveloped itself, half-dissolved itself, in a turbid atmosphere of French fanfaronade. The world was not disposed to be trodden-down underfoot; to be bound into masses, and built together, as *he* liked, for a pedestal to France and him: the world had quite other purposes in view! Napoleon's astonishment is extreme. But alas, what help now? He had gone that way of his; and Nature also had gone her way. Having once parted with Reality, he tumbles helpless in Vacuity; no rescue for him. He had to sink there, mournfully as man seldom did; and break his great heart, and die,—this poor Napoleon: a great implement too soon wasted, till it was useless: our last Great Man!

Our last, in a double sense. For here finally these wide roamings of ours through so many times and places, in search and study of Heroes, are to terminate. I am sorry for it: there was pleasure for me in this business, if also much pain. It is a great subject, and a most grave and wide one, this which, not to be too grave about it, I have named *Hero-worship*. It enters deeply, as I think, into the secret of Mankind's ways and vitalest interests in this world, and is well worth explaining at

present. With six months, instead of six days, we might have done better. I promised to break-ground on it ; I know not whether I have even managed to do that. I have had to tear it up in the rudest manner in order to get into it at all. Often enough, with these abrupt utterances thrown-out isolated, unexplained, has your tolerance been put to the trial. Tolerance, patient candour, all-hoping favour and kindness, which I will not speak of at present. The accomplished and distinguished, the beautiful, the wise, something of what is best in England, have listened patiently to my rude words. With many feelings, I heartily thank you all; and say, Good be with you all!

SUMMARY.

LECTURE I.

THE HERO AS DIVINITY. ODIN. PAGANISM: SCANDINAVIAN MYTHOLOGY.

HEROES: Universal History consists essentially of their united Biographies. Religion not a man's church-creed, but his practical *belief* about himself and the Universe: Both with Men and Nations it is the One fact about them which creatively determines all the rest. Heathenism: Christianity: Modern Scepticism. The Hero as Divinity. Paganism a fact; not Quackery, nor Allegory: Not to be pretentiously 'explained;' to be looked at as old Thought, and with sympathy. (p. 1.)—Nature no more seems divine except to the Prophet or Poet, because men have ceased to *think:* To the Pagan Thinker, as to a child-man, all was either godlike or God. Canopus: Man. Hero-worship the basis of Religion, Loyalty, Society. A Hero not the 'creature of the time:' Hero-worship indestructible. Johnson: Voltaire. (7.)—Scandinavian Paganism the Religion of our Fathers. Iceland, the home of the Norse Poets, described. The *Edda.* The primary characteristic of Norse Paganism, the impersonation of the visible workings of Nature. Jötuns and the Gods. Fire: Frost: Thunder: The Sun: Sea-Tempest. Mythus of the Creation: The Life-Tree Igdrasil. The modern '*Machine* of the Universe.' (14.)—The Norse Creed, as recorded, the summation of several successive systems: Originally the shape given to the national thought by their first 'Man of Genius.' Odin: He has no history or date; yet was no mere adjective, but a man of flesh and blood. How deified. The World of Nature, to every man a Fantasy of Himself. (19.)—Odin the inventor of Runes, of Letters and Poetry. His reception as a Hero: the pattern Norse-Man; a God: His shadow over the whole History of his People. (25.)—The essence of Norse Paganism, not so much Morality, as a sincere recognition of Nature: Sincerity better than Gracefulness. The Allegories, the after-creations of the Faith. Main practical Belief: Hall of Odin: Valkyrs: Destiny: Necessity of Valour. Its worth: Their Sea-Kings, Woodcutter Kings, our spiritual

Progenitors. The growth of Odinism. (27.)—The strong simplicity of Norse lore quite unrecognised by Gray. Thor's veritable Norse rage: Balder, the white Sungod. How the old Norse heart loves the Thundergod, and sports with him: Huge Brobdignag genius, needing only to be tamed-down, into Shakspeares, Goethes. Truth in the Norse Songs: This World a show. Thor's Invasion of Jötunheim. The Ragnarök, or Twilight of the Gods: The Old must die, that the New and Better may be born. Thor's last appearance. The Norse Creed a Consecration of Valour. It and the whole Past a possession of the Present. (31.)

LECTURE II.

THE HERO AS PROPHET. MAHOMET: ISLAM.

The Hero no longer regarded as a God, but as one god-inspired. All Heroes primarily of the same stuff; differing according to their reception. The welcome of its Heroes, the truest test of an epoch. Odin: Burns. (p. 39.)—Mahomet a true Prophet; not a scheming Impostor. A Great Man, and therefore first of all a sincere man: No man to be judged merely by his faults. David the Hebrew King. Of all acts for man *repentance* the most divine: The deadliest sin, a supercilious consciousness of none. (40.)—Arabia described. The Arabs always a gifted people; of wild strong feelings, and of iron restraint over these. Their Religiosity: Their Star-worship: Their Prophets and inspired men; from Job downwards. Their Holy Places. Mecca, its site, history and government. (44.)—Mahomet. His youth: His fond Grandfather. Had no book-learning: Travels to the Syrian Fairs; and first comes in contact with the Christian Religion. An altogether solid, brotherly, genuine man: A good laugh, and a good flash of anger in him withal. (47.)—Marries Kadijah. Begins his Prophet-career at forty years of age. *Allah Akbar;* God is great: *Islam;* we must *submit* to God. Do we not all live in Islam? Mahomet, 'the Prophet of God.' (49.)—The good Kadijah believes in him: Mahomet's gratitude. His slow progress: Among forty of his kindred, young Ali alone joined him. His good Uncle expostulates with him: Mahomet, bursting into tears, persists in his mission. The Hegira. Propagating by the sword: First get your sword: A thing will propagate itself as it can. Nature a just umpire. Mahomet's Creed unspeakably better than the wooden idolatries and jangling Syrian Sects extirpated by it. (53.)—The Koran, the universal standard of Mahometan life: An imperfectly, badly written, but genuine book: Enthusiastic extempore preaching, amid the hot haste of wrestling with flesh-and-blood and spiritual enemies. Its direct

poetic insight. The World, Man, human Compassion; all wholly miraculous to Mahomet. (59.)—His religion did not succeed by 'being easy:' None can. The sensual part of it not of Mahomet's making. He himself, frugal; patched his own clothes; proved a hero in a rough actual trial of twenty-three years. Traits of his generosity and resignation. His total freedom from cant. (64.)—His moral precepts not always of the superfinest sort; yet is there always a tendency to good in them. His Heaven and Hell sensual, yet not altogether so. Infinite Nature of Duty. The evil of sensuality, in the *slavery* to pleasant things, not in the enjoyment of them. Mahometanism a religion heartily *believed*. To the Arab Nation it was as a birth from darkness into light: Arabia first became alive by means of it. (67.)

LECTURE III.

THE HERO AS POET. DANTE; SHAKSPEARE.

The Hero as Divinity or Prophet, inconsistent with the modern progress of science: The Hero Poet, a figure common to all ages. All Heroes at bottom the same; the different *sphere* constituting the grand distinction: Examples. Varieties of aptitude. (p. 73.)—Poet and Prophet meet in *Vates:* Their Gospel the same, for the Beautiful and the Good are one. All men somewhat of poets; and the highest Poets far from perfect. Prose, and Poetry or *musical Thought*. Song a kind of inarticulate unfathomable speech: All deep things are Song. The Hero as Divinity, as Prophet, and then only as Poet, no indication that our estimate of the Great Man is diminishing: The Poet seems to be losing caste, but it is rather that our notions of God are rising higher. (75.)—Shakspeare and Dante, Saints of Poetry. Dante: His history, in his Book and Portrait. His scholastic education, and its fruit of subtlety. His miseries: Love of Beatrice: His marriage not happy. A banished man: Will never return, if to plead guilty be the condition. His wanderings: "*Come è duro calle.*" At the Court of Della Scala. The great soul of Dante, homeless on earth, made its home more and more in Eternity. His mystic, unfathomable Song. Death: Buried at Ravenna. (80.)—His Divina Commedia a Song: Go *deep* enough, there is music everywhere. The sincerest of Poems: It has all been as if molten, in the hottest furnace of his soul. Its Intensity, and Pictorial power. The three parts make-up the true Unseen World of the Middle Ages: How the Christian Dante felt Good and Evil to be the two polar elements of this Creation. Paganism and Christianism. (84.)—Ten silent centuries found a voice in

Dante. The thing that is uttered from the inmost parts of a man's soul differs altogether from what is uttered by the outer. The 'uses' of Dante: We will not estimate the Sun by the quantity of gas it saves us. Mahomet and Dante contrasted. Let a man *do* his work; the *fruit* of it is the care of Another than he. (91.)—As Dante embodies musically the Inner Life of the Middle Ages, so does Shakspeare embody the Outer Life which grew therefrom. The strange outbudding of English Existence which we call 'Elizabethan Era.' Shakspeare the chief of all Poets: His calm, all-seeing Intellect: His marvellous Portrait-painting. (94.)—The Poet's first gift, as it is all men's, that he have intellect enough,—that he be able to *see*. Intellect the summary of all human gifts: Human intellect and vulpine intellect contrasted. Shakspeare's instinctive unconscious greatness: His works a part of Nature, and partaking of her inexhaustible depth. Shakspeare greater than Dante; in that he not only sorrowed, but triumphed over his sorrows. His mirthfulness, and genuine overflowing love of laughter. His Historical Plays, a kind of National Epic. The Battle of Agincourt: A noble Patriotism, far other than the 'indifference' sometimes ascribed to him. His works, like so many windows, through which we see glimpses of the world that is in him. (101.)—Dante the melodious Priest of Middle-Age Catholicism: Out of this Shakspeare too there rises a kind of Universal Psalm, not unfit to make itself heard among still more sacred Psalms. Shakspeare an 'unconscious Prophet;' and therein greater and truer than Mahomet. This poor Warwickshire Peasant worth more to us than a whole regiment of highest Dignitaries: Indian Empire, or Shakspeare,—which? An English King, whom no time or chance can dethrone: A rallying-sign and bond of brotherhood for all Saxondom: Wheresoever English men and women are, they will say to one another, 'Yes, this Shakspeare is *ours!*' (103.)

LECTURE IV.

THE HERO AS PRIEST. LUTHER; REFORMATION: KNOX; PURITANISM.

The Priest a kind of Prophet; but more familiar, as the daily enlightener of daily life. A true Reformer he who appeals to Heaven's invisible justice against Earth's visible force. The finished Poet often a symptom that his epoch itself has reached perfection, and finished. Alas, the battling Reformer, too, is at times a needful and inevitable phenomenon: Offences *do* accumulate, till they become insupportable. Forms of Belief, modes of life must perish; yet the Good of the Past survives, an everlasting possession for us all. (p. 107.)—Idols, or visi-

ble recognised Symbols, common to all Religions: Hateful only when insincere: The property of every Hero, that he come back to sincerity, to reality: Protestantism and 'private judgment.' No living communion possible among men who believe only in hearsays. The Hero Teacher, who delivers men out of darkness into light. Not abolition of Hero-worship does Protestantism mean; but rather a whole World of Heroes, of *sincere*, believing men. (112.)—Luther; his obscure, seemingly-insignificant birth. His youth schooled in adversity and stern reality. Becomes a Monk. His religious despair: Discovers a Latin Bible: No wonder he should venerate the Bible. He visits Rome. Meets the Pope's fire by fire. At the Diet of Worms: The greatest moment in the modern History of men. (118.)—The Wars that followed are not to be charged to the Reformation. The Old Religion once true: The cry of 'No Popery' foolish enough in these days. Protestantism not dead: German Literature and the French Revolution rather considerable signs of life! (125.)—How Luther held the sovereignty of the Reformation and kept Peace while he lived. His written Works: Their rugged homely strength: His dialect became the language of all writing. No mortal heart to be called *braver*, ever lived in that Teutonic Kindred, whose character is valour: Yet a most gentle heart withal, full of pity and love, as the truly valiant heart ever is: Traits of character from his Table-Talk: His daughter's Deathbed: The miraculous in Nature. His love of Music. His Portrait. (127.)—Puritanism the only phasis of Protestantism that ripened into a living faith: Defective enough, but genuine. Its fruit in the world. The sailing of the Mayflower from Delft Haven the beginning of American Saxondom. In the history of Scotland properly but one epoch of world-interest,—the Reformation by Knox: A 'nation of heroes;' a *believing* nation. The Puritanism of Scotland became that of England, of New England. (132.)—Knox 'guilty' of being the bravest of all Scotchmen: Did not seek the post of Prophet. At the siege of St. Andrew's Castle. Emphatically a sincere man. A Galley-slave on the River Loire. An Old-Hebrew Prophet, in the guise of an Edinburgh Minister of the Sixteenth Century. (134.)—Knox and Queen Mary: 'Who are you, that presume to school the nobles and sovereign of this realm?' 'Madam, a subject born within the same.' His intolerance—of falsehoods and knaveries. Not a mean acrid man; else he had never been virtual President and Sovereign of Scotland. His unexpected vein of drollery: A cheery social man; practical, cautious-hopeful, patient. His 'devout imagination' of a Theocracy, or Government of God. Hildebrand wished a Theocracy; Cromwell wished it, fought for it: Mahomet attained it. In one form or other, it is the one thing to be struggled for. (137.

LECTURE V.

THE HERO AS MAN OF LETTERS. JOHNSON, ROUSSEAU, BURNS.

The Hero as Man of Letters altogether a product of these new ages: A Heroic Soul in very strange guise. Literary men; genuine and spurious. Fichte's 'Divine Idea of the World:' His notion of the True Man of Letters. Goethe, the Pattern Literary Hero. (p. 143.)—The disorganised condition of Literature, the summary of all other modern disorganisations. The Writer of a true Book our true modern Preacher. Miraculous influence of Books: The Hebrew Bible. Books are now our actual University, our Church, our Parliament. With Books, Democracy is inevitable. *Thought* the true thaumaturgic influence, by which man works all things whatsoever. (147.)—Organisation of the 'Literary Guild:' Needful discipline; 'priceless lessons' of Poverty. The Literary Priesthood, and its importance to society. Chinese Literary Governors. Fallen into strange times; and strange things need to be speculated upon. (153.)—An age of Scepticism: The very possibility of Heroism formally abnegated. Benthamism an *eyeless* Heroism. Scepticism, Spiritual Paralysis, Insincerity: Heroes gone-out; Quacks come-in. Our brave Chatham himself lived the strangest mimetic life all along. Violent remedial revulsions: Chartisms, French Revolutions: The Age of Scepticism passing away. Let each Man look to the mending of his own Life. (157.)—Johnson one of our Great English Souls. His miserable Youth and Hypochondria: Stubborn Self-help. His loyal submission to what is really higher than himself. How he stood by the old Formulas: Not less original for that. Formulas; their Use and Abuse. Johnson's unconscious sincerity. His Twofold Gospel, a kind of Moral Prudence and clear Hatred of Cant. His writings sincere and full of substance. Architectural nobleness of his Dictionary. Boswell, with all his faults, a true hero-worshipper of a true Hero. (164.)—Rousseau a morbid, excitable, spasmodic man; intense rather than strong. Had not the invaluable 'talent of Silence.' His Face, expressive of his character. His Egoism: Hungry for the praises of men. His books: Passionate appeals, which did once more struggle towards Reality: A Prophet to his Time; as he could, and as the Time could. Rosepink, and artificial bedizenment. Fretted, exasperated, till the heart of him went mad: He could be cooped, starving, into garrets; laughed at as a maniac; but he could not be hindered from setting the world on fire. (170.) — Burns a genuine Hero, in a withered, unbelieving, secondhand Century. The largest soul of all the British lands, came among us in the shape of a hard-handed Scottish Peasant. His heroic Father and Mother, and their sore struggle through life. His rough untutored dialect: Affectionate joyousness

His writings a poor fragment of him. His conversational gifts: High duchesses and low ostlers alike fascinated by him. (173.)—Resemblance between Burns and Mirabeau. Official Superiors: The greatest 'thinking-faculty' in this land superciliously dispensed with. Hero-worship under strange conditions. The notablest phasis of Burns's history his visit to Edinburgh. For one man who can stand prosperity, there are a hundred that will stand adversity. Literary Lionism. (176.)

LECTURE VI.

THE HERO AS KING. CROMWELL, NAPOLEON: MODERN REVOLUTIONISM.

The King the most important of Great Men; the summary of *all* the various figures of Heroism. To enthrone the Ablest Man, the true business of all Social procedure: The Ideal of Constitutions. Tolerable and intolerable approximations. Divine Rights and Diabolic Wrongs. (p. 181.)—The world's sad predicament; that of having its Able-Man to *seek*, and not knowing in what manner to proceed about it. The era of Modern Revolutionism dates from Luther. The French Revolution no mere act of General Insanity: Truth clad in hell-fire; the Trump of Doom to Plausibilities and empty Routine. The cry of 'Liberty and Equality' at bottom the repudiation of sham Heroes. Hero-worship exists forever and everywhere; from divine adoration down to the common courtesies of man and man: The soul of Order, to which all things, Revolutions included, work. Some Cromwell or Napoleon the necessary finish of a Sansculottism. The manner in which Kings were made, and Kingship itself first took rise. (184.)—Puritanism a section of the universal war of Belief against Make-believe. Laud a weak ill-starred Pedant: in his spasmodic vehemence heeding no voice of prudence, no cry of pity. Universal necessity for true Forms: How to distinguish between True and False. The nakedest Reality preferable to any empty Semblance, however dignified. (188.)—The work of the Puritans. The Sceptical Eighteenth century, and its constitutional estimate of Cromwell and his associates. No wish to disparage such characters as Hampden, Eliot, Pym; a most constitutional, unblamable, dignified set of men. The rugged outcast Cromwell, the man of them all in whom one still finds human stuff. The One thing worth revolting for. (191.)—Cromwell's 'hypocrisy,' an impossible theory. His pious Life as a Farmer until forty years of age. His public successes honest successes of a brave man. His participation in the King's death no ground of condemnation. His eye for facts no hypocrite's gift. His Ironsides the embodiment of this insight

of his. (194.)—Know the men that may be trusted: Alas, this is yet, in these days, very far from us. Cromwell's hypochondria: His reputed confusion of speech: His habit of prayer. His speeches unpremeditated and full of meaning. His *reticences;* called 'lying' and 'dissimulation:' Not one falsehood proved against him. (199.)—Foolish charge of 'ambition.' The great Empire of Silence: Noble silent men, scattered here and there, each in his department; silently thinking, silently hoping, silently working. Two kinds of ambition; one wholly blamable, the other laudable, inevitable: How it actually was with Cromwell. (204.)—Hume's Fanatic-Hypocrite theory. How indispensable everywhere a *King* is, in all movements of men. Cromwell, as King of Puritanism, of England. Constitutional palaver: Dismissal of the Rump Parliament. Cromwell's Parliaments and Protectorship: Parliaments having failed, there remained nothing for him but the way of Despotism. His closing days: His poor old Mother. It was not to men's judgments that he appealed; nor have men judged him very well. (209.)—The French Revolution, the 'third act' of Protestantism. Napoleon, infected with the quackeries of his age: Had a kind of sincerity,—an instinct towards the *practical.* His *faith,*—'the Tools to him that can handle them,' the whole truth of Democracy. His heart-hatred of Anarchy. Finally, his quackeries got the upper hand: He would found a 'Dynasty:' Believed wholly in the dupeability of Men. This Napoleonism was *unjust,* a falsehood, and could not last. (218.)

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